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Monthly  
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THE  
MONTHLY VISITOR,  
AND  
POCKET COMPANION.

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BY  
A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

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We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOL. VIII.

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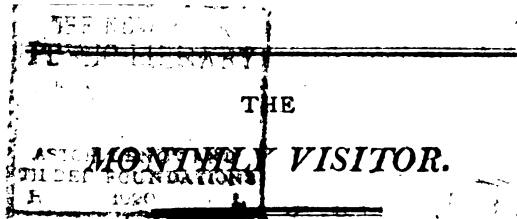
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SEPTEMBER, 1799.

MEMOIRS

OF HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK,  
FIELD MARSHAL, COMMANDER IN CHIEF  
OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, &c.

**I**N the course of our Periodical labours, we have been called upon to record the exploits of many a brave soldier, who has devoted his life to the service of his country. We now wish to turn the attention of the reader to an officer of the first eminence in his profession, whose military skill we admire, and whose unceasing activity entitles him to our approbation. His recent embarkation for the continent, in order to assist in the reduction of Holland, has engaged general notice, and raised high expectations respecting the success of that undertaking.

FREDERIC DUKE OF YORK, the second son of their present Majesties, was born August 16, 1763. He was first placed, at a proper age, under the tuition of the bishop of Chester, now archbishop of York—then under Dr. Richard Hurd, an accomplished classical scholar, and, at present, bishop of Worcester. With such advantages his understanding must have been considerably improved; and he had the opportunity of enriching his mind with stores of information.



In 1767, after the death of his great uncle, the duke of Cumberland, he was appointed Grand Master and First Knight Companion of the Bath ; but on account of his youth, was not installed till the year 1772. The order of the garter was, on the preceding year, conferred upon him.

His predilection for a military life soon displayed itself, and he accordingly received a commission in the Guards. In the year 1780 he had attained to the rank of colonel in the army. After this period he visited the continent, and was introduced to the famous king of Prussia, who afterwards declared to Zimmerman, his physician, that he was well pleased with the interview.

In the year 1784 he returned home, having come of age, and was appointed Colonel of the Coldstream regiment of Guards. He was also created a peer of the realm, by the title of Duke of York and Albany, and Earl of Ulster, in the kingdom of Ireland. Nor was it long before he again visited the continent, though his stay was short ; and, upon his return, he had a household established.

His first speech in the house of lords was at the time of the Regency, and it imparted a favourable opinion of his talents. The recovery of the King terminated the affair of the Regency, which was likely to involve the nation in some troublesome discussions.

Much about this period the famous duel occurred between his Royal Highness and Colonel Lennox, nephew to the duke of Richmond. It related to some affair at Daubigny's, where a club met ; and the business, even to this day, remains involved in a degree of obscurity. The contest, however, was likely to have proved of a very serious nature. They met on Wimbledon Common, and had for their seconds persons of distinction. The Duke engaged lord Rawdon, now earl of Moira ; Colonel Lennox had with him lord Winchelsea. The Duke had one of his curls either grazed or entirely shot off ; so that it may be termed an hair-breadth's escape !

Happily

Happily the altercation ended here, both parties declared themselves perfectly satisfied. How much is it to be regretted, that the barbarous custom of duelling should be endured in a country which boasts of the refinements of civilization and the blessings of religion ! This mode of terminating disputes originated in the *gothic* times—and with Goths and Vandals should it have remained. The brave Colonel Gardener, who was killed by the rebels, at Preston Pans, September 1745, had a challenge sent him, but nobly refused it. His answer was, “ that he was afraid to *ſee* but not to fight.” Such a glorious resolution would have happily settled many a dispute, saved the shedding of human blood, and would have continued in life many a valuable member of society.

In the year 1791 the subject of our Memoir entered into the matrimonial state. He espoused the princess Frederica Charlotta Ulrica Catharina, daughter of the late king of Prussia. He had seen this amiable and accomplished lady in his former travels on the continent, and without flattery, it may be added, that the wisdom of his choice has been confirmed by the display of all those virtues which can adorn her exalted station. She is known to visit the humble cottage—to alleviate the toils of the laborious peasant, and to bind up the broken heart of suffering humanity. We notice, with pleasure, these engaging traits of her character, because such divine exertions alone constitute true nobility. It is not the gaudy trappings of wealth, nor the boisterous bustle of power, that can command real admiration. The multitude, indeed, will gaze upon them, and be gratified with their coarse sensations. But the enlightened and upright mind delights in the more substantial acts of lessening the sphere of human misery, and of augmenting the stock of private and public felicity.

At the commencement of the present war his Royal Highness was appointed a general in the army, and soon went over to the continent to serve under Prince de  
A 3 Coburg,

Coburg, as commander of the English and Hanoverian troops. Having drove the enemy from their strong encampment at Femars, the siege of Valenciennes began—was conducted with great vigour, and ended successfully. The batteries were opened on the 18th of June 1793, and on the 28th of July the city capitulated. The defence of the besieged was obstinate—an immense quantity of shells and bombs were thrown into it, and the unfortunate town was almost entirely reduced to ashes. About 1,300 men of the besiegers were among the killed and wounded; and, of the besieged, 9,711 men laid down their arms on this memorable occasion. *Valenciennes* is an ancient, strong, and considerable town in the French Netherlands. The fortifications were constructed by the celebrated Vauban, and were, therefore, in high estimation. It is seated on the river Scheld, which not only divides it into two parts, but almost runs round it, making it a kind of island.

Elated with this success, the allied army divided itself, and the Duke proceeded to attack Dunkirk. But here the troops failed in accomplishing their purpose. The French gaining early intelligence, so attacked them, that it has been said had Houchard followed up his victory, the British army would have been destroyed. The Duke himself narrowly escaped; he literally fled for his life. Such is the various fortune of war—to-day victorious—to-morrow at the mercy of the enemy!

In the course of the campaign the English behaved with great bravery; and his Royal Highness observing that the Austrians neglected their wounded enemies, remonstrated with them, so as to procure an amendment of their situation. How highly commendatory are such traits in those elevated situations!

At the close of the year the Duke visited England, and early in the ensuing spring returned to the continent. But after a variety of manœuvres with respect to him and the enemy, he relinquished his command, and chose

chose to repose himself in the bosom of his native country.

In the year 1795 he was elevated to the rank of Field Marshal, and afterwards constituted Commander in Chief of the British army. This latter promotion took place at the death of Lord Amherst, who attained to great celebrity in the military profession. His Royal Highness's assiduity in his present high station, is known to all; and it is equally certain that, in the army, he has made many considerable improvements.

In the present Expedition, in which his Royal Highness has now taken a distinguished part, we must expect to meet with a vigorous opposition. The French, it is known, are tenacious of their conquests; and the Hollanders who have joined themselves to that party, will not easily relinquish the power they have obtained.—Terrible will be the conflict, and important the issue.

It is a little remarkable, that about this time last century, the Stadtholder nobly came over to defend *our* liberties; and we are now engaged in restoring the same chief magistrate to the throne of *his* ancestors. Every thing will be done which British valour can effect. The fleet of the enemy, indeed, is already in our hands, and their Territory, *may* soon fall into our possession.

## GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXIII.]

## MUMBO JUMBO.

M<sup>R</sup>. Park tells us, in his Travels through Africa, that he saw, near one of their villages, "a sort of masquerade habit hanging upon a tree, made of the bark of trees, which he was told belonged to MUMBO JUMBO. This is a strange bug-bear, common in all the Mandingo towns, and employed by the Pagan natives in keeping the women *in subjection*; for as they are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain; and it often happens that the ladies disagree among themselves: family quarrels sometimes arrive at such a height, that the voice of the husband is disregarded in the tumult. Then the interposition of MUMBO JUMBO is invoked, and is always decisive. This strange minister of justice, this sovereign arbiter of domestic strife, disguised in his masquerade attire, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming by loud and dismal screams in the adjacent woods. He begins, as soon as it is dark, to enter the town, and proceeds to a place where all the inhabitants are assembled to meet him. The appearance of MUMBO JUMBO, it may be supposed, is displeasing to the African ladies, but they do not refuse to appear when summoned; and the ceremony commences with dancing and singing, which continues till midnight, when MUMBO seizes on the offender. The unfortunate victim being stripped naked, is tied to a post and severely scourged with MUMBO's rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the whole assembly; and it is remarkable, that the rest of the women are very clamorous and outrageous in their abuse of their unfortunate sister,

sister, until day-light puts an end to this disgusting revelry \*."

### RACINE, BOILEAU, AND POPE.

NATURE, says Lord Orford, that produces samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation, exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, and the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will only apply the swan, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for *Racine*, whose pieces give me the idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet are ugly, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression a swan leaves is that of *grace*.—So does *Racine*.

Boileau may be compared to a dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those he dislikes. If Boileau was too stern to admit the pliancy of grace, he compensates by good sense and propriety. He is like, for I will drop animals, an upright magistrate, whom you respect, but whose public justice and severity leave an awe that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile; but if a good translator deserves praise, Boileau deserves more; he certainly does not fall below his originals, and, considering when he wrote, has a greater merit still. By his imitations, he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his *Lutrin*, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Except Horace, how

\* For a further account of African manners, we refer the reader to a long and interesting extract in this Month's *Review*.

little idea had either the Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with the moderns, were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. To my eyes, the *Lutrin*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Rape of the Lock*, are standards of elegance and grace not to be paralleled by antiquity, and are eternal and mortifying reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the *Pucelle*, degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his *Henriade* leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors. The *Dunciad* is dishonoured by the offensive images of the games; but the poetry appears to me admirable, and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the *three* others. It has descriptions not to be surpassed by any poet that ever existed, and which, surely, a writer merely ingenious, will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all that *grace* for which I contend, as an ingredient distinct from the general beauties allotted to poetry; and the *Rape of the Lock*, besides the originality of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing. In general, I believe what I call *grace* is denominated *elegance*; but I think *grace* is something higher. I will explain myself by instances rather than by words. Apollo is *graceful*—Mercury *elegant*.

#### LOCKE

HUMOROUSLY describes the misery of the school-boy who is to write a theme, and having nothing to say, goes about with the usual petition, in these cases, to his companions—"Pray give me a *little sense*?"

#### ENGLISH STYLE.

DR. JOHNSON says, that whoever would acquire a pure English style, must give his days and nights to Addison. We do not, however, feel this exclusive preference for Addison's melodious periods; his page is ever elegant, but sometimes it is too diffuse. Hume, Blackstone,

Blackstone, and Smith, have a proper degree of strength and energy combined with their elegance. Gibbon says that the perfect composition and well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson, excited his hopes that he might one day become his equal in writing; but "the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival Hume, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair." From this testimony we may judge, that a *simple style* appears, to the best judges, to be the more difficult to obtain, and more desirable than that highly ornamented diction to which writers of inferior taste aspire. Gibbon tells us with great candour, that his friend Hume advised him to beware of the rhetorical style of French eloquence. Hume, observed that the English language and English taste do not admit of this profusion of ornament.

#### MADAM ROLAND,

WHEN she was led to execution, exclaimed, as she passed the statue of liberty! "Oh liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

#### COMPANY AND BOOKS.

FORMERLY it was wisely said, "Tell me what company a man keeps, and I will tell you what he is;" but since literature has spread a new influence over the world, we must add, "Tell me what company he has kept, and what books he has read, and I will tell you what he is."

#### ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

HE was archbishop of Canterbury and lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry II. Before he was raised to the see of Canterbury, he was a very supple courtier, and conformed himself in every thing to the humour of the king. But after he was made archbishop, he occasioned much disturbance by his pride, insolence, and  
turbulency,



turbulency, under the pretence of preserving the rights, privileges, and immunities of the church. In the year 1171, four persons murdered him in the cathedral church of Canterbury, by which action they hoped to make their court to the King, to whom Becket had given great trouble and vexation. In 1173 Becket was canonised, by virtue of a bull from the Pope. In 1221 his body was taken up in the presence of king Henry the Third, and several nobility, and deposited in a rich shrine, on the east side of the church. The miracles said to be wrought at his tomb were so numerous, that we are told two large volumes of them were kept in Canterbury church. His character, however, was thought so ambiguous by some, even among the Catholics themselves, that some time after Becket's death, it was publicly debated in the university of Paris, "Whether the soul of Becket was in heaven or in hell?" It must, however, be at least acknowledged, that St. Thomas of Canterbury, was a saint of great fame and reputation. For his shrine was visited from all parts, and enriched with the most costly gifts and offerings. In one year it is said that no less than 100,000 came to visit his shrine. And we may form some judgment of the veneration which was paid to his memory, by the account given of the offerings made to the three greatest altars in Christ Church, which stood thus for one year:

	£.	s.	d.
At Christ's altar . . . . .	3	2	6
At the blessed Virgin's . . . . .	63	5	6
At Becket's . . . . .	832	12	6

But the following year, when probably the Saint's character was still more established in the world, the odds were greater, and St. Thomas carried all before him. The account was thus:

	£.	s.	d.
At Christ's Altar . . . . .	—	—	—
At the Virgin's . . . . .	4	1	8
At Becket's . . . . .	954	6	3

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXI.]

## THE PASTORAL POETRY OF THEOCRITUS.

The *pastoral* which sings of happy swains,  
 And harmless nymphs, that haunts the woods and  
     plains,  
 Should thro' the whole discover everywhere,  
 Their old *simplicity* and pious air;  
 And in the characters of *maids* and *youth*,  
 Unpractis'd plainness, innocence, and truth.  
 Each pastoral a little plot must own,  
 Which as it must be *simple* must be *one*,  
 With small digressions it will yet dispense,  
 Nor needs it always allegoric sense;  
 Its *style* must still be natural and clear,  
 And elegance in ev'ry part appear:  
 Its humble method nothing has of *fierce*,  
 But hates the ratt'ling of a lofty-verse;  
 With *native* beauty pleases and excites,  
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights!

ANON.

THE nature of pastoral poetry was explained and discussed in our Number for February last, when the *Eclogues* of *Virgil* became the topic of examination. We then specified the subjects best fitted for this kind of poetry, and expatiated on the advantages of which it is almost exclusively possessed. But in considering the *Eclogues*, it was impossible not to refer the reader to the productions of THEOCRITUS, who is by way of eminence stiled the Father of Pastoral Poetry. We shall now, therefore, bring forward a few biographical particulars respecting this great man, and transcribe a few illustrative passages from his works, which have deservedly attracted the attention of mankind. We are naturally anxious to become acquainted with that species of poetry which has imparted no small degree

gree of gratification to minds endued with genuine sensibility.

THEOCRITUS was by birth a *Syracusan*, being born at Syracuse in Sicily ; but of his parents little is known. He addressed one of his poems to Hiero, King of Syracuse, who reigned about 275 years before Christ. Hiero, though a famous prince, yet seems to have shewn no great affection for letters. This is supposed to have been the occasion of THEOCRITUS' 16th Idyllium, inscribed with the monarch's name, where the poet asserts the dignity of his profession, laments his poor encouragement, and insinuates to the Prince what a brave figure he would have made in verse, had he been as good a patron as he was a subject to the muses ! This coldness and neglect induced THEOCRITUS soon after to leave Sicily for the Egyptian court, where King Ptolemy then sat supreme president of arts and wit. Patronised by this monarch, the poet has handsomely panegyriced him, in which, among other things, he extols his generous encouragement both of learning and ingenuity.

Of this delightful son of the muses no further account can be drawn from his works, or indeed from any other records with which later ages have been furnished ! Too often are we left to gather, very imperfectly, the particulars of an eminent man's life from scattered and unconnected passages of his own productions.—Thus it is with great difficulty that we are capable of learning any thing sufficiently decisive to gratify the curiosity.

It has been, indeed, conjectured, that Theocritus suffered a violent death, arising from the indignation of a certain monarch, whom he had by his strains offended. In this idea, however, we have reason to believe that the learned have been mistaken. With much greater probability it is supposed, that Theocritus, the *rhetorician*, not the poet, fell by the hands of the executioner. Theocritus, the rhetorician, had been guilty of some crime against King Antigonus, who, it seems, had

*one eye* only ; but being assured by his friends that he should certainly obtain a pardon as soon as he should appear to his majesty's *eyes*—"Nay then," cried he, "I am indisputably a dead man, if *those* be the conditions!"

The compositions of this poet are distinguished among the ancients by the name of *Idyllia*, or *Idylls*, in order to express the smallness and variety of their natures. His works, in the language of modern times, would have been entitled miscellanies, or poems on several occasions.

The *nine first* and *eleventh* of his *Idyllia*, are true pastorals ; and the other poems are full of merit. To the former, however, we shall confine ourselves ; and the *third* *Idyll* will afford us several beautiful passages for the illustration of pastoral poetry. To persons who have no taste for rural personages and scenes, they will not perceive and relish the beauty of *THEOCRITUS*, whose great art is to introduce you into the country, and to entertain you with the objects by which you are there surrounded. This *third* *Idyll* is usually brought forward by way of specimen ; for it is characterized by ease and simplicity. The subject is love, ever welcome to the youthful heart.

To Amaryllis, lovely nymph, I speed,  
 Meanwhile my goats upon the mountains feed :  
 O Tityrus ! tend them with assiduous care,  
 Lead them to crystal springs and pastures fair,  
 And of the ridg'ling's butting horns beware. }  
 I, whom you call'd *your dear, your love*, so late,  
 Say, am I now the object of your hate ?  
 Say, is my form displeasing to your sight ?  
 This cruel love will surely kill me quite.  
 Lo ! ten large apples, tempting to the view,  
 Pluck'd from your fav'rite tree, where late they grew :  
 Accept this boon, 'tis all my present store,  
 To-morrow will produce as many more."

After this tender expostulation, succeeds a pathetic description

description of the pangs of love ; a poet who has so well delineated them, must have felt the passion.

Meanwhile these heart-consuming pains remove,  
 And give me gentle pity for my love.  
 Oh ! was I made by some transforming power  
 A bee—to buz in your sequester'd bow'r,  
 To pierce your ivy shade with murmur'ing sound,  
 And the light leaves that compass you around.  
 I know thee, love ! and to my sorrow find  
 A god thou art, but of the savage kind :  
 A lioness sure suckl'd the fell child,  
 And, with his brothers, nurs'd him in the wild ;  
 On me his scorching flames incessant prey,  
 Glow in my bones, and melt my soul away !  
 Ah ! nymph, whose eyes destructive glances dart,  
 Fair is your face but flinty is your heart ;  
 Your scorn distracts me, and will make me tear  
 The flow'ry crown I wove for you to wear,  
 Where roses mingle with the ivy-wreath,  
 And fragrant herbs ambrosial odours breathe.  
 Ah me ! what pangs I feel, and yet the fair,  
 Nor sees my sorrows, nor will hear my pray'r.  
 I'll doff my garments since I needs must die,  
 And from yon rock, that points its summit high,  
 Where patient Alpis snares the finny fry,  
 I'll leap—and tho' perchance I rise again,  
 You'll laugh to see me plunging in the main.

The poet then proceeds to enumerate various omens, to which we know the ancients were greatly attached, and in which they implicitly confided :

By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found  
 You chang'd affection, for it gave no sound,  
 Though in my hand, struck hollow as it lay,  
 But quickly wither'd like your love away :  
 An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,  
 She who tells fortunes with the sieve and shears ;  
 For leasing barley in my fields of late,  
 She told me *I* should love and *you* should hate !  
 For you, my care a milk-white goat supply'd,  
 Two wanton kids ruir frisking at her side,

Which oft the nut-brown maid, Erithacis,  
 Has begg'd, and paid before-hand, with a kiss;  
 And since you thus my ardent passion slight,  
 Her's they shall be before to-morrow night.  
 My right eye itches—may it lucky prove,  
 Perhaps I soon shall see the nymph I love;  
 Beneath yon pine I'll sing distinct and clear,  
 Perhaps the fair my tender notes shall hear;  
 Perhaps may pity my melodious moan—  
 She is not metamorphos'd into stone!

The conclusion of the *Idyll* is in the true language of a despairing lover *ready to give up the ghost*.

My head grows giddy—love affects me sore,  
 Yet you regard not—so I'll sing no more;  
 Here will I put a period to my care—  
 Adieu, false nymph! adieu, ungrateful fair!  
 Stretch'd near the grotto, when I've breath'd my last  
 My corse will give the wolves a sweet repast,  
 As sweet to *them* as honey to *your* taste!

The *ease* and *simplicity* of these several passages are discernible by every reader. These are the traits of the Sicilian muse, and for these uncommon tokens of excellence have her strains been uniformly distinguished.

We shall close this brief sketch of THEOCRITUS in the words of the editors of the New Biographical Dictionary—"His Pastorals, doubtless, ought to be considered as the foundation of his credit; upon this claim he will be admitted for the finisher as well as the inventor of his art, and will be acknowledged to have exceeded all his imitators, as much as originals usually do their copies. He has the same advantage in the pastoral, as Homer had in the epic poetry; and that was to make the critics turn his practice into permanent rules, and to measure nature herself by his accomplished model. THEOCRITUS writes in the Doric dialect, which was very proper for his shepherds."

“His rustic and pastoral muse,” says Quintilian, “dreads not only the forum but even the city.” The critic, however, did not mean any reproach to THEOCRITUS, as some have foolishly construed, for he was too good a judge of propriety. He knew that *this* did not hinder the poet from being *admirable* in his way, “*admirabilis in suo genere*,” as he expressly calls him in the same sentence; nay, he knew that he could not have been admirable without this rusticity, and would certainly have thought very meanly of most modern pastorals, where shepherds and country louts hold insipid conversation with the affectation of delicacy and refinement.”

---

AN

EXCURSION INTO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,  
DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1799.

IN

FOUR LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

---

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLE to your request I sit down to give you a plain narrative of the incidents of my journey into the West; at least I shall notice those things which appear most worthy of attention. Your never having visited this part of Britain, will induce me to enter into a detail which, otherwise, might have been deemed unnecessary. Travelling, during the summer season, has lately become a fashionable amusement. However laborious such excursions may prove, yet, in our beloved island, its scenery in general affords a rich repast to the imagination. To the tourist, indeed, the

West

*West of England* has been long a subject of panegyric, and justice demands from me the declaration, that my expectations were not disappointed. I beheld many of its views, and gazed upon many of its select spots with admiration :

“ In England’s happy isle we see display’d  
The charms of nature and the force of art,  
Our hills and dales with verdure all array’d,  
All that can please the eye or cheer the heart !”

In this letter I shall include my route to *Sidmouth*, specifying the towns through which I passed, and noticing what may be thought most remarkable respecting them.

I left London on Tuesday, July 9, in a post-chaise, accompanied by an intelligent friend, who once resided in the West of England, and to whom, therefore, I am indebted for many pleasing articles of information. After passing through the populous villages of Knightbridge, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Turnhamgreen, we came to *Brentford*, the county town for Middlesex. Here, therefore, elections are held, and this was, of course, the spot where the turbulent business of John Wilkes was transacted. The town itself has been long famous for its length and filth, which Thomson, in his *Castle of Indolence*, has thus humorously recorded :

“ Behold, through *Brentford* town, a town of mud,  
An herd of bristly swine is prick’d along !  
The filthy beasts that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troub’lous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among ;  
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And ay of barking dogs, the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan,  
Ne never find they rest from their unresting sone.”

A little



A little beyond *Brentford*, on the left, the entrance into the Duke of Northumberland's park, makes a magnificent appearance, adorned with a lion, sphinxes, and other sculptured embellishments. *Sion House*, within the park, is not seen from the road. It is a plain antique structure, chiefly remarkable for its great gallery, which extends the whole length of the east front, over the arcades. There is also an immense quantity of old china vases, of different forms and sizes, crowded together in almost every apartment; and the *Pedigree picture* here is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in England, exhibiting the noble and royal connections of the *Percies*, all which are now united in the present Duchess of Northumberland.

On the right, before we entered *Hounslow*, is the seat of *Sir Joseph Banks*; a neat mansion, with considerable gardens, where curious plants are reared with great care and assiduity. The learned proprietor accompanied Captain Cook round the world, is now President of the Royal Society, and has long been distinguished for his extensive researches into every branch of knowledge connected with natural history.

At *Hounslow* we just stopped to change horses, and then set off over the dreary heath, on which has been committed many a depredation. Of late years the traveller has met with fewer interruptions, though still we hear, not unfrequently, of robberies in that quarter during the winter season of the year; a recent proof of which is exhibited by a new gibbet, erected not far from Belfont, on which we saw suspended the body of *Haines*, generally known by the designation of the wounded Highwayman. He was, apparently, a large tall man; his irons were so constructed that his arms hung at some little distance from his body, by which means the hideous sight was rendered more terrific and impressive. The skirts of his coat waved in the wind, and, together with other parts of his appearance, suggested,

gested, with full force, the horrible idea of a fellow-creature deprived of the decent honours of sepulture, and consigned, with every mark of execration, to the grinning scorn of public infamy. The heath, about fifty years ago, used to be decorated with a long range of gibbets; but the Royal Family, frequently passing and re-passing to Windsor, occasioned their removal, and no renewal of them has been attempted.

Around the extremities of the heath are scattered a few pleasant *cottages*, where, secluded from the bustle of the adjacent metropolis, their peaceful inhabitants enjoy all the advantages of retirement. At one of these little mansions I have, occasionally, passed many agreeable hours—"Teaching the young idea how to shoot," and witnessing the pleasures of domestic tranquillity.

We soon reached Staines, a pleasant town, seventeen miles from London. It derives its name from the Saxon word *stana*, which signifies a *stone*, and was applied to this place from a boundary stone, anciently set up here to mark the extent of the city of London's jurisdiction upon the Thames. The church stands alone, almost half a mile from the town. On the south-east side of Staines lies *Runnymede*, the celebrated spot on which King John was compelled by his barons to sign the famous charter of English liberties, styled *Magna Charta*:

— ——"Near Thames' silver waters lies a mead,  
Where England's barons, bold in freedom's cause,  
Compell'd her king to ratify her laws:  
With constancy maintain'd the subjects' right,  
And serv'd a sov'reign in his own despite.  
On that sam'd mead their honest claims to seal,  
They risk'd their private for the public weal;  
Bravely resolv'd to make the tyrant yield,  
Or die like heroes on the glorious field.

Hume has thus briefly recorded the transaction—  
"A conference between king John and the Barons was  
appointed,

appointed, 15th June, 1215, at Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines; *a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event.* The two parties encamped apart, like open enemies, and, after a debate for a few days (19th June) the King, with a facility somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the GREAT CHARTER, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom." Mr. Hume then enters into curious particulars respecting the contents of this charter—as it regarded the clergy, the barons, and the people. It is an interesting detail, in which the happiness and welfare of every British subject are involved.

At the British Museum I lately was shewn what is said to be the very copy of the charter signed on this memorable occasion. It bore all the marks of antiquity, and being much injured by the ravages of time, a *fac-simile* laid close to it by way of interpretation.

Near Staines stands *Egham*, famous for its races, at the distance of four miles from Windsor. It abounds with inns, being a thoroughfare into the West, and has an handsome charity school. Here are also alms-houses, one of which was built, and is endowed by sir John Denham, a Baron of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles the Second, for five poor old women, who have each a little orchard to themselves. This Sir John, was the father of Denham the poet, who took particular delight in this spot. He immortalized himself by a poem, entitled *Cooper's Hill*, in which the River Thames is thus expressively characterized :

"O! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage—without o'er-flowing full,"

From

From Egham we came to *Bagshot*, passing over a long and dreary heath, remarkable only for the roads by which it is everywhere intersected, and which were made for the convenience of his Majesty, when he indulges himself in the pleasures of the chace. At first sight they make a singular appearance, but are, certainly, well calculated to answer the ends for which they are intended. These parts lying in the vicinity of Windsor, accounts for the purposes to which they are frequently appropriated. Bagshot affords good accommodation to travellers. The sterile tract of country with which it is surrounded, seems scarcely capable of much improvement.

Having drank tea at our next stage, *Murrel's Green*, only a single inn, with a pleasant garden, we got to *Basingstoke* before ten, where we slept that night. The town was in a bustle with soldiers, who were directing their course to Southampton, with the intent of joining the Secret Expedition. This is a large populous place, with three charity schools, in one of which twelve boys are maintained by the Skinner's Company, in London. It has a great market for corn, especially barley, and a considerable trade in malt. The chief manufacture is in druggets and shalloons. A fine brook runs by the town, which abounds with trout; for which, indeed, the Hampshire streams have been long famous. Into these delightful waters, whose transparency and rapidity please the eye even of the passing traveller, I longed to throw my angle—

“ I in these flowery meads would be,  
These chrystal streams should solace me,  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,  
I with my angle would rejoice.”

In the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, there was, formerly, a seat of John Marquis of Winchester, which in the great civil wars was turned into a fortress for the King, and held out a long time, to the great annoyance of

of the Parliament army; at length Cromwell took it by storm, and provoked by the obstinacy of its defence, put many of the garrison to the sword, and burnt the house to the ground. It was, we are told, a mansion fitter for a prince than a subject; and, among other furniture destroyed with it, there was one bed worth 1,400*l.* yet so considerable was the plunder, that a private soldier got for his share no less a sum than 300*l.* The fury of civil wars is well known, and, therefore, its outrages excite little astonishment.

The next morning we were seated in our chaise before five, and soon got to *Andover*, a large pleasant town, on the edge of the downs, for which Wiltshire stands distinguished. It is said to have its first charter from king John, and was last incorporated by queen Elizabeth. I could not help remarking, that at the inn in this place, an engraving of *Duns Scotus* was placed over the bar, where the liquors were mixed for their customers. Whether the effigy of this profound and *subtle doctor*, was thought necessary for the due mixture of the ingredients, or whether this grave metaphysician ever indulged in such delicious draughts, I am not able to say. The walls of colleges are, sometimes, decorated with his portrait; but I should never have expected to have caught his features in the bar of a tavern \*.

\* This curious character, *Duns Scotus*, was of the order of St. Francis; by the acuteness of his parts, and especially by his manner of disputing, he acquired the name of the *Subtil Doctor*. He was very zealous in opposing the opinions of Thomas Aquinas, which produced two parties in the schools, the Thomists and the Scotists. He was a writer of prodigious subtilty, and, like all subtle writers, refined upon every subject he handled, till it had no meaning at all left in it. This indefatigable scribbler left behind him ten volumes in *folio*—now mere waste paper. He died 1308, at Cologne, in Germany. *Biographical Dictionary*.

On

On the west side of Andover lies *Weyhill*, remarkable for one of the greatest fairs for hats, cheese, and sheep, in England. It is, however, only a village, containing a desolate church, on a rising hill, and a few straggling houses.

From Andover we directed our course to *Salisbury*, where we arrived to breakfast. This city, and its adjoining plains, will be noticed in a future letter; since, upon our return only, they became the subjects of examination. It may be proper, however, just to remark, that the very appearance of this place conveys an idea of respectability, and its lofty spire demands universal admiration.

*Blandford*, in Dorsetshire, was our next place of destination. It lies upon the Stour, at the distance of 107 miles from London. Twice has it been burnt down by accident; *first* in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and the second time in the year 1731, when the fire raged so violently, that few of the people saved any of their goods. It most unfortunately happened, at this last conflagration, that the inhabitants were afflicted with that scourge to humanity, the small-pox, so that many of the sick were carried from amidst the flames into the fields, where they expired. The town, however, was soon re-built in a more beautiful manner. I surveyed this place with particular attention, on account of the handsome epithets with which Mr. Gibbon, the celebrated historian, has honoured it. In his own life, when Captain in the Hampshire militia, he mentions his passing some time at "the *hospitable* and *pleasant* Blandford;" and, afterwards, remarks — "we again returned to our *beloved* Blandford."

Our next stage brought us to *Dorchester*, a place of great antiquity, and particularly famous among the Romans. It consists chiefly of three streets, and the houses, though old and low, yet are regularly built. St. Peter's church is a handsome structure, and there is a tradi-

onal barbarous rhyme, which imports the founder of this church to have been one Geoffrey Van :

“ Geoffrey Van,  
With his wife Ann,  
And his maid Nan,  
Built this church.”

The county goal, in this town, is a large building, erected upon the plan of the late Mr. Howard. It is surrounded by an high wall, and can boast of an healthy situation. At the time I visited it the convicts were few, not more than half a dozen, part of whom I saw white-washing the walls, and the remainder were weeding the yard, all in irons. Here Mr. Wakefield, one of the first classical scholars in the kingdom, is confined, during the space of two years, for certain passages in his answer to a pamphlet, written by the bishop of Landaff. In the neighbourhood of this town the Romans had an amphitheatre 140 feet wide, and 220 long, now called Maumbury, having a terrace on the top, which is still used as a public walk, and commands a prospect of the town and country around it. The principal business of the place, at present, is breeding of sheep, of which it is said no less than 60,000 are fed within six miles of this town; the ewes generally bring forth two lambs, which is imputed to the wild thyme, and other aromatic herbage, which grows upon the adjacent downs in great plenty.

Leaving *Weymouth*, about the distance of nine miles on the left hand, we entered the road for *Bridport*, whither we soon arrived. It is situated at the distance of 138 miles from London, upon a small river, near the coast of the English Channel. The corporation are principally dissenters, who are here both numerous and of great respectability. The entrance to the harbour was, formerly, choaked by sands, which the tides threw up; and though an act of parliament was passed in 1742, for restoring and rebuilding the haven and piers,

it

it was not for sometime executed. This place was once famous for ropes and cables; and by a statute, made in the reign of Henry VIII. it was enacted, that the cordage of the English navy should, for a limited time, be made in this town, or within five miles of it. The soil still produces as good crops of hemp as any in England.

We now set off for *Lyme*, which brings us near the end of our journey. Had the atmosphere been clear, we should have enjoyed a prospect of the sea; but a fog, common to this part of the country, so completely enveloped the horizon, that scarcely any object was visible around us. By this circumstance we were considerably disappointed. A view of the English channel would have pleasingly relieved the eye after our long jaunt over the Dorsetshire downs, which, however ornamented by flocks of sheep, tire by their tedious uniformity.

A few miles before we entered *Lyme*, we passed through *Charmouth*, a village on an eminence near the sea. It was a fair, and of course distinguished by that ludicrous bustle which is usual on such occasions. The honest rustics were assembled for the purposes of recreation, and merriment, in every form, seemed to be the ardent object of pursuit. A country fair has been aptly described both by *Hurd* and *Warton*; the lines of the latter, of which I was now powerfully reminded, you probably recollect:

“ Behold the transports of yon festive scene,  
Where the wide country, on the tented green,  
Its inmates pour, impatient all to share  
The expected pleasures of the annual fair.  
See! to the amorous youth and village-maid  
The pedlar’s filken treasury display’d;  
The liquorish boy the yellow smnel eyes,  
The champion’s cudgel wins the envy’d prize;  
The martial trumpet calls the gazers in,  
Where lions roar or fierce hyenas grin;

C 2

Responsive



Responsive to the tabor's sprightly sound,  
 Behold the jingling Morrice beat the ground;  
 The neighbouring courser, sleek'd and trick'd for sale,  
 Grains in his paunch and ginger in his tail;  
 The dwarf and giant, painted to the life;  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the shrill-ton'd fife,  
 Prelusive to the warlike speech that charms  
 The kindling heroes of the plains to arms.  
 Here bliss unfeign'd in every eye we trace,  
 Here heartfelt mirth illumines every face;  
 For pleasure here has never learnt to cloy,  
 But days of toil enliven hours of joy."

My friend informed me that Charmouth contains in its cliffs an inexhaustible magazine of petrifications. Perhaps the cornua ammonis, nantilus, and belemnite, are found here in as great perfection as in any part of the kingdom. In fact, there are few cabinets which are not indebted for their most beautiful specimens of the above-mentioned fossils, to this village. Nor must we forget that dog-tooth spars, of the highest beauty, elegant specimens of petrified wood, the vertebræ and other bones of marine animals, are also here found. Gentlemen's carriages, when they stop here, are frequently beset by the poor, who collect these things on the beach and offer them to sale. Among these, the person commonly known by the epithet of Captain Curious, is the most distinguished. Indeed he makes it his sole profession, and on enquiring for him, virtuosi are shewn to his cottage, where a large assortment of these articles is constantly kept on hand."

Lyme lies close by the sea-side; and the road to it down the hill, from the village of Charmouth, forms a tremendous declivity. This place is sometimes denominated Lyme Regis, or King's Lyme, probably from its having been annexed to the crown in the reign of Edward the First. Here are some fine houses built of free stone, and covered with blue slate. It is a good harbour,

harbour, and the merchants lade and unlade their goods at a place called the Cobb, a massy building, consisting of a firm stone wall running out into the sea, and in a curvilinear direction. That part of the town nearest the ocean, lies so low, that at spring tides the cellars are overflowed to the height of 10 or 12 feet. The custom house stands upon pillars, and has the corn market underneath it.

It was at *Lyme* that the unfortunate James duke of Monmouth landed, in June 1685, with about 80 men; his numbers, however, soon increased; he marched to Axminster and Taunton, but giving battle to the King's troops at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, he was defeated, and soon after beheaded. His adherents were pursued with unrelenting cruelty, and several were executed at this place, with circumstances of aggravated severity. In particular, 12 persons were hung at one time, among whom were Colonel Holmes, Dr. Temple, and Samuel Robins, whose cases were somewhat peculiar. Holmes was an old and gallant officer, who had served under Cromwell with distinguished reputation. He accompanied the Duke to Holland, by whom he was made major general. In the action of Philips Norton, one of his arms was shot to pieces, so that it hung only by the flesh; in consequence of this, being soon taken, he was stripped by the soldiers and carried before a justice of peace, who humanely clothed him. His shattered arm being an incumbrance to him, he waiting in the kitchen for his worship, laid it on a dresser and cut it off himself with the cook maid's knife. He was hanged on the spot where he landed with the Duke.

Dr. Temple was a native of Nottingham, who going to Holland for experience in his profession, met with the Duke, who engaged him as his physician and surgeon. He knew nothing of the Duke's intention of invading England, till they had been some time at sea; yet notwithstanding this exculpatory fact, no interest

could save him. He therefore resigned himself to his fate with becoming fortitude. Samuel Robins was a fisherman of Charmouth, who went on board the Duke's ship to dispose of his fish, and was of course compelled to pilot him into Lyme. He would, however, have been pardoned, had it not been proved in court, that a book, entitled *The Solemn League and Covenant*, was found in his house.

It is observed by a Mr. Pitts, who was a spectator of the execution of these 12 unfortunate persons, that they were to have been drawn to the place of execution on a sledge; but no cart horses, or even coach horses, could be made to draw it, so that they were obliged to go on foot. This circumstance was remarked at the time, and considered by many as a kind of miracle. It undoubtedly had something extraordinary in it; but every little circumstance is easily convertible into an omen by minds inclineable to superstition.

We left Lyme, encircled by the shades of the evening, and passing through Colyton, a snug little place, reached *Sidmouth* at a late hour, when its inhabitants were peacefully reclined on their bed:

"Tempus erat quò prima quies mortalibus ægris  
Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit.

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs  
Our bodies worn with toil, our minds with cares."

We soon, however, got access into the house of our friend, a gentleman of respectability, who entertained us with his accustomed kindness and hospitality.

In my next epistle I shall send you an account of *Sidmouth* and its vicinity. I remain,

My worthy Friend,

Yours respectfully.

## GENERAL REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

**I**N our Numbers for *January* and *February*, of the current year, the reader will find a survey of literature up to that period. But having promised such an account half-yearly, we now resume the subject; and we hope to treat it in a manner calculated to forward mental improvement. This is the great object of our Miscellany, and we shall rejoice in its accomplishment.

We will preserve the order we have hitherto followed, and accordingly begin with

## HISTORY.

This department has not proved particularly fertile; it requires such eminent talents, and embraces so wide a circle of investigation, that few authors are competent to the undertaking. Some few productions, however, call for notice, and shall receive from us due attention.

MR. BELSHAM has produced *Two Historical Dissertations*.—The one, on the *Causes of the Ministerial Secession*, 1717.—The other, on the *Treaty of Hanover*, 1725. Both of them relate to certain particulars of the English history, which he has already touched upon in his former volumes. These pieces shew considerable thought, and an extensive acquaintance with his subject. The *second* of these dissertations refers to certain assertions of Mr. Coxe; which are undoubtedly worthy of that gentleman's consideration. We interfere not with the dispute, but would wish that all historical truth should be thoroughly sifted, and nothing brought forward without just foundation.

SIR FRANCIS IVEKNOIS' *Political and Historical Delineation of the Administration of the French Republic*, is designed to expose that government. He states certain facts, which demonstrate the greatest inattention.

tion in the French rulers to the happiness of mankind. We are always sorry to peruse such accounts, for they must be painful to every mind of sensibility.

MAURICE's *History of Indostan; its Arts and Sciences, as connected with the other great Empires of Asia, during the most early Periods of the World*, is pregnant with curious information. We recommend its perusal; for it throws light on various articles of the East, which were before involved in profound darkness.

WOOD's *View of the History of Switzerland, with a particular Account of the Origin and Accomplishment of the Swiss Revolution*, lays open a scene of iniquity with respect to the French, at which every well constituted mind must revolt with abhorrence. Injustice and oppression always raise our detestation; and our detestation is heightened, when we perceive such enormities committed under the sacred name of liberty! The French had no right to meddle with Switzerland.

#### THEOLOGY.

Here we shall introduce only a very few works, and those only whose contents are adapted to promote the best interests of the human race. Our Miscellany is not of a theological cast, and yet the important subject ought, by no means, to be wholly excluded from it.

KETT's *History, the Interpreter of Prophecy, or a View of Scriptural Prophecies, and their Accomplishment, in the past and present Occurrences of the World, with Conjectures respecting their future Completion*, in three volumes, is a production of considerable merit. Every rational work upon this curious and profound subject meets our approbation. The topic has been miserably abused by enthusiasts of every description. It gives us, therefore, pleasure to perceive it handled in a way that imparts satisfaction to the more judicious friends of revelation.

*A Picture*

*A Picture of Christian Philosophy*, by Mr. FELLOWES, a curate of the church of England, is a charming volume, in which the character of the great and venerable founder of our religion is ably drawn—divested of every trait that has the most distant alliance with fanaticism or superstition. The candid deist must admire, and will surely acquiesce in, the superior beauty of the delineation.

*Sermons*, by the REV. EDMUND BUTCHER, are a valuable accession to *Discourses for Families*. The ease of the language, the justness of the sentiments, and the rational fervour by which the whole volume stands characterised, must recommend it to the cordial approbation of every pious and liberal mind.

The re-publication of *Winchester's Dialogues*, by MR. VIDLER, will be esteemed by all who are attached to those truly enlarged views of revelation, which are included in the grand doctrine of Universal Restoration!

#### MEDICINE.

The *Medical and Physical Journal*, under the superintendence of DRs. BRADLEY and WILLICH, is a valuable periodical publication of its kind, and contains a very curious account of the *cow-pox*, which may, in time, become an admirable substitute for the small-pox. Experiments are now making for the purpose, and should they succeed, the fact will prove highly serviceable to the human species.

*Medical Admonitions for Families*, by JAMES PARKINSON, in two volumes, is a work which cannot be too much commended for the perspicuity of its information, and the benevolence of its tendency. Heads of families should have it lying by them; it describes, with accuracy, the nature and symptoms of the diseases to which we are most subject, and points out the period of indisposition when medical aid becomes of indispensable necessity. The common faults of such performances

mances are, to induce valetudinarians to tamper too much with their own constitutions ; but *here* all such danger is precluded.

TOWNSEND's *Vade Mecum*, is a manual in which ingenuity and utility are combined. Other works might be mentioned, but our limits forbid an enlargement.

### POLITICS

Next demand our attention ; but, alas ! this portion of our department still continues a turbulent region, in which nothing very pleasing can be contemplated.

PENN's *Timely Appeal to the Common Sense of Great Britain*, presents us with some singular speculations. Among other articles of reformation, he recommends, in our police, a system of *rewards*, instead of punishment. How far this would turn out for an improvement we cannot say, but the plan is benevolent, and deserving, from our rulers, of attentive consideration ; certain it is, that many of our present laws are excessively severe, nor do we find the offenders, on that account, diminished. Every possible scheme should be at least tried, which promises the amelioration of mankind.

*Observations on the Political Conduct of the Protestant Dissenters*, by D. RIVERS, is a pamphlet replete with falshoods, and only calculated to inflame the worst passions of the heart. The virulence of the language defeats the ends it was intended to accomplish, and the dissenters themselves, we understand, have not thought the piece worthy of animadversion. It is, indeed, already sunk into its merited oblivion.

JOHNSON's *Serious Address to the People of England, on the Subject of Reformation, and the Necessity of Zeal and Unanimity in Defence of their Country*, well repaid our perusal of it. It is evidently dictated by an enlarged and liberal spirit, and breathes throughout a warm attachment to his native land. His ideas  
of

of reform are temperate, and appear to have been suggested by the persuasion that he was contributing to the welfare and prosperity of his country. When we read such productions, we are reminded of Cowper's beautiful lines :

" England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,  
My country ! and while yet a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee."

But we hasten from the noisy region of politics, to the far more pleasing department of

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Voyages to the East Indies, by the late SPLITTER STAUVRINUS, ESQ. Rear Admiral in the Service of the States General*, abound with information respecting that distant part of the globe. The Dutch settlements are well described, and much light thrown on their condition, with which we were before little acquainted.

*The Missionary Voyage* is a strange compound of enthusiasm and persevering industry. Its Appendix contains some curious facts respecting the Otaheitan ; whilst we reprobate the indecent anecdotes by which the work is debased.

COLNETT'S *Voyage to the South Atlantic, and round Cape Horn, into the Pacific Ocean, for the Purpose of extending the Spermaceti Whale Fishery, and other Objects of Commerce*, is adapted to answer the ends for which it was intended. Many singular accounts are given of the whales, who, on account of their bulk and strength, may be pronounced the monarchs of the ocean ! TAYLOR'S *Travels from England into India*, afford an insight into the difficulties peculiarly attendant on such an undertaking.

We close this article by the mention of Mr. WARNER'S *Second Walk through Wales* ; a work in which  
elegance



elegance and sentiment are at once agreeably united. He leads us over the barren and craggy mountains of the principality, in the most pleasing manner, entertaining his readers with speculations which both instruct and amuse them. His *Second* is, in every respect, equal to his *First Walk through Wales*, and, together, these volumes form an interesting body of information respecting that ancient and renowned part of our kingdom.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The first volume of a *New Biographical Dictionary*, by DR. AIKIN, and the late DR. ENFIELD, promises so well, that upon its completion it will be the best work of the kind in our language. The details are proportioned to the importance of the characters, and a due estimate made of their respective works.

HICKMAN'S *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Macklin, Esq.* furnish us with a competent idea of that celebrated actor, whose years were extended beyond a century. The narrative, however, might have been more compact; and we could have dispensed with that immoderate strain of panegyric which always injures the subject on which it is lavished.

*British Public Characters* contain much information, but we could have wished that its authority was not anonymous; for in such a case the opinion of its authenticity is always lessened.

*The Life of the Empress of Russia*, ascribed to Mr. Tooke, is a masterly performance, and lets us into an acquaintance with many traits in the conduct of that extraordinary woman.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Comber*, by his great grandson, have the merit of accuracy; and his learning and piety are subjects of just commendation.

*Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution* are interesting, as they lay open to our view a variety

riety of those characters who have "fretted and strutted their hour" on that stage of bustle and confusion. Mr. Adolphus, the author, is by no means favourably disposed towards them, and, therefore, having dragged them forth to the eye of his readers, treats them with an unmerciful severity.

## POETRY.

We shall begin with Mr. SOUTHEY's *Second Volume of Poems*, which is not, by any means, injurious to the reputation which he has already gained for elegance and sensibility. The first part of the volume indeed is occupied by the *Vision of the Maid of Orleans*, which stands expunged from the second edition of the epic poem, and is here given in a form more chastened, and corrected.

ROSCOE's *Nurse*, from the Italian, is truly beautiful; and British mothers will do well to regard its admonitory strains. The unnatural practice of refusing to nurse their own infants, is here warmly reprobated, and its evils properly delineated. We notice this subject the more particularly, because we know it is connected with the welfare and happiness of the rising generation.

MISS DAYE's *Poems*, on various subjects, we have read with pleasure; they are the offspring of taste and sensibility.

CHEETHAM's *Odes and Sonnets*, particularly the latter, evince ability, and are no unpromising specimens of that young gentleman's genius for poetry.

The poems of *Anderson, Smith, Campbell, and Goodwin*, are the productions of young poets; but are nevertheless possessed of merit, and may be read with advantage. The same remarks may be extended also to *Amatory Odes, Epistles and Sonnets, the Productions of an uneducated Youth*.

MRS. MOODY's *Poetic Trifles* exhibit a cultivated imagination and a benevolent heart.

*Theodora; or, the Gamester's Progress*, had it been less prosaic, would receive from us a larger portion of our approbation. The purport of the tale is highly meritorious, and pregnant with moral instruction. Nor must we quit this department without mentioning MR. HEPTINSTALL's edition in two volumes of the *Sacred Oratorios, as set to Music by George F. Handell*. This is a neat and cheap compilation, accompanied by embellishments, which enhance its utility.

#### NOVELS.

It is not our purpose, under this head, to heap together all the trash which issues from the press, under this denomination. We shall confine ourselves only to the most popular of these *too popular* productions.

MRS. ROBINSON's *False Friend*, though not destitute of her usual ability, is a strange story, and of dubious morality. Such performances ought not to be sanctioned by the public; we are sorry to perceive talents so perverted.

MISS HAY's *Victim of Prejudice*, is liable to the same objections, and, however we may be disposed to praise this lady's ingenuity, we must, from a sense of duty to our readers, withhold our commendation. Writers of this stamp conjure up, in their imagination, all the possible evils that can afflict humanity, and then charge them upon the present constituted state of society. That many things want amendment we readily allow; but we are not sufficiently sensible of the blessings of civilization. These novelists fall violently in love with their own notions; and then, forsooth! brand every other sentiment with an execrable deformity.

LAMB's *Tale of Rosamond Gray and Old Blind Margaret*, possesses considerable pathos; we felt much interest in the perusal of it, and can speak of it in terms of unreserved approbation.

*Canterbury Tales*, by the MISS LEEs, are pleasing  
and

and recommend themselves by variety. The *third* and *last* volume is now published. The tales are told by seven different persons, arrived in two stage coaches, in the depth of a severe winter, at an inn at Canterbury. The characters are—a Superstitious old Lady—a Sentimental young Lady—a French Abbé—a queer sort of an English Traveller—an old Officer, and the Author. The tales are told to relieve the tediousness of their detainment at an inn; the whole concludes in this sprightly manner—"The voice of my most favourite companion," says the author, meaning the clergyman, "suddenly ceased, and I awoke; yes, reader, courteous or uncourteous, I really awoke from a species of *day dreams* to which I have all my life been subject, and if you should find this as pleasant as I have done, why we may henceforth recite tales without going to Canterbury, and travel half the world over without quitting our own dear fire-sides." From this sketch, the reader will perceive that they are persuaded on the plan of old Chaucer, of whose tales we gave an account in the last volume of our Miscellany.

MRS. WEST'S *Tale of the Times* is, on the whole, an engaging composition.

*The Aristocrat*, by the Author of the *Democrat*, is ascribed to MR. PYE, the Poet Laureat, and is, in many respects, worthy of his reputation. It is interspersed with some lively poetry. The following lines struck us as a natural delineation of grief in a person who revisits his native country,

"The woods as green, the skies as blue,  
As bright the azure billow flows,  
As when to cheer my infant view,  
The prospect first arose;  
But while by grief for pleasures past,  
The gloomy scene is overcast,  
The brightest landscape smiles in vain,  
And memory each charm destroys,  
And only points to wither'd joys  
That ne'er must bloom again!"

### DRAMA.

This department may include many singular productions of very various merit and utility. It would be inexcusable in us not to place in the front *Pizarro*, of universal fame ! We have, indeed, so fully explained ourselves in our Dramatic Register, that here we shall only add, that it does both its author and translator, or rather *emendator*, great credit. Whatever faults may be found with certain parts of it ; its sentiment, its language, and its tendency in general, claim high approbation.

When examining this part of our survey, we cannot help expressing our astonishment at the barrenness of our own authors. The rage is for translations from the German ; and Kotzebue seems destined to supply all our defects.

One curious tragedy has been sent us from America, that on the *Death of Major Andre*. The story is affecting, but the play disappointed us. The *East Indian*, by LEWIS—the *Castle of Montival*, by WHALLEY—*First Faults*—*What is She?*—*Aurelio and Miranda*—*Votary of Wealth*—*The Secret*—*Five Thousand a Year*, and *Is it he or his Brother?* have been brought forward within this last half year. Their merits are by no means equal ; and in our Dramatic Register we have already given a sufficient detail of them. The stage might be much improved, and made more subservient to the real welfare of the community.

### EDUCATION.

MAVOR's *British Nepos* is a good school book, containing the lives of the more distinguished characters of British history in an abridged form. We were sorry in the perusal of it, to meet with so many cramp words, which we hope will be banished from a future edition.

COLLARD's *Praxis of Logic*, is very useful to young persons to aid them in the important task of discrimination.

MISS MORE *on Education*, contains many ingenious remarks, and seems to have been written with the best intentions; but sorry we are to remark passages which will tend to prejudice every rational mind against the work. We however are of opinion, that her observations on the fashionable vices and follies of the age, are deserving of attention. We trust, indeed, that all ranks will soon be brought back to a manly recollection of their duties, the discharge of which forms the only true basis for present and future felicity.

THE REV. MR. ARMSTRONG'S *Elements of the Latin Tongue*, should be put into the hands of every youth whose time is occupied in the attainment of that language. Its ingenious compiler has rejected incumbrances, stated the most essential parts of grammatical knowledge with accuracy; and by placing the rules of syntax in English, made them much more intelligible to the classical student. We wish these *Elements* every success.

Thus have we rapidly glanced at some of the most popular performances which, for this last half year, have been presented to the public. We have been severe only where severity became absolutely necessary. We have inclined more to praise than censure; persuaded that few books are so entirely bad as not to contain something which is calculated to enlighten the mind and meliorate the heart. We can pass by many faults in a performance, when its perusal secures the main obj.  
—INTELLECTUAL and MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

EXTRACTS  
FROM  
*WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS*  
OF THE  
COURTS OF BERLIN, WARSAW, AND VIENNA.

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CHARACTER OF FREDERIC KING OF PRUSSIA.

**B**UT while I admit his claim to immortality, I am not disposed to be his panegyrist. Much as we admire, we are little tempted to love him. Ambition, from the hour of his accession to the present moment, has been his only real passion. Neither the faith of treaties nor the laws of nations, nor the principles of justice and equity, have ever sufficiently restrained him from pursuing the aggrandizement of the Prussian monarchy. The conquest of Silesia, under all the circumstances, can scarcely be justified: the partition of Poland, however its injustice may seem to be diminished by the concurrence of Austria and Russia, was an act that revolted every mind not insensible to the distinctions of right and wrong. His own glory, more than the felicity of his people, has constituted, at every period of his reign, the rule of his political conduct. Though not cruel, he is nevertheless in some respects oppressive; though he rarely permits capital punishments, he exacts pecuniary contributions from his subjects, scarcely less subversive of their domestic happiness, than would be the utmost severity of penal laws. His vigilance, it is true, never sleeps; and he is felt on the distant frontier of Courland or of Cleves, at the extremities of his dominions, almost as much as here at Berlin. But so was Philip the Second, the most odious tyrant of modern times. It is for the preservation of his own greatness alone that Frederic wakes. Even his pleasures are gloomy, philosophic, and solitary. Love never invaded the privacy of "Sans Souci,"

Souci," nor softened the austere and cheerless hours of Frederic's private life. He is great, but not amiable; we render homage to his talents, his reputation, and his victories: but we desire to live under a more benign and unambitious prince. We are pleased to visit Berlin, as an object of liberal curiosity; but we prefer the residence of London, of Vienna, or of Naples.

#### MAGICAL INCANTATIONS.

THE Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the Chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the Chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the Electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment\*.

On the appointed night, for Schrepfer † naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in itself,

\* Of raising a deceased person.

† The pretended magician.

but



but better calculated for the effect of incantations ; the company assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so, and were satisfied that nothing, except violence, could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform, would demand all their firmness ; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them, indeed, as I believe, all, except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it ; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined the advice. " I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, " to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies, he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid ; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed ; during which interval, he laboured apparently, under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythones of antiquity. At length a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside ; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more  
the

the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses, that any thing else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part, electrified with amazement, or petrified with horror; and of course fully prepared for every object which could be presented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same way, it would seem, that Corregio or Hannibal Carrache, have represented Jupiter appearing to Semelé. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?—Charles, what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

Language, as may be supposed, can ill describe the consternation produced among the spectators at such a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld, was spiritual and intangible, or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it; they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The Prince, whose impious curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself; far from manifesting coolness, or attempting reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining

maining proof of his art for which they were now very anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But, Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene, protest that near an hour elapsed, before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it : at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them, were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers."

#### COPERNICUS.

WHATEVER may be its political fate, the name of Thorn will always recal to the mind a man, whose deep researches ascertained the principle only surmised by antiquity, upon which rests the Newtonian system of philosophy. Nicholas Copernicus, or Kopernic, has immortalized the place of his birth and residence. Every particular relative to him excites curiosity ; and after visiting his house as well as his tomb, I endeavoured to obtain some information concerning his family. It is not a little remarkable, that so sublime a discovery should have originated in a part of Europe the most obscure, and hardly civilized, while it escaped the finer genius of Italy and of France. Though a part of the building has been destroyed by fire, the chamber is still religiously preserved in which Copernicus was born.

His

His remains are buried under a flat stone, in one of the side aisles of the most ancient church of Thorn. Above is erected a small monument, on which is painted a half-length portrait of him. The face is that of a man declined in years, pale and thin; but there is in the expression of the countenance something which pleases, and conveys the idea of intelligence. His hair and eyes are black, his hands joined in prayer, and he is habited in the dress of a priest. Before him is a crucifix, at his foot a scull, and behind appear a globe and compass. He died in 1543; and, when expiring, is said to have confessed himself, as long and uniform tradition reports, in the following Latin verses, which are inscribed on the monument. They demonstrate that when near his dissolution, all cares or enquiries, except those of a religious nature, had ceased to affect or agitate him.

“ Non parem Pauli gratiam requiro,  
 Veniam Petri neque posco; sed quam  
 In crucis ligno dederat latroni.  
 Sedulus oro.”

Monsieur Luther de Geret, counsellor of the senate of Thorn, furnished me with some information relative to the illustrious person in question; and as so little is ascertained of his origin or family, it merits to be preserved. “The father of Kopernic was a stranger, from what part of Europe is totally unknown. He settled here as a merchant, and the archives of the city prove that he obtained the freedom of Thorn in 1462. It seems clear that he must have been in opulent circumstances and of consideration; not only from the liberal education which he bestowed upon his son, but from the rank of his wife. She was sister of Luca Watzelrode, bishop of Ermeland, a prelate descended from one of the most illustrious families of Polish Prussia. The name of the father, as well as of the son, was Nicholas. To the patronage of his maternal uncle, the great Copernicus was indebted for his ecclesiastical promotions; being made

made a prebend of the church of St. John at Thorn, and a canon of the church of Frawemberg, in the diocese of Ermeland. Of his private life we know little. He did not reside here altogether, nor did he die here; his body having been brought to Thorn for sepulture from Ermeland, where he expired. A dysentery, accompanied by a partial palsy, produced his death. In his character, as well as in all his deportment, he was modest, diffident, and religious. It is not either known or believed, that he left behind him any natural children. But the family continued to reside here, as appears by a manuscript chronicle still existing, in which it is mentioned, that "On the 11th of August, 1601, died Martin Kopernic, barber, of the kindred and posterity of Nicholas Kopernic; a young man unmarried and wealthy, of an apoplectic fit, at his garden in the suburbs." In his person, we apprehend the name to have become totally extinct."

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#### EXECUTION AT VIENNA:

CRIMES, as well as punishments, are rare, owing to the vigilance and severity of the police. A murder is scarcely ever committed, and robberies are by no means common. At almost every hour of the day or night, a stranger may walk the streets, or travel the public roads in safety. Of course, executions happen very seldom; but when they take place, they are conducted with admirable propriety and effect. I had the curiosity, for the first time in my life, to be present at an execution, only a few days ago; which, from the circumstances that attended it, well merits a particular description. Many thousand spectators of all conditions were assembled to witness it; and I never saw any public ceremony performed with so much solemnity and awful decorum. Four men, convicted of robbery, aggravated by circumstances of cruelty and inhumanity, were sentenced

tenced to die ; not by the halter, as with us, but by the sword of the executioner. They suffered on the Esplanade, without one of the gates of Vienna, upon a circular space or piece of ground walled in, railed twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the Esplanade. In order to have a better view of it, I got into a cart placed near the scaffold, whence I could distinguish even the countenances and features of the criminals.

The first of the four malefactors having been seated in a chair screwed down into the ground, his arms and body were next tied with cords, in order to prevent him from moving, and his neck was laid bare quite to the shoulders. A bandage being drawn across his eyes, four Augustine monks with a crucifix approached, and after prayer confessed him. The executioner's assistant then collecting his hair, pulled up his head with a view to afford a fairer mark. Meanwhile the executioner, who was a very decent man in his figure and dress, arrived in a hackney-coach. When all the requisite preparations were made, he threw off his cloak, and being in his white waistcoat, he unsheathed the instrument of punishment. It was a strait, two-edged sword, of an equal breadth quite to the point, prodigiously heavy, broad, and sharp as a razor. Coming in flank of the criminal, who was blindfolded, and ignorant of the precise moment, he took off the head at one stroke, with a dexterity and celerity exceeding imagination. The assistant held it up streaming with blood, and then laid it down on the ground ; while the decapitated trunk was allowed to remain for some seconds in the chair, the blood spouting up at first to the height of three or four feet in the air. Two men next untied the corpse, and taking it by the legs and shoulders, bore it to a little distance. The head was carried with it, and the whole covered with a large mat.

Previous to beheading the second culprit, the chair was wiped clean from the blood with which it had been stained ; the ropes were washed, and sand scattered over

the place ; so that when he was brought up to suffer, no trace of the preceding execution was visible. About half an hour elapsed between their respective deaths ; the last three being beheaded with the same dexterity as the first, and with similar circumstances. The velocity with which the sword passed through the neck, and dismembered the head, was such, that the blade scarcely appeared bloody. After inflicting each stroke, the executioner took out a white handkerchief, and carefully wiped away the globules of blood which stood upon the sword ; then sheathed, and laid it down at some paces from the chair, concealed by a cloak. The whole ceremony being ended, he advanced forward, and holding up the instrument of justice immediately after he had taken off the head of the last criminal, he addressed himself to the assembled multitude, demanding whether he had well performed his duty. They signified their approbation, and he then withdrew ; while the people, before they dispersed, joined with the monks in prayer for the souls of the departed. The four trunks and heads were exposed during some hours on wheels, to the view of every one, and afterwards interred.

### ON REWARDS.

#### AN EXERCISE DELIVERED AT OXFORD.

*Spes Præmii Laboris est Solatium.*

**H**OWEVER industrious moralists of different ages may have been in representing virtue as its own reward, it is obvious to remark, that their endeavours in this respect have, in a great measure, proved unsuccessful. Fine theories may delight the philosopher and excite the admiration of the learned ; but they are by no means calculated to influence the bulk of mankind. These require something more substantial as a foundation for action, and are actuated rather by motives arising

arising from views of honour and interest, than by those deduced from the beauty of virtue. Stoical speculations may be productive of Stoical apathy; but little or no advantage will be found to result from them, either to society in general, or to particular individuals.

It is certain, that the human faculties are never known to expand themselves more freely in exertion, than when warmed and enlivened by the hope of some present or distant good. This is a counterpoise to the severest hardships undergone in the pursuit; and the testimony of every man's own experience, independent of other proof, may be sufficient to convince him, that no solacer is more sweet to the weariness of diligence, than the contemplation of its reward. Whilst we look forward with fond expectation to new acquisitions, either of fame or fortune, the various difficulties, whether real or imaginary, which are apt to intimidate sluggish minds, gradually disappear; and every intermediate obstacle, which stands in the way of aspiring merit, is easily surmounted. In the gay prospect of futurity such enjoyments present themselves, as diffuse a ray of comfort over the gloom of misfortune, and give steadiness and perseverance to our conduct, even under repeated and frequent disappointments. What is it, but a firm confidence of their respective wishes being at length gratified, that forwards the operations of the mechanic, invigorates the measures of the statesman, and nerves the arm and animates the courage of the warrior? The ascent to fame appears proportionably less steep and rugged—as the hero keeps stedfastly in his eye the glorious prospect on the summit; nor do labours and dangers ever recommend themselves so successfully to the spirit of adventure, as when they flatter its pecuniary views, or promise greatness to its ambition. The wreath of victory and the glory of triumph, were placed by the ancients amongst the most enviable attainments; in *them* they beheld a full compensation for all their mili-



tary toils and dangers, and accordingly sacrificed to them, not only the softer pleasures of ease and indolence, but even life itself. Whence did the unparalleled strength of resolution which distinguished the character of the Lacedemonians originate, but from a settled determination of securing that praise for which they so ardently panted? They chose rather to subject themselves to the greatest sufferings, nay, voluntary to undergo the most exquisite pains and tortures, than betray a want of hardiness which might, in their opinion, justify the imputation of effeminate cowardice.

Whatever the species of reward is, if the desire of it be congenial to the mind, its empire is generally absolute. All the evils of pain, want, and hunger, have been willingly embraced by men, under the idea of thereby obtaining some favourite object. No potion can be prescribed too nauseous for the languishing patient, when he feels within himself the exhilarating anticipation of its salutary effects; nor can any regimen be devised so severe, which he will not gladly submit to and persevere in, if it yields hopes of recovering that inestimable blessing, health. It is impossible fully to conceive how violently men will strain in the race of competition, when the prize of glory is held out to their view; and on what dangerous seas they will hazard their existence, when tempted by a prospect of immense gain.

Under the well-regulated direction of such principles, the noblest efforts of genius and application have been exerted, and with most desirable success in promoting the general happiness of society. To this source we may justly ascribe the great advances which have been made in arts and sciences, and in short the production of almost every thing on which the wisest men have agreed to impress the stamp of excellence. It is clear from the slightest intercourse with the world, that the attention bestowed on the various objects of pursuit in life, is usually proportioned to the degree of honour and advantage

advantage which they are deemed capable of affording. Few would be found willing to plant the tree, did they not expect to eat of the fruit; few bold enough to stand the shock of the combat, if forbidden to partake of the glory of the victory. The husbandman would neither plow nor sow, did he not hope to reap the produce of his labour; the artisan would not waste his health and strength with incessant toil, was he not induced to it by a view of gain; nor would the student trim the midnight lamp, did he not flatter himself with the pleasing expectation of future distinction and pre-eminence.— Deprive him of this, and his genius languishes; and, after a few unsuccessful efforts, abandons itself to despair; like a fair flower under the influence of an inclement sky, that never appears in its genuine beauty, but after having exhibited some faint tints of its native lustre, sickens, droops, and dies.

If, therefore, a regard to praise or emolument, hath a manifest tendency to engage men in enterprizes which may ultimately conduce to public ornament or utility, it by no means argues sound policy to discourage such motives, however subordinate in their natures. To cut off all prospect of reward, with a view of making eminence more amiable, is the same absurdity, as to aim at improving the motion of the machine, by breaking its main-spring. Under the protection of public favour and gratitude, works of ingenuity have, in times past, flourished, and to the credit of the present day, do now afford a display of no less excellence; and that still further advances may be made, and arts and sciences carried to a yet higher degree of perfection, we have reason to expect, whilst both royal and popular patronage continue to diffuse their fostering influence, and concur to extend encouragement and incitement to all that merit it.

Animated by these considerations, and encouraged by the success of those who have gone before us in the walks of literature, permit us to indulge the flattering

hope, that by pursuing the paths which are here pointed out to us, and aided by the assistance which is here afforded us, *we* also may arrive at some degree of distinction, and contribute in our respective spheres, some small share at least to the promotion and improvement of useful knowledge.

## CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's  
Calendar of Nature.*

## CALENDAR OF NATURE.

### SEPTEMBER.

Now soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed,  
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;  
On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,  
And with the sportsman's war the new-shorn fields  
resound.

1. **P**LEASANT month, possessing the softness and serenity of autumn, yet the days are sensibly shortened, and the various temperature of the weather occasions unhealthiness.
2. Corn abroad at the beginning of the month, therefore partridge shooting commences the 14th instead of the 1st of September.
3. Partridges feed on grain and other seeds, scratched up, therefore live chiefly on the ground, making much use of their legs and little of their wings.
4. They pair early in the spring, the hen sitting twenty-two days, and the young come forth full-feathered, like chickens.
5. When the young ones are attacked, wonderful instances of attachment in the old ones—even have feigned being

being wounded, to draw off the pursuers from the nest. 6. Partridges retire to groves in the day-time—to the open stubble in the night. Man is their most formidable enemy, obliging them, by pointers, to take wing for the purpose of shooting them, or inclosing them in a net when they remain on the ground :

—————In his mid career the spaniel's touch,  
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose  
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,  
Fearful and cautious on the latent prey ;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and watchful ev'ry way,  
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.

THOMSON.

7. Saffron now gathered, grows chiefly in Essex, in a considerable tract between Cambridge and Saffron Malden. The process of gathering and drying, curious—used in medicine as a cordial, formerly esteemed in cookery, and imparts a fine yellow dye. 8. Few flowers, except the ivy, open in this month. 9 Short intermission to the labours of the husbandman ; for the harvest gathered in, then comes sowing for the winter crops. 10. Bee-hives to be straitened in their entrance, lest wasps and other depredators injure the honey. 11. Arrivals of the herrings affords a harvest to the inhabitants of the eastern and western coasts of the island. 12. Herrings make their winter rendezvous within the arctic circle. 13. Put themselves in motion in the spring, that they might deposit their spawn in warmer latitudes. 14. Grand shoal does not appear till June, then attended by an immense multitude of sea-birds, &c. all of which are supported without apparently diminishing their host—main body alters the appearance of the ocean—so large that it is divided into columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, sinking and rising, and in bright weather exhibiting

hibiting a resplendency of colours, like a field of gems. 15. The great body is divided by the Shetland Isles into two grand divisions, the one going to *Yarmouth*, the other to the *Western Isles*. 16. At the end of the month the common swallow disappears. 17. Three current opinions of their disappearance for the winter—1. Into a torpid state.—2. Into caverns and sheltered places.—3. Into other countries, having a warmer climate; thus, crossing the Channel to Spain, thence to Gibraltar, and thence to the northern shores of Africa. 18. Other small soft-billed birds now disappear by migration. 19. Field-fare and red-wing return from more northerly countries to spend the winter with us. 20. Wood owl hoots, stone-curlew clamours; the wood-lark, thrush, black-bird, commence their autumnal music. 21. The snake casts his skin, parting (by rolling itself in the grass) with its whole external covering, even the outer coat of the eyes scales off, and is left in the head of the slough like a pair of spectacles. 22. Of insects, very few now make their appearance. 23. Apples gathered for cyder-making, which in Worcestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, constitutes a busy and important employment. 24. The fermented juice of apples is called cyder, or *apple wine*—that of pears, *perry*. 25. Hazel nuts gathered in our thickets and gardens.

Ye virgins come, for you their latest song  
 The wood-lands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
 And where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree,  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning bush.

26. The oak sheds its acorns, and the nuts fall from the beech, both called *mast*. 27. Turning hogs into forests, an excellent mode of fattening them; curious account of this procedure in Gilpin's Forest scenery \*. 28. On

\* This account shall be given as an extract in our next Number.—Ed.

the

the *twenty-second* of this month happens the autumnal equinox, at which period the days and nights are equal all over the earth. 29. This, as well as the vernal equinox, often attended with heavy storms of wind and rain, which throw down much of the fruit yet remaining on the trees. 30. At the end of the month the leaves of many trees lose their given colours, and begin their grave autumnal tints, indicative of the approaching desolation of winter.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PINDAR,

### THE CELEBRATED GRECIAN POET.

**P**INDAR, the Prince of Lyric Poets, was a native of Thebes, in Bæotia, and began and flourished about the 76th Olympiad, or 520 years before Christ. His family was of the lowest class. His father Scopelinus (or Diophantus) being of the lowest order of musicians. Many strange events are recorded of him at his birth, as we are told of Homer and Virgil, which, for the sake of veracity, is here rejected. From his earliest years he was trained by his father to the study of music; and Lasus Hermiones is mentioned as his tutor in poetry, though the meanness of his father's fortune, it is thought, deprived him of the excellent advantages of a learned education; on which occasion, Vossius says, he used to boast that nature was his only guide in poetry. Whereas his rivals were obliged to have recourse to art; on which account he used to compare himself to the soaring eagle, and the creeping tribe of poets to base croaking ravens. His genius, naturally wild and luxuriant, was corrected by the lessons of his fair countrywomen, Myrtis or Mylto, and Corinna; whose poetical productions had acquired unrivalled fame, not only in Thebes, but in many other cities of Greece.

His

His first public efforts were displayed at the musical contests celebrated in his native country, where, after conquering Myrtis, he was five times overcome by Corinna; but if we may believe the voice of scandal, Corinna owed her repeated victories more to the charms of her beauty, (for she is said to have been the handsomest woman of her age) than to the superiority of her genius. But in the four public assemblies where females were not admitted, he carried off the prize from every competitor.

The glory his poetry both acquired and bestowed at Olympia, made the greatest generals and statesmen ambitious of the honour of his acquaintance. To the temple of the Gods, and especially the celebrated temple of Delphi, his hymns and pœans drew an amazing concourse of strangers and Greeks. The priests, prophets, and other ministers of Apollo, sensible of the benefit they derived from his musical reputation, repaid the merit of his services by erecting him a statue in the most conspicuous part of the temple, where he used to sit on an iron stool, and recite his verses to the honour of Apollo. They likewise declared by their oracle, Pythia, that Pindar should be honoured by one half of the first-fruit offerings, annually presented by the devout retainers of the Delphic shrine. At the Hermonian festival, a portion of the sacred victim was appropriated, in the time of Plutarch, to the descendants of this poet.

Thus was Pindar, during his life-time, associated to the honours of a God, and after his death was treated with every mark of respect that public admiration can bestow; for the beautiful monument erected to him in the Hippodrome of Thebes, was a source of admiration after the revolution of six centuries. The inveterate hostility of the Spartans, when they destroyed the capital of their ancient and cruelest enemies, spared the house of Pindar, which was equally respected in a future age, by the warlike and impetuous son of Philip, and the giddy triumph of his Macedonian captains.

And

And the ruins of this house were to be seen in the time of Pausanias, who lived under Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Stoic philosopher and Emperor of the Romans, who flourished about 161 years after Christ ; so that this cottage stood at least 681 years.

By favouring and applauding the Athenians, who were enemies to the Theban state, he incurred the resentment of his countrymen, who laid him under a severe fine ; but the city of Athens made him a present of double the fine, and erected a statue to his honour. The indignity of his defeat by Corinna, did not discourage Hiero, King of Syracuse, from employing Pindar's muse in celebrating his victories in the Grecian games. This prince obtained the prize in the Olympic and Pythic games, and was also victor in the chariot course. These successes were celebrated by the poet, who bestowed the highest praises upon his patron, to whom he ascribed all the virtues of a wise and excellent prince. He made it his prayer to the Gods, that they would bestow upon him all the happiness man was capable of ;—they obliged him with an easy death ; for he died suddenly in the public theatre, as he was leaning on the knees of a favourite boy. Thus died this celebrated poet in the 66th, though some say 80th year of his age, in the 86th Olympiad.

The lyric poetry of the Greeks united the pleasures of the ear, of the eye, and of the understanding. In the various natures of entertainment consisted its essential merit and perfection ; and he only could be entitled "the Prince of Lyric Poets," whose verses happily conspired with the general tendency of this complicated exhibition ; by the universal consent of antiquity, this poet was Pindar, who, ever since the eulogium of Horace, has been extolled for the brilliancy of his imagination, the figurative boldness of his diction, the fire, animation, and enthusiasm of his genius.

Pindarum



Pindarum quisquis studet emulari, &c. &c. \*

HORACE, l. 4. Ode 2.

Quintilian says, that Pindar was, beyond all dispute, the most considerable of all the nine Lyric poets; whether we consider his vast genius, or the beauty of his sentences and figures, for the abundance of his thoughts and the agreeable variety of his expressions: and that in respect of his great eloquence, which flows like a torrent, Horace might well think it was impossible for any man ever to imitate him.

Rapin, in his reflections on Aristotle's book of Poesy, remarks, that Pindar was great in his designs, vast in his thoughts, bold in his imaginations, happy in his expressions, and eloquent in his discourse; but, as Rapin observes, his great vivacity hurries him, sometimes, beyond his judgment; his panegyrics are perpetual digressions, where, rambling from his subject, he carries the reader from fable to fable, from illusion to illusion, and from one chimæra to another. But this irregularity is a part of the character of the ode, whose nature and genius require transport. -

Gaspar Barthius calls Pindar an ingenious author, and one who possessed an indifferent good stock of learning, with which character Vossius likewise agrees.

"The writings of Pindar," says Meimoth, "abound with grandeur, sublimity, and rapture, and are as a standard of the greatest elevation and transport to which poetry can possibly advance. By his pompous and daring expressions, and by his measures, pathos, and beautiful irregularity; he has so successfully triumphed over all other writers, as to be deservedly styled a perfect master of the sublime, and Prince of Lyric Poets.

"The panegyrics bestowed upon Pindar," says Gillies, "have, generally, more their regularity and wildness of the ode, than the coldness of criticism. Great

\* Mr. Cowley has admirably paraphrased this encomium, which cannot be here inserted on account of its length.

as his ideas are, Pindar is less distinguished by the sublimity of his thoughts and sentiments, than by the grandeur of his language and expression; and that his "inimitable" excellence consists rather in the energy, propriety, and magnificence of his style, so singularly fitted out to associate with the lengthened tones of music and the figured movements of the dance. The uniform cadence, the smooth volubility, and the light importance of ordinary composition, are extremely ill adapted to this association, which bringing every single word into notice, and subjecting it to observation and remark, must expose its natural insignificance and poverty; but as much as the language of ordinary writers would lose, that of Pindar must gain, by such an examination; his words are chosen with an habitual care, and possess a certain dignity of weight, which, the more they are contemplated, the more they are admired.—It is this magnificence of diction, those compound epithets, and those glowing expressions, which the coldness of criticism has condemned as extravagant, that form the transcendent merit of the Pindaric style, and distinguish it more than the general flow of the versification, which is commonly so free, that it bears less resemblance to poetry than to a beautiful and harmonious prose. The majesty of composition equalled, and in the opinion of Dionysius, even surpassed the value of the materials: he adds, "that Pindar gives his words a certain firmness and solidity of consistence, separated them at wide intervals, placed them on a broad basis, and raised them to a lofty eminence, from which they darted those irradiations of splendour which astonished the most distant beholder." "But," says Gillies, "it must be considered, that the works of Pindar are recited now to a great disadvantage. They were anciently sung to large assemblies of men, accompanied with music and dancing, by which they were formerly ennobled and adorned. They are now read in the closet without patriotic emotion, and without personal interest. Such

passages as appear exceptionable in the cool moment of solitary study, would obtain the highest applause amidst the joyous animation of social triumphs.

Besides his odes, Pindar is said to have written tragedies, hymns, poems, dithyrambics, epics, and other poems, in all, seventeen distinct works.

## FROM THE MISSIONARY VOYAGE.

### AMUSEMENTS

OF

### THE OTAHEITANS.

**T**HEIR life is without toil, and every man is at liberty to do, go, and act as he pleases, without the distress of care, or apprehension of want; and as their leisure is great, their sports and amusements are various.

Of these, swimming in the surf appears to afford them singular delight. At this sport both sexes are very dexterous; and the diversion is reckoned great in proportion as the surf runs highest, and breaks with the greatest violence: they will continue at it for hours together, till they are tired. Some make use of a small board, two feet and a half, or more, formed with a sharp point, like the fore-part of a canoe; but others use none, and depend wholly on their own dexterity. They swim out beyond where the swell of the surf begins, which they follow as it rises, throwing themselves on the top of the wave, and steering themselves with one leg, whilst the other is raised out of the water, their breast reposing on the plank, and one hand moving them forward, till the surf begins to gather way: as the rapidity of its motion increases, they are carried onward with the most amazing velocity, till the surf is ready to break on the shore, when, in a moment, they steer themselves round with so quick a movement as to dart  
head

head foremost through the wave, and rising on the outside, swim back again to the place where the surf first begins to swell, diving all the way through the waves, which are running furiously on the shore.

In the course of this amusement they sometimes run foul of each other, when many are swimming together; those who are coming on not being able to stop their motion, and those who are moving the contrary way, unable to keep their sufficient distance, so that they are carried together by the rushing wave, and hurled neck and heels on shore before they can disembarass themselves, and get well bruised on their landing. The women are excellent at this sport; and Iddeah, the queen mother, is reckoned the most expert in the whole island. The children take the same diversion in a weaker surf, learning to swim as soon as they learn to walk, and seldom meet with any accident, except being dashed on the beach; but hardly ever a person is drowned. If a shark comes in among them, they all surround him, and force him on shore, if they can but once get him into the surf, though they use no instruments for the purpose; and should he escape, they continue their sport, unapprehensive of danger. This diversion is most common when the westerly winds prevail, as they are always attended with a heavy swell, which continues many days after the bad weather is abated.

Their amusements on shore are, throwing the spear or javelin, shooting with bows and arrows, wrestling, dancing, and several other games; at all which the women have their turn as well as the men; but they always play separately from each other.

The javelins are from eight to fourteen feet long, and pointed with the fwharra, or palm-tree. These they hurl at a mark set up at the distance of thirty or forty yards, with great exactness. They hold the spear in the right hand, and poise it over the fore-finger of the left. At this game one district often plays against another,

but never for any wager, only the district in which they play provides an entertainment.

Their bows are made of porow, and their arrows of small bamboos, pointed with toa wood, which they fix on with bread-fruit gum. The bow-strings are made of the bark of the roava; with these they shoot against each other, not at a mark, but for the greatest distance. They never use this instrument in war; and the clothes they wear on this occasion are sacred to the game, and never worn at any other time. Since they have learned the use of more destructive weapons, the guns, which they have procured from us, they are said to have become excellent marksmen.

They are dexterous wrestlers. When they challenge each other they strike the bend of the left arm with the right hand, and if left-handed, reverse it. The arm being bent, receives the hand on its cavity, and makes a loud report. The man who returns the clap, accepts the challenge, and throws both arms forward, as if to lay hold of his antagonist. The ring is immediately formed, and they close with each other. As soon as the struggle ends with the fall of either, he silently retires, nor incurs any disgrace, and the conqueror goes clapping round the ring. If they wrestle one district against another, the women always wrestle first, and the men succeed. At this, Iddeah, the queen-mother, excels; and when the party is won or lost, the women of the victorious district strike up a dance. Iddeah is usually mistress of the ceremonies, and appoints the number of falls which shall be made: the party which gains that number first is adjudged the victor; and the vanquished express not the least dissatisfaction. In general, the women bear their foils worse than the men, and betray most signs of anger at being worsted.

They frequently exercise at quarter-staff; and are very expert at defending their head, and all other parts of their body: this they practise from their tenderest age.

age. The science of defence is a chief object; for a wound in war confers no honour, but rather disgrace, therefore they always hide the scar, if possible.

They practise the sling for amusement, as well as employ it in battle, and throw a stone with great force and tolerable exactness. Their slings are made from the plaited fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, having a broader part to receive the stone: at one end is a loop for the hand, in order to keep the sling fast when they discharge the stone. In charging the sling, they hold it round their shoulders, keeping the stone fast in it with their left thumb, and jumping, swing the sling three times round their heads, holding the left hand grasped on the wrist of the right, and thus discharge the stone with a force sufficient to enter the bark of a tree at two hundred yards distance; the stone flying at an equal distance from the ground, like a bullet, all the way.

Their dances are various. The heiva is performed by men and women in separate parties. The women are most gracefully dressed, and keep exact time with the music during the performance, observing a regular movement both of hands and feet, though nothing resembling our dances. The heiva is usually performed by torch-light. The manner is exactly represented in Cook's Voyages. They generally dance under cover; but, by day, before the houses, unless it rains, having large mats spread on the grass. The women's dress is a long white petticoat of fine cloth, with a red border, and a red stripe about ten inches from the bottom; a kind of vest, or corslet, made of white or coloured cloth, comes close up under the arms, and covers the breasts; to this they attach two bunches of black feathers at the point of each breast; several tassels of the same hang round the waist, and fall as low as the knees. Two or three red or black feathers on each fore-finger supply the place of rings. On the back, from the shoulder to the hip, are fixed two large pieces of cloth neatly plaited, like a fan or furbelow, and edged with red. Their heads

heads are ornamented with the tamou, or vast braids of human hair wrapped round like a turban, and stuck full of fragrant and beautiful flowers, intermixed with beads and sharks' teeth : our fine writing-paper was also sometimes applied in addition to these ornaments.

A master of ceremonies directs the movements of the dancers ; and when the women retire, their places are supplied by a chorus, who sing with the music, or by actors, who perform pantomimes, seizing the manners of their European visitors, which they imitate in great perfection : not sparing the conduct of their own chiefs, when objects of satire ; which serves as a salutary check and admonition ; for if they are faulty, they are sure to be publicly exposed.

The houses in which the heivas are performed are open at the ends and in front, the back being screened by matting of cocoa-nut leaves ; round the ends and in front of the house there is a low railing of about a foot in height, within which the performers exhibit ; and without, the audience sit or stand ; the area before the house and the floor are all covered with matting.

Any number of women may perform at once ; but as the dress is very expensive, seldom more than two or four dance ; and when this is done before the chief, the dresses are presented to him after the heiva is finished ; and these contain thirty or forty yards of cloth, from one to four yards wide.

The ponnara, or evening dance, is performed by any number of women, of any age or description, who chuse to attend at the place appointed, which is usually the cool shade. They are dressed in their best apparel, and have their heads decorated with wreaths of flowers. They divide into two equal parts, about twenty yards distant, and placing themselves in rows opposite to each other, a small green bread-fruit is brought by way of foot-ball. The leading dancer of one party takes this in her hand, and, stepping out about midway, drops it before her, and sends it with her foot to the opposite row,

row, returning to her place; if the ball escapes, without being stopped in its course before it touches the ground, they strike up the dance and sing, beating time with their hands and feet; this lasts about five minutes, when they prepare to receive the ball from the other party who have stood still: if they catch the ball, they return it again; if it escape them, the other party dance in their turn. After thus amusing themselves and the spectators for some hours, the ball is kicked away, and both parties strike up together. It is at this time they use the lewd gestures described by some of our voyagers; but these are only practised by the young and wanton, who (says the reporter) are no more to be taken for the standard of manners than the ladies in the Strand, or the sea-nymphs at Spithead, would be specimens of our fair countrywomen.

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## ANECDOTE

OF

*JAMES THOMSON,*

AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

**I** KNOW not whether it was about this time or earlier in his life, that Thomson lived in the family of Lord Binning, in the quality of tutor to some of his children. I have heard or read an anecdote of his conduct while he lived in that situation, which, as it is indeed somewhat trivial, I should not mention here, did it not strikingly bespeak his characteristic sensibility and indolence. A young lady of the family, who was very amiable, had attracted Thomson's most passionate admiration. He durst not reveal his love, nor had he all the opportunities he desired of gazing on her beauty. It happened, however, that his bed-chamber was immediately above that of the fair lady. The ceiling

was



was flight, and the lover contrived to bore a hole through, which he could, whenever he chose, enjoy a bird's-eye view of what passed in his mistress's chamber. As she was one evening undressing herself with her maid's assistance, they were alarmed by the loud snore of a person asleep. The lady was surprised and frightened. But her maid's penetration having before discerned the state of the Tutor's heart, she instantly suspected the snore to issue from his nostrils. A little observation discovered his peeping hole; and the inhuman Abigail, by applying the candle to the orifice, roused the poor lover very abruptly—perhaps from a dream of happiness.

*Heron's Life of Thomson, prefixed to the Perth Edition of the Seasons.*

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THE  
MANNER  
OF  
STONING A CRIMINAL TO DEATH  
AMONG THE ANCIENT JEWS.

**STONING** was one of the four capital punishments among the Jews, inflicted for the greater and more enormous crimes; especially for blasphemy and idolatry.

The malefactor was led out of the consistory (where he had received sentence) at the door whereof a person stood with a napkin in his hand, and a man on horseback at some distance from him; that, if any one came and said *he had something to offer for the deliverance of the criminal*, the horseman (on the others waving the napkin) might give notice, and cause the offender to be brought back to a farther hearing.

He had two grave persons to go along with him to the place of execution, and to exhort him to confession by

by the way. A cryer went before him, proclaiming who he was, what his crime, and who his witnesses. When arrived at the fatal spot, which was raised two cubits from the ground, he was first stripped, then stoned, and afterwards hanged. He was to continue hanging till sun-set; and then being taken down, he and his gibbet were buried together.

(See *Cave's Life of St. Stephen*, Sect. 9.)

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## THE DRAMA.

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### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

**W**EDNESDAY, August 21st. A new play, entitled the *Red Cross Knights*, was brought forward this evening. It is taken from SCHILLER's famous tragedy of the *Robbers*; and is accompanied by some pleasing music, scenery, and decorations.

The scene is laid in Spain, where *Ferdinand*, the only son of *Count Desmond*, is supplanted in his father's affections by the base conduct of *Roderic*, the son of the Countess by a former husband. *Ferdinand*, driven to despair, enters the army, and displays the utmost valour against the Moors. Returning, however, sometime after to his father's castle in disguise, he finds his beloved *Eugenia* on the eve of marriage with *Roderic*, who is in possession of his inheritance, the *Old Count* being supposed to be dead. *Ferdinand*, by accident, discovers that he is alive in a dungeon, into which he was thrown by the artifices of *Roderic*. He is almost immediately released

released. *Ferdinand* is restored to his mistress, and the execrable *Roderic* is delivered over to an exemplary punishment. Such are the general outlines of the plot; and considered with respect to the German original, in which *horror* predominates, this *Alteration*, attributed by common report to MR. HOLMAN, may be deemed an improvement.

The *characters* in this play were not very impressive, except *Eugenía*, who had one great scene for exertion. *Ferdinand* and *Roderic*, indeed, appear with advantage in various parts; but the rest are mere shadows. The language does not possess any peculiar energy or beauty, excepting in the last act, where *Ferdinand* discovers his father; this is a scene calculated to rouse all our feelings, and with which, of course, we were much gratified. The music is a judicious selection, comprising several good marches, and a few exquisite airs, executed by MRS. BLAND with her usual felicity.

The dresses are splendid, and we were pleased with the Moorish palace, and a great variety of rural views, which constitute the scenery. The Prologue was spoken by MR. TRUEMAN. It is a composition in praise of knight errantry, and announces the play as an improved copy, in respect to the moral, from the German school. It was announced for further exhibition with an indifferent approbation.

SEPTEMBER 10. Miss Campbell made her first appearance here this evening in the character of *Julia*, in the *Surrender of Calais*. This lady comes from the theatre of Newcastle. Her person is middle-sized, neatly proportioned, and genteel. There was a delicacy in her tone of voice, though too much depressed by timidity; and her whole manner was characterised by ease and refinement. Her talent seems to lie in genteel comedy,

comedy, where we have no doubt she will acquit herself with considerable ability.

14th. This theatre closed for the season this evening; the company was brilliant, consisting of the Prince of Wales, Lord Moira, the Dutchess of Devonshire, and other persons of distinction. Mr. FAWCETT, at the conclusion, delivered a neat address of thanks, in which he regretted the brevity of their Summer career; and acknowledged, in terms of gratitude, their numerous obligations for the attendance with which they had been honoured. "However his term," said MR. FAWCETT, "may have been reduced—however he may regret that he has sported for so short a period in the sun-shine of your favour, still your beams have cheered him during his brief summer, and he is fully sensible of their warmth."

### COVENT GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 16. This theatre opened with the comedy of *Laugh When You Can*, and the opera of *Rosina*. The performers were greeted upon their appearance by the audience, who renewed their acquaintance with them in tokens of exultation. MATTOCKS, LEWIS, MUNDEN, and INCLEDON, were among the number received with the greatest pleasure. A Prefatory Address, delivered by Mr. Pope, contained an eulogium on our recent military exertions, and a modest claim to the patronage of the public.

The improvements of the house were equal to our expectations. The fronts of the boxes are painted in compartments, of which the pannel is a delicate rose-pink, framed in gold, the frames white; and the whole produces a rich and brilliant effect.

SEPTEMBER 18. MRS. DIBDIN made her *début* here as *Aura*, in the *Farm House*. She sustained the  
part

part with great spirit, and even bold in male disguise. The audience were much pleased with her exertions, and she was honoured with repeated tokens of approbation.

### DRURY-LANE.

SEPTEMBER 17. This theatre commenced its career this evening with the *Castle Spectre* and the *Prize*. MISS BIGGS, MISS DE CAMP, MRS. WALCOT, MR. BANNISTER, MR. C. KEMBLE, MR. PALMER, &c. were greeted with reiterated plaudits. The interior of the house remains much the same; for taste and genius have already exhausted themselves in the decorations by which it has been embellished on a former occasion. The fronts of the boxes, indeed, have been burnished into their native brightness; and the entire *coup d'œil* has a grand effect.

We shall now have to record, in this, our Dramatic Register, the novelties of these two great theatres during the ensuing winter. Even the *ghosts* and *apparitions* which may be introduced in grisly array, shall not affright us; we shall at least attempt to grasp the phantoms, and present them, with their pallid charms, to the eye of gaping curiosity.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*  
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1799.

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THE  
*PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.*  
AN ODE.

*Aurea Libertas, canimus tua dona, Britanni!*

I. 1.

**W**HAT time in glitt'ring armour drest,  
The Roman wav'd his plummy crest,  
And, rushing to the glorious war,  
Britannia drove her scythed car;  
The goddess freedom took her stand,  
Triumphant on this rocky strand.  
In vain the British breast is gor'd;  
Again they bleed, again they die;  
Urg'd by the love of liberty,  
Unconquer'd still they wield the sword.  
At length the regions of the north  
Pour'd a resistless deluge forth;  
Rome bows—the falls, and Britain free  
Spurns the base yoke of slavery:  
O'er all the land the light of freedom shone,  
And independance grac'd her sacred throne.

I. 2.

At Hengist's sable arms dismay'd,  
Away the trembling goddess fled,  
VOL. VIII. G

On Cambria's rocks she fix'd her reign,  
 And gloried in her bleak domain;  
 Yet still her sons for glory burn,  
 Her heroes bleed, her widows mourn:  
 Pale mis'ry call'd the aid of death,  
 Fell slaughter shakes her fun'ral brand,  
 The tyrant wastes the groaning land,  
 And carnage dyes the crimson'd heath.  
 Far from the rage of scepter'd pow'r,  
 Where Snowdon's rocky summits low'r,  
 Thou, goddess, badst thy flame still glow,  
 Encircled with eternal snow;  
 O'er the rude coast thy awful glories shine,  
 And great Plinlimmon hails thy reign divine!

## I. 3.

Long, in vain, the tyrant tried  
 To scale the shaggy mountain's side:  
 Hark! 'tis the din of battle loud,  
 That sounds o'er Conway's distant flood;  
 Fearless, 'midst an host of foes,  
 Breast to breast thy chiefs oppose.  
 Heard ye the shout of victory?  
 Rushing from yon airy height  
 They drive the slaves in headlong flight—  
 They fall, they bleed, they die.  
 Red ran the stream, and warriors slain,  
 With carnage heap'd the purple plain;  
 The free-born Cambrian, 'midst the clash of arms,  
 Nods his terrific crest and smiles at war's alarms.

## II. 1.

Beneath the Norman's tyrant pow'r  
 Britannia sunk in evil hour.  
 Where is thy patriot-spirit fled?  
 Fall'n is the consecrated \* head;  
 On Hastings' plain, in glorious strife,  
 The monarch lost his sacred life;

\* Harold.

Besmeas'd with blood a corse he lay,  
 Long time for him did Britain mourn,  
 Her heroes bleed, her cities burn,  
 Her harvests fall—to force a prey.  
 Ah! lost is all that wonted fire,  
 That whilom did your breasts inspire;  
 Beneath the straw-built roof, unstrung,  
 Each Briton's useless bow is hung,  
 Whilst proud oppression calls her vengeful band,  
 And rules with iron sway the wasted land.

II. 2.

At length in shining arms array'd,  
 Again they call thy pow'rful aid;  
 The lion rears his tawny breast,  
 Fierce rising from the bed of rest;  
 He roars, he spurns the servile chain,  
 And vindicates his just domain.  
 With angry blows his sides resound,  
 His eye-balls glare, his fury glows;  
 Eager to meet his tyrant foes,  
 With rage inflam'd he tears the ground:  
 With breathless haste before him fly  
 The trembling train of tyranny.  
 Thou, goddess, to the brave a friend,  
 Come, from thy cloud-capt hills descend;  
 O'er the blest isle diffuse thy genial ray,  
 Let Britain smile beneath returning day.

II. 3.

Thou can'st wake the warlike soul,  
 Shiv'ring near th' inclement pole,  
 Or, scorch'd beneath the torrid rays,  
 Where beams the sun's meridian blaze.  
 Long on Snowden's haughty brow,  
 Frowning o'er the wave below,  
 Fair freedom took her armed stand:  
 Issuing to the fertile plain,  
 That willing own'd her gentle reign,  
 She frees her fav'rite land.



At Runemede, in gorgeous state,  
 Her daring sons the goddess met;  
 Rous'd by the hopes her chearing smiles inspire,  
 Each British bosom flames with more than mortal fire.

### III. 1.

Encircled by his Barons bold,  
 Where shone the tent with waving gold,  
 The tyrant king, no longer free,  
 The charter signs of liberty.  
 The trumpet swells it's brazen throat,  
 And fame straight caught the lofty note.  
 Freed from a monarch's angry nod,  
 Britannia then her bondage broke,  
 With scorn she spurns the galling yoke,  
 No more she dreads th' oppressor's rod.  
 O'er ev'ry hill and vale around,  
 Th' exulting strains of joy resound,  
 Whilst shaking high the glitt'ring lance,  
 Dauntless she leads the Pyrrhic dance;  
 Now rang the echoing woods with loud applause,  
 Whilst Britain gives her haughty sov'reign laws.

### III. 2.

O'er Albion's unpolluted groves,  
 The silver-plumed goddess roves;  
 The first and fairest of the train,  
 Science adorn'd her peaceful reign,  
 The lofty nymph, to whom belong  
 The golden lyre, th' immortal song.  
 Oft were her midnight footsteps seen,  
 By heav'nly contemplation led,  
 Slow wand'ring o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where, winding thro' the daisied green,  
 Avon's smooth stream in chrystal pride,  
 Reflects each flow'ret by its side;  
 Oft watching in the starry sphere,  
 The motions of the various year:  
 From Pindar's groves she calls the tuneful nine,  
 And Britain's shore receives the train divine.

III. 3.

Albion, soon thy poets free  
 Pour'd their soft stores of harmony ;  
 And dancing in the verdant grove,  
 Fair Venus led the train of love ;  
 Yellow Ceres o'er thy breast,  
 Smiling flung her wavy vest.  
 Here genial freedom fix'd her seat,  
 Ruby-crested glory shone,  
 Refulgent near her sacred throne,  
 Attendant on her state.  
 Then commerce blest thy silver strand,  
 And scatter'd plenty o'er the land :  
 Dear, sacred isle ! ne'er shall these honours die,  
 For arts and arms renown'd, the land of liberty.

ODE TO THE RIVER CAM.

BY MR. GEORGE DYER.

[*From the Annual Anthology for 1799.*]

WHILE yon sky-lark warbles high,  
 While yon rustic whistles gay,  
 On thy banks, oh ! Cam, I lie,  
 Museful pour the pensive lay.  
 Willowy Cam, thy lingering stream  
 Suits too well the thoughtful breast ;  
 Languor here might love to dream,  
 Sorrow here might sigh to rest.  
 Near yon steeple's tapering height,  
 Beauteous Julia, thou art laid ;  
 I could linger through the night  
 Still to mourn thee, lovely maid !  
 In yon garden fancy reads—  
 " Sophron strays no longer here,"  
 Then again my bosom bleeds :  
 Then I drop the silent tear.

G 3

Hoary Cam, steal flow along :  
Near yon desolated grove  
Sleep the partners of my song,  
There with them I wont to rove.  
He, the youth of fairest fame,  
Hasten'd to an early tomb—  
Friendship shall record his name,  
Pity mourn his hapless doom.

Hark ! I hear the death-bell found !  
There's another spirit fled !  
Still mine ears the tidings wound ;  
Philo slumbers with the dead.  
Well he knew the critic's part,  
Shakespeare's name to him was dear ;  
Kind and gentle was his heart,  
Now again I drop a tear.

Bending sad beside thy stream,  
While I heave the frequent sigh,  
Do thy rippling waters gleam,  
Sympathetic murm'ring by ?  
Then, oh ! Cam, will I return,  
Hail thy soothing stream again,  
And as viewing Julia's urn,  
Grateful blest thee in my strain.

Still there are, who raptur'd view  
Scenes, which youthful hopes endear ;  
Here they science still can woo,  
Still they love to wander here.  
Peace they meet in every grove ;  
Lives again the rapturous song ;  
Sweetly sportive still they rove,  
Cam ! thy sedge banks along.

Stately streams, and glens, and lakes,  
They can leave to Scotia's plains,  
Mountains hoar, and vales, and brakes,  
They resign to Cambrian swains.  
But these placid scenes full well  
Suit the quiet musing breast ;  
Here, if fancy may not dwell,  
Science shall delight to rest.

## LINES

## ON SPRING.

CALM'D is the roaring of the billowy main—  
The orient beams—the stormy clouds are fled,  
Zephyrus woos the blue-ey'd Naiads again,  
The growling north-cast seeks his cavy bed.

Freed by the potent sun's enliv'ning ray,  
Fair nature pleas'd, with animation smiles;  
Each scene to decorate with flow'rets gay,  
With tasteful hand laboriously she toils.

Lô! at his magic touch, the primrose blows,  
The purple violets grateful odours shed,  
Amid the humid marsh the cowslip glows,  
And modest daisies ornament the mead.

The garden now its flow'ry pride displays,  
In robe imperial, shines the crocus fair,  
A spotless stole the snow-drop fair arrays,  
The beauteous hyacinth perfumes the air.

And gay, in vernal charms, the shrubb'ry's seen,  
What various hues and blossoms charm the eye!  
The hawthorn blooms, the copse is clad with green,  
The shadowy grove resounds with harmony.

Their matin hymns the larks now sing with glee,  
If day's bright regent does the sky illumine;  
And sweet the murmur of the busy bee,  
That sucks the honey from the orchard's bloom.

High on the breezy downs, and on the plains,  
Innumerable lambkins sport, and bleat their joy;  
Wildly melodious pipe the shepherd swains,  
And spring's gay jubilee meets no alloy.

Wav'd by the gale there embryo harvests grow,  
And ev'ry verdant blade is burnish'd high,  
The glitt'ring rivers murmur as they flow,  
Serene and cloudless is the azure sky.

The silent shade reflection now may seek,  
 And muse on actions past with pure delight,  
 As memory pictures deeds of childhood meek,  
 Or manhood's firmness in the paths of right.  
 And mad ambition, whose ferocious breast  
 Throb'd with wild joy, when conquest crown'd his  
                   arms,  
 Amidst these tranquil scenes may love to rest,  
 And be enamour'd of fair virtue's charms.  
 Here modest beauty, from licentious gaze,  
 Unveil'd may wander peaceful thro' the grove :  
 And age rever'd, may spend his fragile days,  
 Blest with the smiles of happiness and love.

ELEANOR

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### NEGLECT.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

AH ! cold neglect—more chilling far  
 Than Zembla's blast or Scythia's snow ;  
 Sure born beneath a luckless star  
 Is he, who after ev'ry pain,  
 Has wrung his bosom's central vein,  
 To fill his bitter cup of woe,  
 Is destin'd *thee* to know.

The smiles of fame, the pride of truth,  
 All that can lift the glowing mind,  
 The noblest energies of youth—  
 Wit, valour, genius, science, taste ;  
 A form by all that's lovely grac'd,  
 A soul where virtue dwells enshrin'd,  
 A prey to *thee* we find !

The spring of life looks fresh and gay,  
 The flowers of fancy bud around,  
 We think that ev'ry morn is May ;  
 While hope and rapture fill the breast,  
 We hold reflection's lore a jest,  
 Nor own that sorrow's shaft can wound,  
 Till *cold neglect* is found.

Ah ! then how sad the world appears !  
 How false, how idle are the gay !  
 Morn only breaks to witness tears,  
 And ev'ning closes but to shew  
 That darkness mimics human woe,  
 And life's best scene, a summer's day  
 That shines and fades away.

Some dread disease, and others woe ;  
 Some visionary torments see ;  
 Some shrink unpitied love to know,  
 Some writhe beneath oppression's fangs,  
 And some with jealous hopeless pangs ;  
 But whatsoe'er my fate may be,  
 Oh ! keep *neglect* from me !

E'en after death let mem'ry's hand,  
 Directed by the moon-light ray,  
 Weave o'er my grave a cypress-band,  
 And bind the sod with curious care,  
 And scatter flow'rets fresh and fair ;  
 And oft the sacred tribute pay  
 To keep *neglect* away !

### SUMMER'S EVE.

PLACID eve succeeds the day,  
 Sol withdraws his scorching ray ;  
 Now the zephyr's whisp'ring breeze  
 Wantons through the waving trees ;  
 Ruddy streaks suffuse the sky,  
 Heifers ruminating lie ;  
 Woolly flocks in meadows bleat,  
 Frogs their hollow croaks repeat ;  
 Grateful dews on plains descend,  
 Verdant hills their shades extend ;  
 Rustics, as they trudge along,  
 Greet the evening with a song ;  
 Rooks their pasturage forsake,  
 Skims the swallow o'er the lake ;  
 Plummy minstrels of the groves  
 Cease to carol forth their loves ;

Each retiring to its nest,  
 Courts the silent hour of rest.  
 Hark ! receding from the shore,  
 Ocean's far-off waters roar;  
 Sea-mews their white pennons lave,  
 Plunging in the curling wave;  
 Now the ambient shades of night  
 Screen the landscape from the sight.

W. CASE, JUN.

ON THE  
*DEATH OF CAPTAIN WESTCOTT,*  
 WHO FELL ON BOARD THE MAJESTIC, 1<sup>st</sup>  
 AUGUST, 1798.

**W**HILST every shore re-echoes Nelson's name,  
 And recent conquest swells Britannia's fame;  
 Whilst a glad nation's ló Pœans rise  
 In joyful chorus to the vaulted skies;  
 O let the muse lament brave Westcott's doom,  
 And strew fair laurels o'er his briny tomb—  
 Nurtur'd in youth upon the wat'ry plain,  
 He brav'd the thousand perils of the main,  
 And gain'd, at length, a title justly due,  
 The honour'd father of his gallant crew.  
 Prudence was his, and unremitting zeal,  
 And mercy—prompt a captive's woes to heal;  
 His country's cause his patriot-bosom fir'd,  
 And in that cause he fought—he fell—expir'd.

W. CASE, JUN.

*GUELPHO AND ERMINIA.*

**B**LEAK blew the wind, dark was the night,  
 The storm pour'd down amain,  
 Black rolling clouds obscur'd the light,  
 The moon was in its wane.

The barn-dog howl'd—loud scream'd the gleed,  
The speckled toad hiss'd dire,  
GUELPHO urg'd his flying speed  
O'er wild-fern, brake, and briar.

And now the livid light'nings glare,  
And now the thunders roll,  
The bat flits thro' the troubled air,  
And skims the murky pool.

The forest's track he now pursues,  
Whose winding mazes lead  
To where obscure and nightly crews  
Recount the bloody deed.

He saw the gloomy turrets rise,  
He heard the bell toll "ONE"—  
Hope to my soul he joyful cries,  
The deed of death is done.

GUASCO's true—ERMINIA's dead,  
To wayward love a prey—  
Howl! howl, ye winds! ye lightnings shed  
A momentary day.

And see the glimmering lights appear,  
How swift they dart along;  
Methinks I see her hallow'd bier,  
Unblest with funeral song.

Methinks I view her blood-stain'd breast,  
The dagger's grisly wound;  
Not mine the deed, but my behest,  
Consign'd thee to the tomb.

W. MUDFORD.

### SONNET TO THE OAK.

EMBLEM of honest worth, majestic tree,  
Thy country's glory and the forest's pride;  
Full oft has friendship carv'd thy knotted side,  
And found a faithful register in thee.



Unlike the foppish flower that rears its head,  
 When the 'proud sun from Cancer flings his rays ;  
 The first chill blast of autumn frowns it dead,  
 Blights all its sweetness, and its form decays :

While pelting winter, from the frigid pole,  
 In vain assaults thy time-defying form ;  
 Thy branches brave the seasons as they roll,  
 Enjoy the sunshine and endure the storm ;  
 Alike the chaste and philosophic mind,  
 Which no misfortunes permanently bind.

CIVIS.

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### SONNET.

**A**ND thus is happiness for ever flown !  
 And thus life's prospects joylessly decline !  
 The sunless chambers of despair alone  
 The world affords, and *these* alone are mine.

The faithful hind, in nature's peaceful vale,  
 Wakes with the dawn and greets the solar ray ;  
 No self-created cares be-cloud his day,  
 Nor friends deceive, nor fortune's veering gale.

I envy him alone who envies none—  
 That sings to please himself, and not the throng ;  
 Thrice happy he ! for ev'ry rising sun  
 Renews his daily blessings, and his song.  
 Alas ! for me, with each revolving day,  
 My cares must still increase, my happiness decay.

*Wolverhampton,  
 June 14th, 1799.*

CIVIS.

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## Literary Review.

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*View of the Russian Empire during the Reign of Catharine the Second, and to the Close of the present Century. By William Tooke, F. R. S. Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and of the Economical Society at St. Petersburg. In Three Volumes. Longman. 1l. 7s.*

THE Russian empire, at the commencement of the present century, emerged from its obscurity, and is now becoming the most renowned among the nations of the earth. We are glad, therefore, to have recourse to an author who can satisfy our curiosity respecting it. Mr. Tooke is already known to the public by his entertaining *Life of the late Empress*, an account of which was given in our last Review. That the author is well qualified for the task he has here undertaken, will abundantly appear from the perusal of this accurate and laborious work. The Advertisement is so full and expressive of the nature and tendency of the work, that we shall insert it.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

“The Russian empire, which in various respects now fixes the attention of Europe, has for several years been the subject of a multitude of investigations and writings, by which the knowledge of that country is considerably improved and enlarged. The care which Catharine the Second, from her first accession to the throne, and during the whole of her reign, devoted to the cultivation of this knowledge, has been attended with so much success, that Russia, which, prior to the year 1762, was a sort of terra incognita in our part of the globe, is

now in possession of a very considerable store of materials, from which the present state of this remarkable country may be illustrated and described. The first and most important step to the elucidation of the natural and moral condition of Russia, was the appointment of the academicians of St. Petersburg to travel for the purpose of exploring its qualities in both these respects; and their journals still form the basis of all that we know with certainty of the internal state of this extensive empire. These important discoveries assisted the zeal of some industrious foreigners, who either in the country itself, or by correspondence and connections, collected useful materials, and communicated the result of their labours to the public. By the introduction of the governments, which, besides the beneficial effects they produced on the political administration of the empire, greatly assisted the knowledge of the country; by the admeasurement and survey of the districts assigned them, which facilitated the construction of special charts on a more accurate plan; by the more adequate enumeration of the people, &c. but, above all, by the wise and enlightened publicity with which it was allowed to treat of these matters, this knowledge acquired such a powerful accession, that the idea of a systematical digest of all the necessary materials, was no longer to be considered as a vain speculation. Busching at first, and after him Messrs. Schlœtzer, Herrmann, Hupel, and lastly Storch, drew up their topographies and statistics of the empire; still, however, the voluminous journals of the academicians lay unopened to this country, and the travels of Pallas, Guldensædt, Georgi, Lepechin, Falk, the Gmelins, Fischer, and others, were in England known only by the occasional mention of their extraordinary value, with deserved encomiums on the talents and labours of their authors, in the reports of our countrymen on their return from a transient visit to St. Petersburg.

“ Having passed the greater part of the long reign of the late Empress, in her dominions; favoured for many years with the friendship and intimacy of two successive directors of the academy, with free access to its libraries and collections, and being personally acquainted with several of the travellers themselves, I presume to lay before the public this View of the Russian Empire, in which I have faithfully followed the au-

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thors abovementioned, and delivered my vouchers wherever it was necessary, as the reader will generally find at the foot of the pages.

"I have bestowed much care and pains in the compilation of this work from the learned writers abovementioned and other authentic sources; and this is all the merit to which I pretend; yet would it be the height of arrogance to expect that it can be free from faults; these must be submitted to the indulgence of the reader: however, amidst the great variety of matter, and the several authors in various languages consulted, I am far more apprehensive that some things should, in spite of all my diligence, be found repeated, than that any thing of consequence is omitted. Fine flowing periods and the finished graces of diction, are certainly not to be expected in a work of this nature; and if I have not failed in rendering it both interesting and entertaining I shall be perfectly satisfied.

"Russia, an empire but little known or regarded in the last century, at the opening of the present made her appearance all at once among the states of Europe; and, after a short trial of her powers, became the umpire and the arbitress of the North. The whole system of Europe took another form; the arctic eagle extended her influence to the regions of the Adriatic and the banks of the Tagus, while the lightning of her eye struck terror into the recesses of mount Caucasus and made the Hellespont tremble. The arts of Europe were transplanted and bloomed both on the shores of the Neva and those of the Irtysh; a new world was opened to commerce, and the sciences, the manners, the luxury, the virtues, and the vices of western Europe, have found their way into the deserts of oriental Asia, and to the inhospitable coasts of the Frozen Ocean. The æra of these remarkable phenomena was the commencement of the eighteenth century\*.

"Arrived at the extreme verge of that period, it must be curious and instructive to look back and compare the two

\* In the year 1697 Peter the Great began his first journey into foreign countries. In 1699 he concluded the armistice with the Porte, by which he acquired Azof, and was enabled to construct a navy on the Euxine. In 1700 the battle of Narva was fought, where the Swedes for the last time shewed their superiority in discipline and the arts of war.

epochas together. To consider what Russia was at the beginning of this century, to see what the successors of Peter have built on the foundation laid by that great and aspiring genius, what progress has been since made by civilization, and what impression the rapid and violent introduction of foreign manners, the settlement of so many thousand foreigners, and the intercourse with foreign nations, have produced.

“In order to satisfy himself on these particulars, the reader will here see a complete arrangement as far as it goes, of statements drawn from authentic sources, of facts related by eye-witnesses of what they deliver, men of science sent out for the express purpose of collecting information on the state of the countries they were to visit, furnished on their expedition with every accommodation that could possibly be procured, for facilitating their inquiries and freeing their minds from all solitudes about collateral objects of security and subsistence. The same generous patronage and care was continued to them on their return: they sat down in ease and affluence to commit the result of their inquiries to paper; and the substance of what they relate will be found in the following pages. This is all that seems necessary for me to say; and I humbly conclude in the words of the historian: “*Si in tanta scriptorum turba mea fama in obscuro sit; nobilitate & magnitudine eorum, qui nomini officient meo, me consolentur.*”

The whole performance is distributed into twelve books, embracing the following interesting topics: *The Natural State of the Empire. Historical View of the Nations of the Russian Empire. Physical State of the Inhabitants. Several Ranks and Classes of the Subjects. Government of the Empire. Forces of the Russian Empire. Revenues of the Empire. Imperial Colleges. Erection of the Vice-Royalties. Productive Industry. Manufactures and Trades; and the Commerce of Russia.* From the enumeration of these subjects it is evident that Mr. Tooke has taken a wide sweep, and presents the reader with a fund of instruction and entertainment.

The natural history of Russia is that part of the work with which we were most amused; and the sketch of the DOG, which is curious, shall be transcribed:

“In

“ In concluding this section; let us not omit a race of animals, which, though forming, in all countries, a part of the domestic animals, yet in Russia alone is applied in an extremely curious manner to the service and accommodation of mankind. It is the DOG, of whom numerous packs are found with almost all the nomadic nations, and are used for draught particularly by the Kamtschadales and the Ostiaks, by the eastern Samoyedes, the Tunguses, and by some stems of the Mandshures: an employment to which they are destined even among the Russians in the government of Irkutsk, where in some districts they supply the place of post-horses. But nowhere is the breed of this animal of such importance and necessity as in Kamtschatka \*, where they constitute the only species of tame domestic animals, and where it is as impossible to dispense with them, as in other countries with horned cattle or the horse. The Kamtschadale dogs are in size and shape little different from the large Russian boor-dog; but their manners are almost totally changed by their course of training, diet, and treatment. They are held to be the best and most long-winded runners of all the Siberian dogs, and their spirit is so great that they frequently dislocate their joints in drawing, and their hair is often tinged with red from the extravasation of blood occasioned by violent exertions. They possess so much strength that four of them, which are commonly harnessed to a sledge, draw with ease three full-grown persons with a pood and a half of baggage. The ordinary loading of four dogs amounts to five or six poods, and a single man can in this manner, in bad roads, go thirty or forty, but in good roads eighty to a hundred and forty versts a day. The deep snow which the dogs run over without breaking in; the steep mountains and narrow passes in the vallies; the thick impassable forests; the numerous streams and brooks that are either not at all or but slightly frozen over; the storms which drift the snow and efface every vestige of a track:—all these circumstances together would prevent the travelling with horses, had they ever so many of them, in winter at least; and it is, therefore, very probable that the dog, even under the highest pitch of civilization to which Kamtschatka can attain,

\* Steller's beschreib, von. Kamtschatka, p. 132—140.  
P. 370—374.

would be always the principal and most serviceable animal for draught. Accordingly the taste for dogs is here as great as elsewhere it is for horses, and considerable sums are not unfrequently expended in the purchase of them and on the elegance of their trappings.

“The manner in which these animals are trained to their singular employment has so powerful an influence on the individual properties of the whole species, that the description of it will not be uninteresting even to the philosophic reader. For proper draught-dogs the choice is principally made of such as have high legs, long ears, a sharp muzzle, a broad crupper, and thick heads, and discover great vivacity. As soon as the puppies are able to see, they are thrown into a dark pit, where they remain shut up till they are thought sufficiently strong to undergo a trial. They are then harnessed with other trained dogs to a sledge, with which they scamper away with all their might, being frightened by the light and by so many strange objects. After this short trial they are again confined to their gloomy dungeon, and this practice is repeated till they are inured to the business of drawing, and are obedient to their driver. From this moment begins their hard and miserable course, only alleviated by the short recreation the summer affords them. As in this season they are of no service, nobody cares about them, but they enjoy a perfect liberty, which they principally employ in assuaging their hunger. Their sole nourishment consists of fish, which they watch for all this time by the brinks of rivers, and which they catch with great dexterity and cunning. When they have plenty of this food, like the bears, they devour only the heads and leave the rest behind.

“This respite, however, lasts only till October, when every proprietor assembles his dogs and ties them up in a place adjoining to his dwelling, where they must be kept on spare regimen to bring down their superfluous fat, that they may be rendered more fit for running. With the first fall of snow commences their time of torment; and then day and night is heard their dreadful howling, in which they seem to bewail their miserable fate. With the hard lot these animals have to bear the winter through, their food consists only of soured or dried fish in a state of corruption, and even this they are only allowed, as the better diet, to refresh and invigorate them, as

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it is observed that they become nice and more easily tired on receiving this delicacy shortly before they set out on a journey. Their ordinary sustenance is mouldy dried fish, a treat at which they can seldom satisfy their appetite without bleeding jaws, as the greater part of it consists of bones and teeth. This hard usage, however, they generally revenge by the amazing voracity which spares no object on which they can lay hold. With thievish artifice they mount the ladder to the aerial cupboard of their tyrannical master; with unnatural greediness they prey upon his thongs, straps, and leathers, wherever they find them; and the depravity of their taste is such, that rarely can a Kamtschadale incline in obedience to the ignobler calls of nature, without first arming himself with a whip, as at all times a ravenous pack is ready to contend even to blood for his loathsome leavings.

“Not only in their voracity, however, but in the whole individuality of their brutal behaviour this depravity is ever conspicuous. Instead of the vigilance, fidelity, and attachment which the dog everywhere shews for his feeder, and therefore has in all nations been made the symbol of these virtues, the Kamtschadale dog has assumed the character of a crafty slave. Sly and unfriendly he shuns the look of his master; unconcerned about the safety of his property, he will not stir to defend it against a stranger. Timid and sullen, he sneaks prowling alone, still leering on every side from suspicion. It is only by artifice and deceit that they can be harnessed to the sledge; while this is doing, they all stretch their heads upwards and set up a melancholy yell, but as soon as the sledge is in motion, they are suddenly mute, and then by a hundred artful tricks seem to vie with each other to weary the patience of the driver, or resolved to bring his life into jeopardy. On coming to a dangerous place they redouble their speed: where, to avoid being precipitated down a steep mountain or plunged into a deep river, he is commonly forced to abandon the sledge, which seldom fails of being broken to pieces, and he only finds it again at the next village, if the dogs have not been so lucky as to set themselves free outright.

“Yet the dog of Kamtschatka, though so degenerate from the rest of his kind, is not deficient in qualities by which he may be serviceable to man when he pleases. Besides the advantage



vantage of being able with these light creatures to traverse the trackless mountains and proceed along the surface of deep ridges of snow, they are also excellent guides on the dreary way, as in the most pitchy darkness and in the most tremendous storms of snow they find out the place for which their master is bound. If the storm be so violent that, unable to proceed, they must remain on the spot, as not unfrequently happens, the dogs lie by the side of their master, and preserve his life by their natural warmth. They likewise give infallible notice of approaching storms, by scratching holes in the snow and endeavouring to shelter themselves in them. By these and many other good qualities, the Kamtschadale dogs by far overbalance the mischiefs they do by their perversity; and to what other cause but the tyrannical treatment they receive from hard-hearted man, is the blame of this perversity to be ascribed? Great as their rogueries may be, they scorn comparison with the cold and selfish ingratitude which these degraded animals, chained to perpetual bondage and stripes, endure from mankind. Scarcely has the Kamtschadale dog, worn out by the weight of his bodily sufferings, arrived at a premature old age, in which he is unfit any longer to draw, than his inexorable master exacts of him the last surrender he is able to make—his skin; and the same cruelly treated slave, who during his short and painful life has so often imparted his animal warmth to his merciless tyrant, affords him the same service and in the same manner even after his death."

Other extracts, equally entertaining, shall be brought forward by us in our future numbers; and they will shew that our praises of this work were justly bestowed. Russia is in every respect a rising empire, and may hereafter become what Greece and Rome were in the ages of antiquity! Its history, therefore, is particularly interesting to inquisitive minds; nor can it be contemplated with indifference by persons who feel for the future welfare of mankind. The melioration of so large a portion of Europe is an object of delightful consideration, and the means by which this wonderful reformation was effected are here amply detailed.

*A Compendious System of Astronomy, in a Course of Familiar Lectures, in which the Principles of that Science are clearly elucidated, so as to be intelligible to those who have not studied the Mathematics; also Trigonometrical and Celestial Problems, with a Key to the Ephemeris, and a Vocabulary of the Terms of Science used in the Lectures, which latter are explained agreeably to their Application in them. By Margaret Bryan. Second Edition. Wallis. 12s. in Boards.*

THE interesting science of astronomy is here explained with singular felicity; and from an attentive perusal of this volume, we have it in our power to pronounce it a valuable acquisition to the rising generation. The diffusion of science is connected with the welfare of the human species; and to this industrious lady we feel high obligations.

The work is recommended by the celebrated Charles Hutton, author of the Mathematical Dictionary, a performance of immense erudition, and by which the fame of its author is fully established.

Mrs. Bryan has distributed her subject into *ten* lectures, many of which are of considerable length; and they are interspersed with several ingenious diagrams, by which the statements are well illustrated. It would have been an improvement could the engraving be unfolded beyond the margin of the pages; but it is a defect common to such kind of publications.

The style is perspicuous and animated, especially where topics are explained; but sometimes too metaphorical in the address to the pupils. The whole, however, displays so much ingenuity, and so much good intention in the moral reflections, that we give the production our heartiest approbation.

The Second Lecture, which embraces the History of Astronomy, is full of entertainment; we shall transcribe

“ Our times and seasons now correspond with those settled by the first Christian council, in the time of Constantine the Great, when the festivals of the church were fixed by his order, in the year of our Lord 325.

“ Having explained the calendar sufficiently for my purpose, those who wish for a farther elucidation of the subject, or mathematical definition of it, I beg leave to refer to that useful oracle, the Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary of Dr. Charles Hutton.

“ The first seven letters of the alphabet (A, B, C, D, E, F, G) are set to the days of every week, and repeated over and over again from the beginning to the end of the year, viz. A to the 1st day of the year, B to the 2d, C to the 3d, and so on till G on the 7th; then, over again, A to the 8th day, B to the 9th, &c. So that the same letter falls upon the same day of every week in the year; and the letter which falls on the first Sunday, and every other Sunday after, in the same year, is called the Dominical or the Sunday letter for that year. But as the 365 days of an ordinary year contain one day over the exact 52 weeks, the Sunday letters will fall back one place every year; so that if the Sunday-letter be G for some year, it will be F the year after that, and E the second year after, &c.

“ As the intercalary day introduced into the calendar by Julius Cæsar, and which still continues in use, being allowed for in February of the leap-year, might otherwise have caused some confusion, these first seven letters of the alphabet are used in the following manner: the 28th and 29th of February in the Bissextile have but one letter assigned them, so that the following Sunday goes back a letter, and so on for the rest of the year. As thus—

“ Suppose the dominical letter in leap-year to be C: then, after the 29th of February, the Sunday-letter will be B; and, if in leap-year the 1st of January be on a Friday, the first Sunday will be on the 3d of January, therefore the dominical letter will be C; and the first Sunday, the year after, falling on the 1st of January, the Sunday-letter will be A. In a common year, all the Sundays in it have the same letter; but, in leap-year, the additional day displaces the letters; therefore, if the first day in a common year fall on a Sunday, the next year it will happen on a Monday, and the next on a Tuesday,

Tuesday, and so on; and, to prevent all the letters being displaced in a leap-year, the Sunday-letter alone is altered.

“Having mentioned the circumstance which occasioned one of the months to be named after Julius Cæsar; in justice to the abilities of Augustus, I cannot refrain from mentioning the circumstance which procured for him the like distinction; which was, his having ascertained the several elevations of the sun above the horizon at different times of the year.— This he effected by means of the shadow of an obelisk 111 feet high, which he caused to be erected in the Field of Mars, for the purpose of this observation.

“Ptolemy’s astronomy, though founded on an erroneous system, served to give the observers of that age an idea of the apparent course of the heavenly bodies, as also to foretell natural events, and to bring geography to certain rules.

“After the death of Ptolemy, speculative astronomy again began to decline, and at last was totally laid aside.

“Historians inform us, that, in the first ages of Christianity, the most learned Christians were wholly occupied in the important mission of instructing nations in the revealed religion, and in repelling innovators; which, added to the frequent changes of rulers, laws, and language, kept nations in a tumult unfavourable to science: that, about the middle ages, the knowledge of our globe, history and eloquence were neglected; and that part alone of philosophy, which belonged to logic and metaphysics, was in vogue: that, negligent of the graces of elocution, they became rude in their manners and speech, and that their arguments were calculated rather to disgust and perplex than to convince. The latter of these assertions we may easily conceive must have been the consequence of the former, as, by experience, we know, that to confute without politeness and gentleness is not the way to make our tenets respected or adopted.

“It is said that these supercilious Arabian philosophers were shunned by all the world, and were considered as a public nuisance; as the doctrines they taught tended not to the service of either God or man, being subversive of all harmony and civilization.

“Philosophy thus transformed, and stripped of all her fine embellishments, was rescued from total degradation in 1214, by some very few learned men, particularly by Roger Bacon,

our countryman, who, about that time, restored it to its native importance, clothing it with all that could render it lovely and respectable; so that it became an object of public esteem and suffrage.

"In this century the Emperor Frederic the Second caused Ptolemy's construction of the universe to be translated from the Arabian into Latin.

"In the year 1270, Alphonso, king of Castile, employed several learned men in the business of reforming astronomy; and became himself an able astronomer. Charles, surnamed the Wise, gave great encouragement to this science. Copernicus, in the 15th century, re-established the ancient Pythagorean system, which admitted that the earth might move round the sun, by which the constitution of the heavens was again brought to natural and certain principles.

"It was Gallileo who chiefly introduced telescopes into the use of astronomy, in the year 1610, and by that means discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Saturn, the mountains of the moon, the spots on the sun, and the revolution of the latter on his axis; discoveries which opened a wide field of inquiry and speculation.

"The immortal Newton was the first who demonstrated, from physical considerations, the laws that regulate all the motions of the heavenly bodies, as well as of our earth, which set bounds to the planets' orbits, and determine their greatest excursions from, and nearest approach to the sun, their grand vivifying principle.

"He taught the cause of that constant and regular proportion observed by both primary and secondary planets, in their circulation round their central bodies, and their distances compared with their periods: he also introduced a new theory of the moon, which accurately answers to all her irregularities, and accounts for them.

"Doctor Halley favoured us with the astronomy of comets, and, as I before mentioned, with a catalogue of the stars, together with astronomical tables.

"Mr. Flamsteed, after observing the motions of all the stars for upwards of forty years, gave some curious information on that subject, with a large catalogue of them.

"Lastly, Dr. Herschel, whose opinion of the construction of the universe I shall give in the course of these lectures, has very

very judiciously extended this field of science, and has discovered another planet belonging to our system. This gentleman's application to the science, and the liberal manner in which he has transmitted his observations, deserve great commendation.

"I trust this short sketch of the origin and progress of astronomy, and of the advantages it has procured for us, has not been unpleasing or useless, as the human mind must always feel satisfaction in tracing such things from their source to their utmost range; and no doubt but the important inferences, deducible from this epitome of ancient knowledge, must tend to enlarge the minds of those who have not been previously acquainted with these circumstances.

"To preclude criticism, I must beg the historian to observe, that I did not think it necessary to my plan to introduce any thing of those times in which this science was not cultivated or improved; as to have related all the false systems that prevailed at different times, would have afforded but a mortifying retrospect, not tending to promote my grand design, in recording the speculations and works of past ages, which was, to excite in my dear pupils a spirit of inquiry from the instances I produced of the advantages resulting from investigation; which rule of selection has occasioned that want of connection necessary in writing the history of past ages, but not, I presume, in relating the history of the rise and advancement of astronomical knowledge, as it must necessarily have included matter foreign to the subject of these lectures."

An elegant engraving of Mrs. Bryan, and her two children, forms the frontispiece; and this ingenious *female astronomer* informs the public that she receives young ladies, for the purpose of education, at Bryan House, Blackheath. We wish her every possible success in her laudable undertaking. It is greatly to the praise of the fair sex, that they are in the present age so disposed to improve their minds—they may rest assured that intellectual improvement in conjunction with moral excellence, forms the truest and most permanent basis of their respectability.

*Travels in the Interior of Africa; in the Years 1795, 1796, and 1797. By Mungo Park. Abridged from the Original Work. Crosby and Letterman.*

**A**FRICA, the most barbarous and uncivilised part of the globe, is become the subject of enquiry, and by far the greatest part of it still remains unknown. The dangers attendant on its examination must at least, for the present, preclude any considerable acquaintance with it; but the time may come when it may be equally known with the other quarters of the globe.

From this narrative it appears that Mr. Park has, with incredible labour and perseverance penetrated into this barbarous country, observed their customs and manners, and, after subjecting himself to a variety of dangers, has returned to England. His peregrinations are here detailed, and afford no small amusement.

The second chapter conveys much curious information, and shall be inserted in its entire form; it will enable the reader to form a just opinion of the remaining part of the work.

“Description of the Feloops, the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, and Mandingoes—Account of the Trade between the Nations of Europe and the Natives of Africa, by the way of the Gambia; and between the native Inhabitants of the Coast and the Natives of the Interior Countries—Their Mode of Selling, Buying, &c.

“The natives of the country bordering on the Gambia, though distributed into many distinct governments, may be divided into four great classes. The Feloops, the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, and the Mandingoes. Among all these nations, the religion of Mahomet has made, and continues to make, considerable progress; but the body of the people still maintain the blind, but inoffensive, superstition of their ancestors, and are still stiled by the Mahometans, Kafirs, or Infidels.

“The

"The Feloops are of a gloomy disposition, and are supposed never to forgive an injury: they are even said to transmit their quarrels as deadly feuds to their posterity; so that a son views it as incumbent upon him to revenge his deceased father's wrongs. If a man loses his life in one of those quarrels, which continually happen at their feasts, his son endeavours to procure his father's sandals, which he wears once a year at the anniversary of his father's death, until a fit opportunity occurs of revenging his fate, by sacrificing the object of his resentment. This fierce and cruel temper is, notwithstanding, counterbalanced by many good qualities. They possess gratitude and affection to their benefactors, and are singular in their fidelity in every trust committed to them.

"During the present war, they have more than once taken up arms to defend our merchant's vessels from French privateers; and English property, to a considerable amount, has been left at Vintain, entirely under the care of the Feloops; who have manifested, on such occasions, the most scrupulous honour and punctuality. How greatly is it to be wished, that the minds of a people, so determined and faithful, should be softened and civilized by the mild and benevolent spirit of Christianity!

"The Jaloffs are an active, powerful, and warlike people; inheriting great part of the tract which lies between the river Senegal and the Mandingo states on the Gambia: yet they differ from the Mandingoes, not only in language, but likewise in complexion and features. The noses of the Jaloffs are not so much depressed, nor the lips so protuberant as among the generality of Africans; and, although their skin is of the deepest black, they are considered by the white traders as the handsomest negroes in this part of the continent. They are divided into several independent states or kingdoms, which are frequently at war, either with their neighbours or with each other. In their manners, superstitions, and form of government, they have a great resemblance to the Mandingoes; but excel them in their manufactures. Their language is copious and significant. The Foolahs, such of them as reside near the Gambia, are chiefly of a tawny complexion, with soft silky hair, and pleasing features. They are much attached to a pastoral life, and have introduced themselves into all the kingdoms on the windward coast as herdsmen and husbandmen,



paying a tribute to the sovereign of the country for the lands which they hold. The Mandingoes constitute the bulk of the inhabitants of most of the districts of the interior of Africa. Their language is universally understood, and very generally spoken. They are called Mandingoes, having originally emigrated from the interior state of Manding; but, contrary to the present constitution of their parent-country, which is republican, the government in all the Mandingo states, near the Gambia, is monarchical.

“The power of the sovereign is, however, by no means unlimited. In all affairs of importance, an assembly of the principal men or elders, is called, by whose councils the king is directed, and without whose advice he can neither declare war, nor conclude peace. In every considerable town there is a chief magistrate, called the Alkaid, whose office is hereditary, and whose business it is to preserve order, to levy duties upon travellers, and to preside at the administration of justice.

“The negroes have no written language: their general rule of decision is, an appeal to ancient custom; but, since the system of Mahomet has made so great a progress among them, the Koran converts have introduced many of the civil institutions of the prophet; and where the Koran is not found sufficiently explicit, reference is made to a commentary, called *Alsharra*, containing a complete digest of the laws of Mahomet, civil and criminal. This appeal to written laws has given rise in Africa to professional advocates or expounders of the law, who are allowed to appear and plead for the plaintiff and defendant, nearly the same as in the courts of Great Britain. There are Mahometan negroes, who affect to have made the laws of their prophet their especial study; and in the arts of perplexing and confounding a cause, they are not surpassed by the ablest pleaders in Europe. At Pisania a cause was tried, which furnished the Mahometan lawyers with a fine opportunity of displaying their talents. An ass, belonging to a Serawoolli negro, (a native of an interior country near the river Senegal,) had broke into a field of corn belonging to one of the Mandingo inhabitants, and destroyed great part of it. The Mandingo having caught the animal in his field, immediately drew his knife and cut its throat. The Serawoolli thereupon called a palaver, similar to bringing an action in Europe, to recover damages for the loss of his beast on which he

he set a high value. The defendant confessed he had killed the ass, but pleaded a set off, insisting that the loss he had sustained in his corn, was equal to the sum demanded for the animal. To ascertain this fact was the point at issue, and the learned advocates contrived to puzzle the cause in such a manner, that, after a hearing of three days, the court broke up without coming to any determination upon it.

“The Mandingoes are of a mild, sociable, and obliging disposition. The men are commonly above the middle size, well shaped, strong, and capable of enduring great labour; the women are good natured, sprightly, and agreeable. The dress of both sexes is comprised of cotton cloth of their own manufacture: that of the men is a loose frock, not unlike a surplice, with drawers which reach down half the legs; they wear sandals on their feet and white cotton caps on their heads. The women's dress consists of two pieces of cloth, each of which is about six feet long and three broad; one of these they wrap round the waist, which, hanging down to the ankles, answers the purpose of a petticoat; the other is thrown negligently over the bosom and shoulders. The head dress of the African women, is diversified in different countries. Near the Gambia, the females wear a sort of bandage, consisting of a narrow stripe of cotton cloth, wrapped many times round immediately over the forehead. In Bondou, the head is encircled with strings of white beads, and a small plate of gold is worn in the middle of the forehead. In Kasso, the ladies decorate their heads in a very tasteful manner, with white sea-shells. In Kaarta and Ludemar, the women raise their hair to a great height by the addition of a pad, (as the ladies did formerly in Great Britain,) which they decorate with a species of coral, brought from the Red Sea, by the pilgrims returning from Mecca, and sold at a great price. In the construction of their dwelling-houses, the Mandingoes also conform to the general practice of the African nations on this part of the continent, contenting themselves with small and incommodious hovels. A circular mud wall, about four feet high, above which is placed a conical roof, composed of the bambou cane, and thatched with grass, forms alike the palace of the king and the hovel of the slave. Their household furniture is equally simple, a hurdle of canes placed upon upright stakes, about two feet from the ground, upon which is spread a mat or bullock's

lock's hide, constitutes their bed; a water jar, some earthen pots for dressing food, a few wooden bowls and calabashes, with one or two low stools, compose the rest of the furniture. The Africans practice polygamy, and to prevent matrimonial disputes, each of the ladies is accommodated with a hut to herself, and all the huts belonging to the same family, are surrounded with a fence, constructed of bamboo canes, split and formed into a sort of wicker work. The whole inclosure is called a surk; a number of these inclosures, with passages between them, form what is called a town; but the huts are generally placed without regularity, according to the caprice of the owner; the only rule attended to, is placing the door towards the south-west, in order to admit the sea breeze. In each town is a large stage, called the Bantang, which answers the purpose of a town-house; it is composed of interwoven canes, and is generally sheltered from the sun by being erected in the shade of some large tree. It is here, that public affairs are conducted and trials held; here also the lazy and indolent meet to smoke their pipes and hear the news of the day. In most of the towns the Mahometans have a mosque, in which they celebrate public worship. These observations respecting the natives, apply chiefly to persons of free condition, who constitute not more than a fourth part of the inhabitants: the other three fourths are in a state of hopeless and hereditary slavery; and are employed in cultivating the land, in the care of cattle, and in servile offices of all kinds, much in the same manner as the slaves in the East Indies. The Mandingo master cannot, however, deprive his slave of life, nor sell him to a stranger, without first calling a palaver on his conduct, or bringing him to a public trial. Captives taken in war, and those condemned to slavery for crimes or insolvency, have no security whatever, but may be treated and disposed of in all respects as the owner thinks proper. It sometimes happens, when no ships are on the coast, that a humane and considerate master incorporates his purchased slaves among his servants, and their offspring becomes entitled to all the privileges of natives. The earliest European establishment on the river Gambia was a factory of Portuguese. The Dutch, French, and English, afterwards possessed themselves successively of the coast; but the trade of the Gambia became, and for many years continued, exclusively in the hands of the English. The trade

trade with Europe, by being afterwards laid open, was nearly annihilated: the share which the English now have in it, supports not more than two or three annual ships; and the gross value of British exports is under 20,000*l*. The French and Danes still maintain a small share; and the Americans have lately sent a few vessels to the Gambia, by way of experiment. The commodities exported to the Gambia from Europe, consist of fire-arms and ammunition, iron wares, spirituous liquors, tobacco, cotton caps, a small quantity of broad cloth, a few articles of the Manchester manufactures, a small assortment of India goods, with some glass beads, amber, and other trifles; for which are taken in exchange slaves, gold-dust, ivory, bee's-wax, and hides. Slaves are the chief articles, but the whole number which are annually exported from the Gambia by all nations, is supposed to be under one thousand. Most of these wretched victims are brought to the coast in caravans, many of them from very remote inland countries; on their arrival at the coast, they are distributed among the neighbouring villages, until a slave-ship arrives, or until they can be sold to black traders; in the mean time, the wretches are kept constantly fettered two and two, being chained together, and employed in the labours of the field, scantily fed and very harshly treated. The price of a slave varies according to the number of purchasers; in general, a young and healthy male, from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, may be estimated on the spot from eighteen to twenty pounds.

"The negro slave merchants are called *Slatees*, who, besides slaves and the merchandize they bring with them, supply the inhabitants with native iron, sweet smelling gums and frankincense, and a commodity called *TREE-BUTTER*. This is an extraction from the kernel of a nut, which has the consistence and appearance of butter; it forms an important article in the food of the natives, and is used for every domestic service; the demand for it is very great. In payment of these articles, the maritime states supply the interior countries with salt, a scarce and valuable commodity; considerable quantities of this valuable article are also supplied to the inland natives by the Moors, who obtain it from the salt-pits in the great desert, and receive in return corn, cotton-cloth, and slaves. In this kind of exchange the natives of the interior make use of small shells called *kowries*. In their early intercourse with Euro-

peans,

peans, the article that most attracted the notice of the natives was iron; its utility in forming instruments of war and husbandry, made it preferable to all others, and iron soon became the measure by which the value of all other commodities was to be ascertained. Thus a certain quantity of goods of whatever quality, constituted a bar of that particular merchandize. For instance, twenty leaves of tobacco were considered as a bar of tobacco; and a gallon of spirits, as a bar of rum; a bar of one commodity being reckoned equal in value to a bar of another commodity; but, at present, the current value of a single bar of any kind, is fixed by the whites at two shillings sterling. In this commerce, the European has considerable advantages over the African, whom, therefore, it is difficult to satisfy; so that a bargain is never considered by the European as concluded, until the purchase money is paid, and the party has taken leave."

We have not perused the original work, and, therefore, cannot speak decisively of the merits of this abridgment; but it possesses every mark of being executed with care and attention.

With respect to Mr. *Park*, too much cannot be said in behalf of his laudable curiosity. The fatigues he endured, and the perils he braved, are the subject of our admiration, and entitle him to the best thanks of the civilized and enlightened part of mankind. By the investigations and researches of such travellers, we are easily put in possession of a store of information, which otherwise would not have been acquired. Whilst lolling in our elbow-chairs, we accompany the indefatigable pilgrim through foreign realms and distant regions—trembling at his disasters—rejoicing in his successes, and exulting with him in his return to his native country.

*Narrative of the Deportation to Cayenne, of Barthelemy, Pichegru, Willot, Marbois, La Rue, Ramel, &c. in consequence of the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor (September 4th, 1797) containing a variety of important Facts relative to that Revolution, and to the Voyage, Residence, and Escape of Barthelemy, Pichegru, &c. From the French of General Ramel, Commandant of the Legislative Body Guard. Wright. 4s.*

THIS is a most curious pamphlet, nor have we of late read any thing which so completely excited and gratified our curiosity. The narrative exhibits the vilest despotism and the most refined cruelty towards these unhappy persons. It was the evident intention of the French government that they should never again revisit their native country. In such a case the guillotine would have been an instrument of mercy. These outrages also, were committed in the name of LIBERTY!! To send away *sixteen* members of the Convention, without trial, without examination; and to subject them to all the aggravated insults attendant on transportation, is a deed which (though *necessity*, the devil's plea, will be urged for it) we consign over to the execration of posterity.

Their escape is truly interesting, and shall be given in our next number. We shall only add, that the few who returned to Europe, were received here by the British government, with a kindness which does honour to humanity.

*Anecdotes, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining, Alphabetically arranged, and interspersed with a variety of useful Observations. Selected by Charles Buck. Chapman.*

WE were amused by the contents of this work ; and though there be a few articles which might have been omitted, yet on the whole, this is a volume that may be read with satisfaction. It is impossible in a collection of miscellaneous topics to please every taste ; this should be recollected, and will serve to check any spirit of censure to which we may be inclined.

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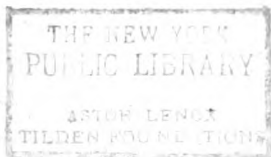
#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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To W. M. we are obliged for *Manual* and *Albert* ; also to *Civis* for his communications. But neither of their pieces can be immediately inserted. *Thoughts on Sympathy*, sent by J. C. shall have admittance, but the *Fragment* must be rejected.

*Gorthmund*, and other Poetical Pieces, must wait for insertion.

We shall be happy to hear from *Eleanor*, and are sorry her piece was mislaid. Her *Lines on Spring*, inserted in this Number, afford no unpleasing specimen of her talents for Poetry.







*Neill sculp.*

*General Abercrombie, Kt.*

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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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OCTOBER, 1799.

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MEMOIRS

OF

*LIEUT. GEN. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.*

**H**AVING in our last Number furnished our readers with a Sketch of the DUKE OF YORK; we now proceed to notice an officer who, next to his Royal Highness, has the principal command of the army destined for the reduction of Holland! There is a propriety in such a succession of characters, on whom the public eye is now intent; and who are, indeed, engaged in an undertaking the most important of all the events which the present melancholy contest has produced. Whilst the war continues, curiosity must *continue* to be excited, and our endeavours shall be unceasing for its gratification. Memoirs are always interesting, provided the subject is well chosen, and the incidents properly arranged. We feel a sympathy in the perusal of such kind of narratives, and, accordingly, pieces of biography have at all times been held in high estimation.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE is a native of North Britain, and of a very respectable family. He has several brothers, some of whom have distinguished themselves on the theatre of public life. One of his brothers was killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, near Boston,

in America, in which many brave officers were lost to their country.

The subject of our Memoirs entered the army about the year 1756, and in the year 1760 he was made Lieutenant, a promotion which his early merit secured to him. He became Lieutenant-colonel in 1773, and was constituted Major General in 1787. From these several advancements, it appears that he passed regularly through the gradations which are necessary for eminence in a military station. The time intervening between the appointments, must have given him an excellent opportunity for acquiring skill in his profession.

In the year 1793, we have been credibly informed he attained to his present rank of *Lieutenant-general*, a station in which he has acquitted himself with a considerable degree of approbation. From this period it seems that his talents have been peculiarly called forth into exercise, and his conduct has justified the expectations of those individuals to whose patronage he is indebted for his promotions. At the commencement of the present war, he went over with the DUKE of YORK, and acted under him with uncommon zeal and ability. Were we to enter into particulars, various engagements might be specified in which his bravery was manifested. Unintimidated he faced the foe, nor did any one nerve remain unexerted for the acquisition of victory. Success, however, is not always attendant on the brave; but the brave endeavour to deserve that success which the fortune of war sometimes denies.

Before we quit this part of our Memoir, it may be proper just to mention, that at the conclusion of the campaign, when the Duke of York was unfortunate, SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE had consigned to him the sick and wounded of every description. The multiplied horrors of war cannot be fully imagined. The havoc and destruction scattered around by the instruments of death, must be inconceivable. No person can properly conceive the state of an army after an unsuccessful

cessful campaign, except he become an eye-witness of its miserable condition. To alleviate these distresses was the peculiar province, at that period, of this humane officer. His attention, we understand, on this occasion, to the wants and necessities of the army, in general, was very great, and is deserving of our warmest applause.

In 1795, SIR RALPH was appointed to undertake many commissions in the West Indies; expeditions to various parts were planned and executed by him with ability. Many of the islands were witnesses of the steadiness and perseverance which he displayed in the service of his country.

Upon his return home, he was soon destined to allay the discontents of unhappy Ireland. We mean not to enter into the history of the rise and progress of the rebellion in that kingdom. But we may say, and justice requires it should be said, that SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE exerted his utmost efforts to effect the restoration of tranquillity. He was unwearied in his attempts to conciliate the minds of that distracted people, by calling them to their duty; an office, on any occasion, honourable to humanity.

The present expedition to Holland, designed to reduce the Dutch to their former allegiance to the Prince of Orange, is a great undertaking. To SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE was the execution of this plan confided; and under his immediate eye, was the first debarkation of 12,000 troops, August 27, at the *Helder*, effected. We recollect reading the dispatches on that business, and we remarked his concern for the loss of several individuals who perished on that occasion. He particularly mentions how much he was affected at seeing the boats overset; not being able to afford any assistance to these unfortunate persons. Indeed nothing can be more afflictive to a man of sensibility, than to perceive his fellow-creatures miserable, and yet not pos-

self the means of affording them succour, when that succour is most wanted.

In the unfortunate affair of the 19th of last month, it must be remembered that this excellent officer was victorious, though he was afterwards obliged to relinquish the advantages he had gained. This affords no ground for censure; it was the fortune of war, against which no mortal can provide!

The losses of that day, however, were redeemed by the action of the 2d of October, in which the subject of our Memoir bore a most distinguished part. The battle (horrible to think) lasted from six o'clock in the morning till six in the evening. During this interval he was unceasing in his activity, and contributed, in an eminent degree, to the success of this bloody contest. He is spoken of by the DUKE of YORK, in the Gazette, in terms of the most unreserved approbation. The panegyric, indeed, is likewise extended to lieutenant-general Dundas, in conjunction with himself, and is too remarkable to be here omitted:

“The points where this well fought battle was principally contested, were (says His Royal Highness) from the sea-shore, in front of Egmont, extending along the sandy desert or hills, to the heights above Bergen; and it was sustained by the BRITISH COLUMNS, under the command of those *highly distinguished* officers SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, and Lieutenant-general Dundas, whose exertions, as well as the gallantry of the brave troops they led, *cannot have been surpassed by any former instance of BRITISH VALOUR.*”

Before we close this Sketch, it may be proper to mention, that this great officer appears to have been in the very heat of the engagement—for he had *two horses shot under him!* How imminent, therefore, must have been his danger! How much would it have been regretted, had the future services of this brave general been lost to his country! His escape then is most undoubtedly

doubtedly a matter of rejoicing, and we congratulate the public on the event. Long may he live, and extensive may be his usefulness in advancing the true welfare and real prosperity of Britain!

Such is our brief Memoir of SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, whose talents and virtues every impartial reader must applaud. We most sincerely regret the slaughter by which the reduction of Holland is attended. But we are not so unjust as to deny the tribute of applause to the merits of an officer, who by his courage and skill on other great occasions, has ensured to himself our admiration.

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXII.]

### THE EPODES OF HORACE.

Descend from Heav'n, and in a lengthen'd strain,  
Queen of melodious sounds, and long maintain  
Or on the voice, high-rai'd, the breathing flute,  
The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phæbean lute.  
Hark! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear!  
Or, does a sweet enthusiasm charm mine ear?  
Thro' hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath,  
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

HORACE.

UPON the *Odes* of HORACE we have already, at some length, descanted. Their nature and tendency were explained, nor were their merits disregarded. The high and lofty tone which this kind of poetry assumes, was also mentioned; and specimens brought forward for the instruction and entertainment of our readers.

We now, therefore, proceed to the *Epodes*, between which and the *Odes* little difference obtains. The former are rather upon a lower key, but yet full of beautiful

tiful strokes and excellent imagery. They breathe the same divine spirit by which the other works of Horace are impregnated, and for which they have always been so much and so justly admired.

It is amusing to examine the various conjectures which the learned have offered on the origin of the term *Epode*. That it is involved in a degree of obscurity must be confessed; but we have diverted ourselves by recollecting the labyrinths of controversy in which the enquirer has been involved.

Some grammarians have contended, that these poems were called *Epodes*, because in the first ten of them a short verse succeeds a longer; but this trait, in general, belongs to all kinds of poetry. Others say, that as the Grecian *Epode* closed the song, so, in Latin poetry, the sense is here concluded by the short verse, which follows the longer. But this is not true in fact. The Grecians, indeed, divided their ode into three parts, *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, and *Epode*; but the Latins have no such parts in their poems. We may therefore fairly infer, that the Romans had no right to the title which is here adopted.

A commentator of HORACE, however, has displayed his critical sagacity in wisely supposing that the term *Epode* is given to this book, because some exceptionable pieces are contained in it. But surely this is a reason which can by no means be admitted; for the reprobated parts are not so numerous as to entitle this part of the Poet's writings to so much infamy.

Mr. FRANCIS, the ingenious translator of HORACE, suggests, with great probability, that these Odes were collected after our Poet's death, and added to his other productions. Hence they were called *Epodes*, or the *Book after the Odes*. This circumstance also, in his opinion, accounts for its inequality, a trait by which it undoubtedly stands characterized. There are, notwithstanding, many very pleasing parts, in which the playfulness and hilarity of the Poet are discernible.

cernible. Every classic reader of taste will admit the truth of our observation, which, indeed, cannot be seriously disputed.

A variety of passages from the *Epodes* might be selected ; but we will confine ourselves to ONE ENTIRE EPODE, from which it will appear that our commendatory remarks are not without foundation.

The *second* Epode is entitled *The Praises of a Country Life* ; a favourite topic with the poets in all ages and all nations of the world. We will select it in distinct passages, that its beauties may be more apparent to the eye.

The *happiness* of such a life is thus described at the commencement of the poem :

Like the first mortals, *blest* is HE,  
From debts, and mortgages, and business free ;  
With his own team, who plows the soil,  
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil ;  
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,  
Nor the rough storm that harrows up the deep ;  
He shuns the courtier's haughty doors,  
And the loud science of the bar abjures.

The *employments* of the rural character are then thus pleasingly delineated :

Sometimes his marriageable vines  
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines,  
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,  
Ingrafting better as the old decay ;  
Or in the vale, with joy surveys  
His lowing herd safe wand'ring as they graze,  
Or careful stores the flowing gold,  
Prest from the hive, or cheers his tender fold ;  
Or when with various fruits o'er-spread,  
The mellow autumn lifts his bounteous head,  
His grafted pears or grapes that vie  
With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye,  
Grateful he gathers, and repays  
His guardian Gods on their own festal days ;

Sometimes



Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,  
 Or on the matted grass supinely laid,  
 Where pours the mountain stream along, |  
 And feather'd warblers chaunt the soothing song ;  
 Or where the lucid fountain flows,  
 And with its murmurs courts him to repose.

The Poet next proceeds to specify the *Amusements of the Field*, which have always been in great repute, with the more rural classes of society :

But when the rain and snows appear,  
 And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year,  
 With hounds he drives into the toils  
 The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils ;  
 Or for the greedy thrush he lays  
 His nets, and with delusive baits betrays ;  
 Artful he sets the springing snare,  
 To catch the stranger crane, or tim'rous hare.

Having thus sketched, with masterly hand, these enjoyments ; he then, with exquisite delicacy, compliments *Domestic Life* in these animated strains :

But if a chaste and virtuous wife  
 Assist him in the tender cares of life ;  
 Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame,  
 (Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame)  
 Fatigu'd, when homeward he returns,  
 The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns ;  
 Or if the milk her swelling kine,  
 Or in their folds his happy flocks confine ;  
 While unbought dainties crown the feast,  
 And luscious wines from *this* year's vintage prest.  
 —No more should curious oysters please,  
 Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas,  
 (If eastern tempests, thund'ring o'er  
 The wintry wave, shall drive them to our shore ;)  
 Or wild-fowl, of delicious taste,  
 From distant climates brought to crown the feast,  
 Shall e'er so grateful prove to me,  
 As olives gather'd from the unctuous tree ;

**And**

And herbs that love the flow'ry field,  
 And cheerful health, with pure digestion yield;  
 Or fatling, on the festal day,  
 Or kid, just rescu'd from some beast of prey.  
 Amid the feast, how joys he to behold  
 His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold;  
 Or see his labour'd oxen bow  
 Their languid necks, and drag th' inverted plow;  
 At night his num'rous slaves to view  
 Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!

The conclusion of this Epode is singular; for though the reader all along imagines that HORACE himself speaks, yet, at the close, it comes out, that it is the language of an *usurer*, who, after having thus sweetly enumerated the *pleasures of a country life*, and even *determined* upon the enjoyment of them, repents of his resolution. The Poet thus conveys a lively idea of the pitiful soul of a miser, who denies himself joys which his wealth has enabled him to participate:

The US'ERER spoke; determin'd to begin  
 A country life, he calls his money in;  
 But ere the moon was in her wane,  
 The WRETCH had put it out to *use* again!

Such is the *Second* Epode, and it is a fair specimen of this kind of poetry. The same ease, the same simplicity are apparent, for which all of HORACE's productions are distinguished.

These *Epodes* are *seventeen* in number, and their subjects can boast of variety. The *Fifth*, on the *Witch Canidia*; the *Seventh*, to the *Roman People*; and the *Thirteenth*, to *One of his Friends*, are all curious in their kind. The mysterious horrors of necromancy; the infamous thirst for war which characterized the conquerors of the world, and the tender aspirations of friendship, here rise to our minds with peculiar grandeur and sublimity. A poet always displays the superiority of his taste in two particulars; the choice of his subject

subject and the manner in which it is executed. Here then let it be remembered, that HORACE, with a very few exceptions, shines unrivalled; for the soundness of his judgment and the delicacy of his taste have long been the theme of admiration. To relish such writings may be deemed no inconsiderable test of our mental improvement.

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### GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXIV.]

VOLTAIRE.

**W**HEN a candle burns and gives light to a house, many wonderful things contribute to the phenomenon. The fat of the animal is the work of the Creator, or the wax of the bee is made by his teaching; the wick is from the vegetable wool of a singular exotic tree, much labour of man is concerned in the composition, and the elements that inflame it, are those by which the world is governed. But after all this apparatus, a child or a fool may put it out; and then boast that the family are left in darkness, and are running against one another. Such is the mighty achievement of Mr. Voltaire as to religion; but with this difference, that what is *real darkness* is by him called *illumination*, and there is no other between the two cases.

LORD BACON.

LORD Bolingbroke tells us, in his *Idea of a Patriot King*, that there is not a more profound, nor a finer observation in all Lord Bacon's works, than the following:—We must choose betimes such *virtuous objects* as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must *determine* and *fix* our minds in such a manner upon them,

that the pursuit of them may become the *business* and the attainment of them, the *end* of our whole lives. Thus shall we imitate the great operations of nature; and not the feeble, slow, and imperfect operations of art. We must not proceed in forming the moral character, as a statuary proceeds in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another; but we must proceed, and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does, in forming a flower or any other of her productions; *rudimenta partium omnium simul parit et producit*; she throws out altogether, and at once, the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts.

## EPIGRAM.

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,  
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*,  
Not as printed by Baskett, and *bound up in black*,  
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.  
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,  
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers;  
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,  
Yet thought none would venture the BIBLE to steal;  
But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the case,  
He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face!*

## EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD Chesterfield (says Lord Orford) thus directed a letter to the late Lord Pembroke, who was always swimming—*To the Earl of Pembroke, IN THE THAMES, over against Whitehall.* This direction was sure of finding him within a certain number of fathoms.

## MR. GIBBON.

I finished Mr. Gibbon (says Lord Orford) a fall fortnight ago, and was extremely pleased. It is a most wonderful mass of information, not only on history, but almost on all the ingredients of history, as war, government,

ment, commerce, coin, and what not. If it has a fault, it is in embracing too much, and consequently in not detailing enough, and in striding backwards and forwards from one set of princes to another, and from one subject to another; so that without much historic knowledge, and without much memory, and much method in one's memory, it is almost impossible not to be sometimes bewildered; nay, his own impatience to tell what he knows, makes the author, though commonly so explicit, not perfectly clear in his expressions.

### CURIOUS EPITAPH,

*Written by one of the Vicars of Kendal, in Westmoreland, and inscribed on his Tomb, by his Friends.*

LONDON bred me, Westminster fed me,  
Cambridge sped me, my sister wed me,  
Study taught me, living sought me,  
Learning brought me, Kendal caught me,  
Labour press'd me, sickness distress'd me,  
Death oppress'd me, the grave possess'd me,  
God first gave me, Christ did save me,  
Earth did crave me, and heav'n would have me.

### GARTH AND DARWIN.

Is it not extraordinary, that two of our very best poets, Garth and Darwin, should have been *physicians*? I believe they have left all the *lawyers* wrangling at the turnpike of Parnassus.

### TO MR. ROSCOE, ON HIS LIFE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI.

IF ever you had the pleasure of reading such a delightful book as your own, imagine, sir, what a comfort it must be to receive such an *anodyne* in the midst of a fit of the gout, that has already lasted above nine weeks, and which at first I thought might carry me to Lorenzo de Medici, before he should come to me!

The

The complete volume has more than answered the expectations which the sample had raised. The Grecian simplicity of the style is preserved throughout; the same judicious candour reigns in every page, and without allowing yourself that liberty of indulging your own bias towards good, or against criminal characters, which over rigid critics prohibit. Your artful candour compels your readers to think with you, without seeming to take a part yourself. You have shewn, from his own virtues, abilities, and heroic spirit, why Lorenzo deserved to have Mr. Roscoe for his biographer. And since you have been so, sir, I shall be extremely mistaken if he is not henceforth allowed to be, in various lights, one of the *most excellent and greatest men* with whom we are well acquainted, especially if we reflect on the shortness of his life, and the narrow sphere in which he had to act.

ORFORD.

#### CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO.

AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo (says SONNINI) pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewn under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit,

and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the *head*, the *arms*, and the *feet* are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular REPOSITORY of *dead friars*.

## NATIONAL INSTITUTE

OF

### SCIENCES AND ARTS AT PARIS.

THIS establishment belongs to the whole nation. 1. Its object is the advancement of the arts and sciences by a course of uninterrupted enquiry, and a constant correspondence with literary and philosophical societies in foreign nations; and particularly to mark and record the literary and scientific labours, that have for their object not only the general benefit of mankind, but the glory of the Republic. 2. It is composed of 144 members, resident in Paris, and an equal number of associates dispersed throughout the different provinces of the Republic. Its associates in foreign nations are in number twenty-four, being eight for the three different classes. 3. The Institute is divided into three classes, and each class into different sections; thus—

First Class.—Sciences, Physical and Mathematical, comprehending 1. Mathematics. 2. Mechanical Arts. 3. Astronomy. 4. Experimental Physics. 5. Chymistry. 6. Natural History and Mineralogy. 7. Botany and Vegetation in general. 8. Anatomy and Zoölogy.

Zoölogy. 9. Medicine and Surgery. 10. Rural Economy and the Veterinary Art.

Second Class.—Moral and Political Sciences, comprehending 1. The Analysis of Sensations and Ideas. 2. Morals. 3. The Science of the Social Order and Legislation. 4. Political Economy. 5. History. 6. Geography.

Third Class.—Literature and the Fine Arts, comprehending, 1. Grammar and Antient Languages. 2. Poetry. 3. Antiquities and Monuments. 4. Painting and Sculpture. 5. Architecture. 6. Music and Declamation. The coupling of these two last articles reminds us of these beautiful lines :

“ The angel ended, and in Adam’s ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix’d to hear.  
MILTON.”

## ON MARRIAGE:

BY W. MUDFORD.

**T**HERE is no time of life when mature consideration and cool reflection are so powerfully demanded, as when a man begins seriously to think of marriage. It is then, and only then, that we stand so much in need of all our powers of ratiocination. It is then that we ought to look into ourselves, and see, with an impartial eye, whether or not we are in any respect fit for the bondage. We should weigh in the scale of consideration our humours, our passions, our caprices, our exacerbations, and, lastly, our virtue ; then observe which bears the greater weight. If our foibles, how should we act then ? Should we inconsiderately load them on the weaknesses of another ? No. Should we not rather keep them to ourselves, and use our utmost endeavours to suppress them ? Most certainly.



Another consideration ought to form a part of our reflections previous to marriage. We should question ourselves rigidly. Ask if we are qualified to bear the many petty cares and difficulties which inevitably attend the marriage state. Whether we are qualified to endure all the individually trifling demands of attention which are due; but which, following in quick succession, weigh down the spirits and sour the natural gaiety and vivacity of man. Attentions which, considered singly, appear to demand little or no regard as to the performance of their being in themselves so trivial; and then erroneously imagining they will naturally come, or at least will be rendered habitual. But it is no such thing.

The man who considers himself attentively, will quickly observe that he is born with a spirit of superiority and an ardent desire of liberty; he will observe that things which scarce excite notice in a woman, are to him fetters of the most impregnable nature. Thus when married, unused to be controuled, he cannot at first submit to the yoke; he cannot tacitly obey the apparent imposition—he endeavours to harmonize it to his feelings, but cannot. It becomes then still more insupportable, and at length utterly impossible; at that instant he feels he would be a man;—at that instant he feels there is nothing on earth so desirable as liberty—but his is bartered. He reflects it cannot be regained, and sits down determined to quarrel with the world, and view, with the jaundiced eye of envy, those pleasures in which he cannot participate.

Such too often is the bitter result of indiscreet and early marriages. By indiscreet marriages, I would be understood alliances where there is too great a disparity of age; where tempers are not similar, or where pursuits are diametrically opposite. For what in nature can be more ridiculous and absurd, than for a man in the prime of youth to marry a woman of fifty; or a man of placid manners a woman of a volatile temper;

or

or a man of genius his own illiterate maid-servant ? It is madness in the extreme, and an insult to the human species.

Thus far I have considered marriage as an evil, under peculiar circumstances, I shall now make a few observations relative to the subject, and conclude my essay with an enumeration of the happy circumstances which attend a well premeditated and equitable union.

It is an undoubted fact, that that man is wise who can act consonant to his own feelings. From thence then is obviously deducible, that a marriage founded on disinterested motives, and every way congenial to the pure dictates of either heart, must prove a source of lasting and uninterrupted happiness ; I mean as far as relates to the mere marriage itself. It is of the highest importance, generally speaking, that a man should be made acquainted with the motives which may actuate the woman. It would be the means of obviating the miseries attendant on deceptions of that nature.

The cohabitation of the two sexes, constitute part of the duty we owe to the Almighty. We were formed for each other, and, separated, our existence would become miserable. How unsociable a being would man be, were he deprived, for a certain period, of all intercourse with woman ? Desire to please—to captivate—to enjoy, would in him become extinct. In the midst of his species he would be alone, the evening would be as the morning, the morning as the evening—all to him dark, gloomy, and void of hope ; he would retire to rest, to sleep his cares away, and wish to sleep for ever ; he would wake but to imbibe a still stronger hatred to life. These positions are equally applicable to the female sex.

The human mind has certain perceptions which, if suffered to remain idle, would become callous. They must be exercised, not left to inactivity. Condemn a man to perpetual slavery in the deserts of Arabia ; let him not have the most distant hope of renovation,

and by progressive approximation to misery, he will at length become so hardened, that the very idea of happiness will be banished from his mind, and he will cease to look upon it as a desirable object. Thus with a man debarred the intercourse with woman, he would in time learn to suppress every finer feeling, sentiment, and sensation, which inclined towards them ; and establish in his breast one only passion, a final and determined hatred of his species. I shall take a future opportunity to expatiate more largely on this subject ; for the present I shall regard the nature of my essay.

Marriage may certainly be considered as a lottery of good and evil ; but, at the same time, it must be allowed, that the possession of either the one or the other, depends almost entirely on the reasoning faculties of the principal agent in it. As I have before observed, let every thing bear, as far as possible, a similarity. Let not parsimony be wedded to profuseness—the young to the adult—urbanity to petulancy—nor learning to ignorance ; for any one of these disproportionate unions must almost inevitably terminate in tauntings, revileings, and misery. Would men allow themselves a little sober reflection ere they marry, they would then have no cause to repent it afterwards. I shall conclude the present essay with some few remarks on the foregoing assumption.

It is not in the power of man to look into the book of fate. We, therefore, can but speculatively provide for future happiness. In that, then, our reason ought to be the grand criterion by which we ought to act.

We decisively affix to a man who meets a danger he might avoid, the appellation of a fool, dolt, or even coward, in some instances. What then can we call that man who voluntarily drags upon himself an irremediable evil ; an evil which nor time nor circumstance can seldom cure ? What but madness ! and that too in the extreme.

He

He alone can be accounted wise, who soberly reflects ere he performs.—He alone, strictly speaking, may be said to weigh well the mutability and passivity of all human happiness; and that it is not to be trifled with or bartered for a toy. He alone opposes opinions—advances positions—encounters difficulties—and solves problems, all tending to the main object. He alone duly considers, that all human things are subject to revolution and decay, and happiness the most; and for this very reason, that it should be fixed on the firm basis of reason, and not to fluctuate between conviction and idea. And what is the produce which he reaps from his rich and intellectual soil, I will shew.

Married to a woman who is as a mirror reflecting the same virtues, the same passions, the same sympathies, and, in fact, every thing, he feels himself supremely happy. He imparts an idea with a certain motive, and it is received with a similar one.—He offers a position, and it is assented to—he makes a remark, and it meets with approbation—he demands an explanation, and it is given; in a word, there is not a wish, a desire, or an idea which is not granted and co-incided with; an incitement which has not its partner, or a command which is not obeyed through love and with self-approbation. Judge then, readers, whether this man does, or does not, feel the **HAPPINESS OF MARRIAGE**.

THE

THE WONDERFUL  
**ESCAPE OF THE FRENCH DEPUTIES**  
 FROM  
**SINAMARY,**

Near Cayenne, in South America,

*Whither they were transported 1797, without even Trial or Examination—By RAMEL, One of those said Deputies.*

**I**T was now the first of June, and the appointed day was at hand, as well as the scene that was to facilitate our enterprise. The *dénouement* of our plot approached under the sinister omen of the funeral obsequies of our friends. We had recently performed the last offices to Laffond, when Captain Tilly brought us intelligence, that Jeannet had given orders to send him and all his crew to Cayenne, for which place they were to embark next day. To us this news was like a thunder-bolt, and almost disheartened us. Tilly, however, was absolutely determined to sacrifice himself, and to hide himself in the woods till the next day (the third of June), which was the last day appointed for our awful attempt. On that day he said he would run to the canoe on a signal agreed upon. We had great difficulty to induce him to give up the honour of so great an action to the brave Berwick. We observed to him, that Berwick disappearing at the time of calling over the crew of the prize, would not awaken so much suspicion as that of the captain, whose visits to the deported persons, and his walks with them, had been already too much noticed. It was, however, with great reluctance that Tilly yielded to this last consideration. He parted from us indeed to expose himself even to greater dangers than we encountered, as on him would fall all the fury of Jeannet, whether we were so happy as to escape, or whether we were so unfortunate as to be discovered and arrested with Berwick. But Tilly thought

thought of nothing but of our safety ; and, if we could but once arrive at Surinam, he cared not what became of himself. How affecting was our parting scene ! who among us all could venture to flatter himself with the hope of seeing thee again, worthy, incomparable Tilly !

Berwick instantly disappeared and concealed himself in the woods. It was agreed, that, two days after (on the 3d of June), at the nine o'clock gun, he should be upon the bank of the river under the bastion ; and that he should leap into the canoe the moment he saw us appear : but we were extremely uneasy on his account, for, as we feared, he was almost devoured by noxious animals ; nor could he defend himself from the serpents, and that terrible animal the cayman, but by continuing thirty-six hours on a tree, and even there he was not secure from tigers.

Captain Poilvert had invited the commandant of the fort to dinner, on the 3d of June, on board the American prize, in return for the kind reception he had met with, and the assistance he had received from the garrison, which had two days before vigorously attacked an English privateer, that had approached the anchorage. At the same time that he entertained the commandant with a handsome dinner, and gave him the choicest wines he had on board, he had distributed to the garrison some common Bourdeaux wine. A girl, who had arrived some days before from Cayenne, did the honours, and delivered bottles of wine in profusion to the soldiers in their barracks and guard-house, to the negroes in their rooms, to the sentinels at their posts, and to the deported under their corridor. Ah ! how long this day appeared ! with what pleasure we watched this young girl thus joyously pouring out bumpers to the half intoxicated soldiers ! Her activity and solicitude served us to our utmost wishes.

Every one drank freely, as we did ourselves, and, seeming to take part in these orgies, we feigned a quarrel

rel among us while at dinner, in order to avoid giving the most trifling indication of the plot. Aubry and Larue abused Barthélemy, le Tellier also took part in the dispute, Doffonville and Pichegru threatened each other, and Willot and myself seemed desirous of pacifying the rest. Glasses and plates flew about, and the uproar was so great, that the rest of the deported persons came in to separate us. The Abbé Brothier himself endeavoured to put an end to this disturbance, which only increased the more : but Barthélemy, who was the least skilful in feigning passion, coolly breaking his glass in an awkward gesture of rage, a burst of laughter had nearly betrayed us.

Night came on, and we saw the commandant Aimé brought in, dead drunk, like a corpse. Silence had now succeeded to the songs and cries of intoxication, and the soldiers and negroes lay dispersed here and there. The service was forgot, and the guard-house abandoned.

Before we retired into our rooms we took leave of Marbois, to whom our separation was a painful sacrifice, and who considered this as our last hour. The clock struck nine, the last we heard at Sinamary, and Doffonville, who was upon the watch, gave us all notice to begin our enterprize ; upon which we went out and assembled near the gate of the fort, of which the draw-bridge was not yet up. All was sleep and silence. I mounted the bastion of the guard-house with Pichegru and Aubry, and went directly to the sentinel (the contemptible drummer who had so often tormented us), and asked him the hour. He made no answer, but fixed his eyes upon the stars ; upon which I seized him by the throat, while Pichegru disarmed him, and we dragged him along, throttling him so as to prevent his crying out. We were now upon the parapet, and he struggled so violently that he got away from us and fell into the river. We then rejoined our companions at the foot of the rampart, and, perceiving no one in the guard-house, ran in and took arms and cartridges. We then

then went out of the fort and flew to the canoe. Berwick was already there, and helped us to get into it. Barthélemy, who was very infirm and less active than the rest of us, fell, and sunk into the mud; but Berwick caught hold of him and saved him, and, having put him into the canoe, cut the rope. Berwick now took the helm, while we, motionless and silent, went with the stream. The current and the tide bore our light bark rapidly along, and we heard nothing but the murmurs of the waters and of the land breeze, which swelled our little sail and wafted us from our tomb of Sinamary.

We now approached the redoubt at the point which it was necessary to pass, and therefore we struck our sail to avoid being seen. We knew that the eight men, who were upon guard at the redoubt, had received their share of the favours of Captain Poisvert, and that they also must be drunk. We accordingly were not hailed, and the tide carried us beyond the bar. We passed to the left of our brave friend Tilly's ship, and very near the schooner la Victoire, which was lately arrived from Cayenne, and which we knew was commanded by the worthy Captain Bracket, to whom our escape must have given great pleasure, and who certainly would not have opposed us.

The breeze freshened and the sea was smooth. But, had we left the coast, we should have been in danger of mistaking our tract; and, if we kept too near the shore, we might have fallen upon the rocks, which are numerous there as far as Iraconbo. The moon now suddenly appeared, as if on purpose to give us light. This was a delicious moment. We congratulated each other, and thanked Providence and our generous pilot, who was in a dreadful state, being much swelled and disfigured by the stings of venomous insects.

We had proceeded smoothly for about two hours, when we heard three guns, two from the fort of Sinamary, and one from the redoubt at the point; and, soon after, the post at Iraconbo answered with three. We doubted

not



not but our flight was now discovered, yet were no longer afraid of a direct pursuit from Sinamary, where there was not one boat that could go out to sea. At all events, we had already got considerably the start of them, and the ships in the road alone could have given us chase. But Captains Poisvert and Bracket, over whom Aimé had no command, would not have weighed anchor and put to sea without orders from Jeannet.

We had, therefore, nothing to apprehend but from the detachment of Iraconbo, which we knew consisted but of twelve men; nor could they come after us but in a boat nearly like our own, with eight or ten armed men on board. We continued, however, ranging along the coast, and got our arms in readiness, being determined to defend ourselves if attacked, or in case our passage under the fort of Iraconbo should be impeded.

At four in the morning, we heard two guns to the eastward, which were answered, within a minute after, by another close to us. We were at this time before the fort, but it was dark, and we saw nothing. We sailed fast, and when day appeared, Iraconbo was to leeward of us. We had now no fear of being pursued, and had only the dangers of the sea to overcome.

Our canoe was so small and so low sided, that every sea filled it; so that we were continually at work bailing her, and she was so light, that the least motion might have upset us. Hence we were nearly lost by an imprudence of which I alone was guilty. As I was rowing, I happened to make a false stroke with my oar, and my hat fell into the water; upon which, leaning eagerly over to regain it, I threw the boat out of her trim, and it was with great difficulty we rightened her. But Berwick's address, together with our activity, soon remedied this disaster; and I was severely reprimanded by Pichegru, whom we had made our captain. Barthélemy, being still covered with mud, took this opportunity to wash himself. I had the misfortune to lose my hat, and had no means of defending my head from the burning

rays

rays of the sun, but by making myself a turban of some Banana leaves, which the negro fisherman had left in the bottom of the canoe.

As we had neither compass nor instruments for taking the sun's altitude, we might have lost our way in the night; and the least gale of wind might have driven us out to sea, whenever we were obliged to keep off the shore, on account of the rocks or currents near the mouths of rivers. It had been impossible for us to bring away any provision, and we had not even a biscuit or a drop of water. Le Tellier, however, had brought two bottles of rum; and we were persuaded, the winds that constantly blow from east to west along this coast would carry us, in two days, to Monte-Krick. It was enough, therefore, if we could support our strength till then by means of this spirituous liquor.

On the 4th we suffered much from the heat. We had, however, a good breeze, with which we ranged along the coast; and when night prevented us from seeing the land, we reckoned that we were opposite the mouth of the river Marowni, the banks of which are the limits that separate the Dutch and French territories, and which is but forty leagues to windward of the port of Monte-Krick. Yet at eleven o'clock, when the moon rose, we perceived nothing either in the appearance of the land, or the motion of the water, to shew that we were near a great river. On the 5th we were not more fortunate, and we pursued our course till night, without any signs of the river or fort of Marowni. We were still, in all probability, somewhat to windward of the river of Amaribo, a part of the coast which rises a little towards the north-east, and intercepts the view.

On the 6th we were becalmed. Having now been three days without food, we suffered the most cruel hunger and were extremely parched by the sun, the heat of which was not now tempered by the breeze; and, as our minds were neither occupied by motion, nor supported by the hope of speedily reaching the end

of our fatiguing voyage, we were forcibly struck with the horror of our situation, and it is with difficulty we kept up our courage; for we had now nothing to expect from human assistance, nothing from our own exertions, which were thus deluded by the elements. It was on this very day of despair that we mutually urged each other to sacrifice even our just resentment, and not to suffer vengeance to take possession of our minds. We swore, in the presence of the Almighty, never to bear arms against our country, and resigned ourselves to the will of Providence.

The next day, the 7th June, and the 4th of our voyage, a breeze sprang up, and freshened a little towards eight o'clock in the morning; and at ten we were in sight of Fort Marowni, and opposite the mouth of the river, which the shallow reefs and currents render very dangerous. It was, indeed, with great fatigue and risk we surmounted these obstacles. We were also much harassed by the monstrous sharks that surrounded and attacked our canoe, and which we were obliged to drive off by firing at them.

We supported the torment of hunger with so much patience, as even to indulge in pleasantries relative to the various symptoms of our sufferings. In the meanwhile we continually watched, but still in vain, for the fort and river of Orange, and at six o'clock in the evening were again becalmed.

At three in the morning of the 8th, the wind freshening, we got under weigh. At one we were in sight of Fort Orange, which we doubled, intending not to go on shore until we got as far as Monte-Krick, as had been recommended to us; and were opposite the fort, at about a gun-shot from it, when we were saluted with several guns loaded with ball, and of a large calibre, which followed each other so rapidly, that we should inevitably have been sunk, had we not gone further out to sea. This severity made us afraid of again approaching the shore; but we have since learnt, it was merely intended

intended to make us hoist our flag, of which we had none.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sky lowered, the wind increased, and we sailed very fast; yet we could scarcely escape the swell of the sea, which drove us towards the shore. Our brave pilot hoped we should reach Monte-Krick before the storm, but we could not expect to weather it. We were now every moment in danger of being lost: Berwick steered towards the shore, and the instant we gained it, a heavy sea broke and upset us. It was low water, and we sunk in the mud; yet notwithstanding the exertions we were obliged to make to disengage ourselves, notwithstanding the dreadful storm that raged around us, we did not lose hold of our canoe, and even succeeded in setting her upon her bottom.

At length we got on shore, not knowing where we were, or whether it was possible for us to go along the coast as far as Fort Orange, from which we reckoned ourselves eight leagues; although, in reality, our distance was but four.

We were now worn out with hunger and fatigue; our ragged clothes were wet, and covered with mud, and we found no shelter but a wood, which was full of insects and reptiles. We had lost our arms and ammunition when the canoe was upset: night was coming on, and we heard nothing but the howling of tigers and the roaring of the sea. What a dreadful night! The winds raging, a deluge of rain falling, and accompanied with chilling cold. We were obliged to exert all our strength and labour throughout the night to keep hold of our canoe, which the waves continually washed away; and which, notwithstanding all our exertions, was much damaged. It will hardly be believed, that we still retained sufficient strength to persevere in these efforts, after having suffered so much fatigue during five days and nights, without food. We were all naked in the sea, struggling with the waves, which were thus

robbing us of our last hopes. Barthélemy, notwithstanding his infirmities, worked with the rest, and afforded an example of patience and courage during this dreadful night.

At day break on the 9th of June, which was the 6th day since our departure from Sinamary, we beheld each other with mutual compassion, half frozen with cold and almost ready to sink under our fatigues. We consoled ourselves by saying "*at least we shall not die in their hands.*"

Pichegru had saved his pipe and his utensils for lighting it, with which we contrived to make a fire and thus dried our clothes. At length the heavens became serene, but the wind continued to blow with violence.

We now laid ourselves down upon our bellies on the sand, unable to defend ourselves from the stings of insects and the bites of crabs. Fortunately le Tellier had taken so good care of his little stock of rum that half a bottle still remained : but our hearts were so depressed, that we had not strength to swallow, and only refreshed ourselves by washing our mouths and lips with these spirits.

During this day, (the 9th June) the heroic le Tellier had contrived a shelter for Barthélemy with branches of trees, and while the latter lay down to rest, or rather to faint, le Tellier, forgetting his own sufferings, drove away the insects with a light branch, particularly from the face and hands of his master. What an affectionate attachment ! what a glorious part did this worthy fellow act in alleviating our misfortunes !

At night the sky was again overcast, and we were obliged to work while the tide was in, to preserve our canoe, which we had no means of fastening. As the tigers approached very near us, we increased our fire ; and thus we passed the remainder of this night which was the second since we were cast on shore and the 7th of our escape.

At day-break on the 10th of June we perceived at a distance, a vessel, which Berwick discovered to be an English privateer.

We had sheltered ourselves under some trees, where we had formed a kind of hut, from which I went out at six in the morning, to examine the weather and our canoe. Having crawled a few steps, I perceived, about 200 paces from us, on the beach, two armed men, upon which I ran in, crying, "*I see men*;" all our party instantly rose up, and Berwick, though the most indisposed, on account of having been so severely stung in the woods of Sinamary, darted forward towards them, while we concealed ourselves, that our numbers might not alarm them. On seeing our poor Berwick, who scarcely retained the form of a human being, the two soldiers stopped and leveled their muskets at him, on which he fell upon his knees and raised his hands in a suppliant posture, at the same time crying out, making signs, and pointing to the canoe. The soldiers listened to him, and came towards him, and at the same time we all surrounded them. We soon found they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Monte-Krick, and Pichegru entering into conversation with them, learnt that we were but three leagues from that fort. These men had been sent on duty from Fort Orange, where they would not fail to give an account of the number and situation of the persons they had found cast away, and therefore we determined to depute two of our party to the commandant of the fort, to ask for succours and exhibit our passports, but at the same time concealing who we were.

We fixed upon Barthélemy and la Rue, whom we caused to drink the remainder of our rum before they set out. At the very time they arrived at Fort Orange, the commandant was dispatching a picquet of fifty men to fetch us away. Our ambassadors declared the object of our voyage, stating us to be merchants, and describing all the particulars of our being cast away, in conse-

quence of which we had lost all our provisions and effects; and, adding, that the bad state of our canoe, which was almost broken to pieces, would not admit of our putting to sea again after the storm. The commandant received them with great humanity, and having ordered them some victuals, sent workmen and negroes to repair our boat and assist in setting it afloat, and to search for our pretended merchandize. When we saw this troop, consisting of about twenty persons at a distance, we were very uneasy, till two of these workmen who spoke French had explained their orders, upon which, having shewed them the canoe, they drew it ashore and began to repair it with the greatest industry and skill.

At six in the evening Barthélemy and la Rue arrived; but they were so much overjoyed and so agitated, that they did not think of bringing us a bottle of water. We could scarcely believe that Barthélemy had strength enough remaining to perform a journey of eight leagues on these burning sands.

Our canoe being now repaired, and the sea having become smooth, we were desirous of immediately embarking; but were obliged to wait for the tide. In the mean while, the workmen, whom we recompensed as well as we could, and whom we were sorry to detain during the night, had orders not to leave us till they saw us at sea. Poor Berwick was growing worse, and as we were obliged to pass this night also amidst hostile insects, it might have proved the last of his life: for it must not be forgotten, that this worthy fellow, whose corporeal strength equaled his courage and generosity, had suffered cruel torments during the two days he had past in the woods of Sinamary, waiting for the appointed time of our expedition. We had now not an instant to lose, to save him who had preserved our lives.

At day-break, on the 11th June, Barthélemy, La Rue, Aubry, and Dossionville, set off along the coast towards

wards Monte-Krick, to procure food and lodgings for the poor shipwrecked merchants.

Some hours after their departure, and at high water, Pichegru, Willot, le Tellier, and myself, re-entered our canoe, which the workmen vigorously pushed off, and then took their leave of us; while Berwick, though almost dying, resumed the helm. A little before noon, we entered the small river of Monte-Krick, where we landed, while Berwick triumphed in our success, which he considered as the full reward of his kindness and generosity.

The commandant of the post at Monte-Krick had already received our companions with kindness, and had ordered us a spacious, clean, and comfortable room, by the side of the creek. What a moment of joy was that of our meeting in this happy place! Our friends had prepared for us two fowls, some rice, and bread, which, on this occasion, was watered with tears of pleasure and gratitude! We were alive! We had escaped our persecutors, the dangers of the waves, and the horrors of famine! In short, we were free!

Having taken a little nourishment, though with many precautions, we made fast our boat, which we cherished as if it had been an animated being, and towards which we felt both affection and gratitude.



AN  
**EXCURSION INTO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,**  
 DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1799.  
 IN  
**FOUR LETTERS TO A FRIEND.**

BY THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

LETTER II.\*

DEAR SIR,

**H**AVING in my last epistle delineated my route to *Sidmouth*; I now proceed to give you an account of this place and its vicinity.

The friend who had admitted us beneath his hospitable roof, possessed a spot remarkable for the nearness of its appearance and the felicity of its situation. I eagerly availed myself of the light of the ensuing day, to ascertain the nature of the place whither I had arrived amid the shades of midnight darkness. The house, I found, was inclosed by a garden, highly cultivated, abounding with fruit, and furnishing a prospect both of the ocean and of the surrounding country. At one of its extremities lay a summer house, into which we ascended by a flight of steps, and from which the sea burst upon the eye of the spectator with uncommon grandeur. Its hoarse resounding murmurs were even thence distinctly heard by the listening ear; and struck with the

\* It may be necessary to apprise the reader that another account of the *small pox*, at *Blanford*, prevails, viz. that the removal of the inhabitants into the open air was favourable to the disease, and thus operated to produce among the faculty a more *cool* treatment of it. Be this as it may, it is proper that *both* accounts should be mentioned. The reader will be pleased to correct, with his pen, a typographical error in the last letter—*hats*, for *hops*, in the article of Weyhill fair.

contemplation

contemplation of so immense a body of water, I was ready to exclaim with Thomson :

And, THOU, majestic main,  
A world of secret wonders in thyself,  
Sound *his* stupendous praise, whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall !

Instead of attempting to describe *Sidmouth* with my own pen, I will present you with an account obligingly drawn up by my friend, with which you will be much pleased. His residence at the place for many years, joined to the inquisitive turn of mind which he is known to possess, well fitted him for the delineation of the subject.

“ Sidmouth is seated at the bottom of the immense bay which is formed by the two noted head lands, Portland Point and the Start Point. It was, formerly, a place of considerable note, and possessed an ample harbour for shipping, and an extensive trade : but such have been the encroachments of the ever restless ocean upon this part of our coasts, that its port is now lost, and its trade annihilated. Different geographers, speaking of this place, tell us that its harbour is now choaked up by sand ; but this is palpably an inaccuracy, as the harbour was certainly *not* formed by any inlet of the sea, and consequently could not be filled up by the accumulation of marine substances. The fact is, the land to the westward of the town, formerly projected far beyond its present boundary into the sea, and probably formed a Bight-Bay, or natural pier, within which vessels sought refuge in time of danger. This supposition is the more plausible, as immense rocks are now seen at low water, stretching far from the point just mentioned, in a southern direction, and pointing out to the observing eye an eligible basis for the re-erection of such a work : nay, more, there are those who can recollect a chain of rocks similar to the very picturesque one which yet rears its head and defies the buffetings of the waves, which followed each

each other to the southward, till they were lost in the depths of the ocean. But though no trace of the port *now* remains, and even the remembrance of it is swept away by the tide of time, this is by no means the case with respect to the commerce and spirit of enterprise which once animated this place. Tradition tells us that the pilchard fishery, that immense source of national wealth, was once carried on to a great extent by the natives of Sidmouth: that its hardy sons, with every returning season, sought their finny stores, and pursued them along the coasts of Cornwall, round the Scilly Isles, and even up the northern shores of their native county. Unhappily two succeeding unfavourable seasons overtook them, their boats were all cast away, their crews overwhelmed in the ocean returned no more.—Where the bustle and gaiety of business had adorned every countenance with smiles, nothing was seen but sable weeds; nothing was heard but sighs and lamentations! The spirit which had animated this enterprising spot was quenched at once, and of all its former celebrity, nought remained but the apparatus in which its merchandize had been prepared for the market; the memory of what it once was, and the ecclesiastical records, which detail to future incumbents the plentiful tythe which their forerunners had collected from the deep.

“It ought not to be forgotten that this spirit of enterprise was not the consequence of their peculiar situation: it is said, that when no longer able to find refuge for their busy craft among their native rocks, the inhabitants of Sidmouth set on foot a liberal subscription, and with it erected the quay at Torquay, and hence their vessels, boats, and craft of every description, take shelter from the tempest there, in time of distress, without paying the customary port duties which are exacted of all others.

“At present, Sidmouth is only known as a place of resort for the valetudinary and the dissipated; and to each of

of these it presents attractions peculiarly inviting. Seated on the base of the two lofty mountains which form its charming vale, and closed up on the north by the Honiton hills, it presents its bosom only to the southern ray, and to the southern zephyr, and fanned by the pure breeze of the ocean alone, must, of course, be well calculated to redress the injury which filthy cities, crowded rooms, and mephitic vapours, entail upon mankind. In this respect Sidmouth claims a decided superiority over all its competitors for public resort. Here no filthy lagoons impregnate the atmosphere with poisonous miasma; no stagnant pools here putrify in the solar ray; wherever there is water, it flows, and constantly crossing the traveller's path, tempers the sultry gale, gives fresh verdure to the luxuriant herbage which fringes its tinkling course, cherishes the thousand plants and flowers with which every hedge-row is garnished, embalms the air, and revives the fainting energies of nature. The charming diversity for which Devon is famed, seems here to be collected into one point. Does the sated mind turn from the monotony of the ocean? In the vale behind it, every thing is rich, luxuriant, and variegated, calculated to awaken the softest and most tranquillizing emotions in the bosom: the trees are here seen flourishing, even to the water's edge, with a verdure and luxuriance which is elsewhere unknown. Along the banks of the Sid, which, bursting at once from beneath a mighty rock, meanders its three-mile-course to the ocean, we meet with all that beautiful variety of scenery which Fenelon so richly describes in his *Télémaque*, meadows embroidered with flowers, fields waving with corn, orchards laden with fruit; while every turn in its fantastic windings, presents us with the delicacies of the landscape in some new point of view, adds some fresh tuft of trees, some little murmuring water-fall, some straw thatch cottage to the picture. Upon the mountain, the half-suffocated victim of fashion and midnight orgies, breathes the pure ætherial atmosphere; and while  
his

his path is strewn with flowers, gazes upon nature in some of her most elegant attitudes, and catches at one glance an extent of prospect, a variety of scenery which is almost unrivalled. It has been debated to which of the adjacent summits the palm of excellence in this respect is due, but the point can alone be determined by the peculiar taste of the beholder. From the eastern high lands the vale of Sidmouth is certainly seen to the most advantage, the perspective is undoubtedly confined, but it teems with luxury. The ravished eye looks down upon a landscape stretched out like a carpet beneath it, which centres within itself as much picturesque beauty as is collected within an equal boundary in any country upon the earth. Here every thing necessary to an enchanting picture seems to be concentrated. Lands, rich and well cultivated, hedge-rows amply furnished with forest trees; mountains tipped with copse, bespotted with sheep; here glowing with the gilded blossoms of the furze, and there finely tinted with the numerous varieties of the heaths, which flourish on their slopes; the whole decorated, not with the frowning awe-commanding mansions of the great, but besprinkled with cottages, villages, and hamlets, with their white-washed spire peeping through the orchards that envelope and almost hide it from view. On the precipices which terminate either hill, the picture is uncommonly sublime and striking; from the eastern summit the eye ranges over a vast extent of country, and is only bounded at the distance of forty miles, by the rugged tors upon the forest of Dartmoor. Beneath we see the Halidown Hills, the Start Point, the Berry Head, Torbay, with its ever-shifting fleets; and in the cliffs we have "Pelion upon Ossa," and "Caucasus upon Pelion," in tremendous masses heaped upon each other. From the Peak we gaze upon the white cliffs of Albion (and here take our leave of them) the south-western coast of Dorset, the "Island Isle, which, like a bully, projects itself into the fort force), and seems to hurl defiance against the opposite shores.

shores. In Sidmouth itself we have nothing which is worth noticing, if we except the church tower, which is certainly a fine piece of masonry. The modern erections are many, among the rest there is an excellent inn, a large and convenient assembly room, billiard room and reading room. On the beach a gravel walk of about one third of a mile in length, has been constructed for the accommodation of the company ; the bathing is commodious, and, for the convenience of the infirm, warm salt water baths have also been erected. Here the naturalist may find an ample field of investigation. The hills abound with plants, many of which are rare. In the cliffs numerous spars of different kinds are to be collected : nor are the rocks deficient in materials for study and amusement. Beautiful specimens of the Pholen are found imbedded in the marly foundations of the hills ; and blocks of free-stone, which have been broken from the summits of the cliffs, abound with *Echinæ marinæ*, petrified coral, and many other productions of a similar description. In the basins, worn by the action of the waves in the rocks, elegant corallines abound ; and not unfrequently that singular production of nature the animal flower, vulgarly called the sea anemone."

From this entertaining account of Sidmouth, by my friend, you will have it in your power to form a satisfactory idea of the pleasing spot at which we were now arrived.

As I am particularly partial to the contemplation of the SEA, you will indulge me in a few reflections on my favourite subject.

The globe was originally distributed into land and water. The measure was wisely designed, and is appropriated to many important purposes. "The waters themselves," says Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, are an admirable work of God, and of infinite use to that part of the globe already surveyed ; and the prodigious variety and multitudes of curious and wonderful things observable in its inhabitants of all sorts, are an inexhaustible scene of the Creator's wisdom and power

The vast bulk of some, and prodigious minuteness of others, together with the incomparable contrivance and structure of the bodies of all; the provisions and supplies of food afforded to such an innumerable company of eaters, and that in an element unlikely, one would think, to afford any great store of supplies; the business of respiration performed in a way so different from, but equivalent to what is in land animals; the adjustment of the organs of vision to that element in which the animal liveth; the poise, the support, the motion of the body forwards with great swiftness, and upwards and downwards with great readiness and agility, and all without feet and hands, and ten thousand things besides; all these things lay before us a glorious and inexhaustible scene of the divine power, wisdom, and goodness."

What a number of curious articles are here brought together; to what an extent of meditation might such topics be applied!

The *saltness* of the sea has often excited my notice, and to many causes has this its extraordinary quality, been ascribed by the learned. Their opinions are thus briefly stated by an ingenious writer.

"Some think that rivers, imbibing somewhat of saltiness from bodies over which they flow, or which they carry to the sea, might in time, by leaving salts in the sea, render it salt; while others maintain that the sea was formerly saltier than at present, the influx of fresh water gradually affecting the ocean, a contradictory mode of reasoning from the former, but equally void of demonstration or plausibility. A third party hints at rocks of salt, fitly disposed to be dissolved by the waters (and such we know there are) while those who think the water was originally created salt, urge much in support of that sentiment. Probably its degree of saltiness was never very different from what we now find it; for it seems that though certain kind of fishes are adapted to fresh water, yet their numbers bear little proportion to those which constantly inhabit salt-water, and

and cannot exist out of it. Now if these fishes possessed at first the same natures as they do at present, their element was, of necessity salt. This question seems therefore decided, without enquiring how the saltiness of the sea is appointed to prevent its putrefaction? for in small quantities, at least salt-water, the most strongly will putrify; and those who have been long becalmed in sultry regions, have but witnessed a similar disposition in the ocean itself. Nevertheless this is no putrid disposition in the water, but in that immense quantity of animal particles, which in so many ages have replenished the ocean. As to the degree of *saltiness* in the sea, it varies in the same places at different seasons, sometimes at different depths, but in general it is found saltest where the sun is vertical and where the water suffers the severest heat."

We are also assured by philosophers, that the sea-water around *the shores of Britain*, contains about *one-twenty-eighth*, or *one-thirtieth* of sea-salt, and about *one-eightieth* of magnesia salt.

After the enumeration of these particulars relative to the sea, you will permit me just to call your attention to two writers, who with peculiar beauty have dwelt on this subject.

Dr. James Fordyce thus expresses himself in his *View of the Sea*, and the passage was forcibly suggested to my mind, when contemplating the same grand object at Sidmouth.

"In this place of security," says that elegant writer, "I view unaffrighted, though not unawed, the majestic ocean, spread out before me. Stupendous image of thy power, Omnipotent Creator! nor less of thy benevolence, Universal Parent! Was it not formed by thee to unite in bonds of mutual intercourse, thy wide extended family of mankind; to carry through various and distant nations the respective productions and discoveries of each, to relieve or diminish their mutual wants, and



disseminate the blessings of religion and humanity unto the ends of the earth ? But who can number the tribes or tell the diversity of living creatures with which thou hast replenished this mighty receptacle of waters, fitting all to enjoy their native element, and many to supply a rich and wholesome nourishment for man ? May he receive it with thanksgiving as one of those benefits that, when placed within his power, were intended to employ his industry and strengthen him for thy service ? Nor would I forget to acknowledge that benignant Providence which hath, in so many other ways, rendered the same element conducive to health and comfort, by furnishing stores of salt to season and preserve our food, by refreshing the adjacent coasts with salutary breezes, by invigorating the weak and restoring the diseased, that bathe in its briny waves !”

You will perceive that these observations are much the same as those suggested by Durham, only expressed in more elegant language, and sublimed by the fervor of devotion.

The other writer to whom I alluded, as having dwelt with peculiar beauty on this subject, is the late Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who, by a reference to the SEA, thus strikingly illustrates the character of the Deity : “Your fear of God is excessive. The cause of this *dread* is a partial knowledge of God. Recollect what I said to you sometime ago, concerning knowing only *part* of a *subject*. This is your case : you have attended to the *judgments* of God—to his *threatenings* against the wicked ; and to that punishment which awaits them in another state ; but you have not turned your attention to the *MERCY* of God expressed in his promises, and in his dispensations of goodness to others in your condition. Suppose I could take a person, one who had never seen the SEA, and carry him in an instant to the sea-side, and set him down there ; and suppose the sea, at that instant, to be in a storm ; the great black and dismal clouds

clouds rolling, thunders bellowing, lightnings flashing, the winds roaring, the sea dashing, ten thousand watery mountains one against the other—the beach covered with shattered timber and cordage, merchandizes and corpses; this man would instantly conceive a dreadful idea of the sea, and would shudder and shriek, and fly for his life! It would be hard to give this man a pleasant notion of the sea, especially if he had been well informed that several of his relations and friends had perished in the tempest; yet this man would have but *half* a right notion of the sea. For could he be prevailed upon to go down to the beach a few days after—the heavens would smile, the air be serene, the water smooth, the seamen whistling and singing; here a vessel of trade sailing before the wind, there a fleet of men of war coming into harbour; yonder, pleasure boats basking in the sun, the flute making melody to the breeze; the company, even the softer sex, enjoying themselves without fear: this man would form the *other half-notion* of the SEA, and the *two put together*, would be the *just* and *true* idea of it.” Apply this to our subject.

You will readily join with me in admiring the appropriateness of this illustration, since you have often regretted to me that religion should ever be clothed in the sable garb of melancholy; for TRUE RELIGION is the adoration of that great and wonderful being, by whose extensive operations the felicity of the whole intelligent creation will be ultimately accomplished.

Wandering one day on the beach, early in the morning, I met with an aged fisherman, seated under the cliff of a rock, and employed (like James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, of old) in mending his nets. I entered into conversation with him, and learnt from him many things with which I was previously unacquainted. Among other particulars, he told me, that these coasts had, of late years, been in a measure, de-

serted by the finny tribe. For this fact no satisfactory reasons could be assigned. This spirit of emigration, by no means uncommon, at present, amongst the human species, has, it seems, seized the picatory race; nor is it yet ascertained to what shores they have betaken themselves. I gave this son of misfortune a trifle, for which he appeared extremely grateful. Indeed I pitied the poor old man, who lamented the desertion, as it had been the occasion of narrowing the means of his subsistence. On his brow was indented many a furrow, and his physiognomy assured me that he had, oftentimes, borne the "the pitiless pelting of the storm!"

Mackarel, however, are caught here in abundance. I saw a draught brought ashore one evening, and poured from the net into a large basket. I was struck with their appearance, and handled them, for their colours were beautiful beyond expression. The silvery white was shaded by purple dyes, and the quivering agonies of dissolution produced a thousand variations, marked by the most exquisite delicacy. Upon my return from this scene, I found the band belonging to the Sidmouth volunteers playing on the beach, which, combined with the murmurs of the "wide weltering waves," generated the most pleasing sensations. The company were parading backwards and forwards—the sun rapidly setting in the west, while, by the approaching shades of darkness, we were admonished that day was closing upon us, and the empire of night about to be resumed. Indeed at that instant, to adopt the language of a celebrated female author—"I contemplated all nature at rest; the rocks, even grown darker in their appearance, looked as if they partook of the general repose, and reclined more heavily on their foundations."

The chief purport of my visit to Sidmouth, was to enjoy the company of a valuable friend, who, on account of indisposition, had been obliged to quit the metropolis, and chose to retire into this sequestered  
part

part of the country. *Him*, and his *amiable family* I found embosomed in a vale, which, for the softness of its air and the richness of its prospect, was delightful beyond expression. Their mansion was neat and commodious; their view on the left extended towards the sea, and on the right was terminated by a rising hill, whilst the declivity of the opposite mountain, intersected by inclosures, and spotted with sheep, imparted a most picturesque scene to the eye of the beholder. Near the foot of the door ran a rivulet; which, by its pleasing murmurs soothed the ear, and by its transparency gratified the imagination. About the distance of two fields above the mansion, the sea beautifully unfolded itself to view between the hills, and vessels were constantly appearing and disappearing, not wholly unlike the objects passing through a magic lantern; though certainly the scene had no connection with the ludicrous, nor were the objects transmitted with equal rapidity. At the top of the hill was an ancient *encampment*; but whether of Roman or Danish origin cannot be ascertained with certainty. There is no doubt, however, that these coasts were frequently infested by the enemy in the earlier periods of British history. From this eminence we looked down on the other side into the little village of *Sidbury*, and its clustered cottages suggested to the mind those flattering images of felicity which we usually connect with harmless rusticity.

My principal abode was at the house of my friend. Thence we often sallied forth to survey the adjacent prospects; but the weather was by no means favourable to our excursions. One fine day, however, we ascended the opposite hill, clambering up its side with difficulty. But its summit amply recompensed the toil which we had endured. Though totally unaccustomed to the art of drawing, yet seating myself upon a hillock, I was tempted to take a rough sketch of the cottage we had left, and of the hills with which it was surrounded. The whole

whole scene before me might be likened to the representation of a *camera obscura*, where the reflected images of objects are exhibited with neatness and accuracy. In our wanderings onward, we stooped down and plucked many a ripe *whortle-berry* from amidst the prickly furze which covered the ground, and the gathering of which affords to many poor persons the means of maintenance. We at length came to the brow of the hill, and stopping at the *beacon*, we, for some time, surveyed with astonishment the divine prospect which burst upon us from every quarter of the horizon ! Nor could it be pronounced altogether unlike the eminence whither Adam was led by the archangel Michael, to shew him what lay hid in the dark womb of futurity :

————— A hill,  
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,  
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.

Before us, was stretched the wide extended ocean, where, could our vision have been sufficiently invigorated, we should have spied the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney, together with the opposite coasts of France. On the left lay Sidmouth, whose venerable tower alone was visible to us, and beyond projected the Portland Isle, reminding me of the unfortunate *Halfe-well East Indiaman*, whose fate is fresh in every mind. Behind, was seen a fine extent of country, from the centre of which the smoke of Exeter ascended—thus enabling me to ascertain the spot in which the western metropolis was situated. Beneath us was a beautiful wood, whose embrowned appearance imparted peculiar solemnity ; and it seemed, indeed, fitted for our Druidical ancestors, who were enthusiastically attached to these sylvan recesses. On the right, at the extremity of our prospect, *TORBAY* presented itself ; and we could plainly descry the little rock by which its entrance is particularly characterised.

This

This charming group of objects, which from this eminence filled the eye and exhilarated the heart, I was unwilling to relinquish ; it was the finest sight that I had ever beheld, combining the sublime and beautiful in perfection ! Descending from this point, therefore, with lingering step, I stole many a farewell look, feeling, in a degree, the reproach suggested in the words of the poet—

O ! how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields !  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields !  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of Even !  
All that the mountain's shelt'ring bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heav'n,  
O ! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiv'n ?

The view of TORBAY naturally called up to my mind the glorious revolution of 1688 ; for *there* the hero WILLIAM, with his followers, landed November the 5th, a day ever to be revered in the annals of British history ! The arrival of our illustrious deliverer chased away the shades of popery and arbitrary power, which were at that period thickening fast around the inhabitants of this highly favoured island. *James* was a brutal bigot, and had justly forfeited the love and esteem of his subjects. But this great event is fully detailed in all our histories. With its critical commencement, its pacific progress, and its happy termination, you are well acquainted. The many valuable improvements introduced at that time into the *British constitution*, rendered it the object of admiration to the surrounding nations. Indeed the emendations which it then received, cannot be sufficiently estimated ; and the memory of those individuals who hazarded their lives and fortunes in that grand patriotic undertaking, stands endeared to posterity.

Hail.

Hail, sacred polity, by freedom rear'd!  
 Hail, sacred freedom, when by law restrain'd!  
 Without you, what were man? a groveling herd,  
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.  
 Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd  
 In arts unrival'd: O! to latest days  
 In ALBION, may your influence, unprofan'd,  
 To god-like worth the gen'rous bosom raise,  
 And prompt the sage's lore and fire the poet's lays!

There were several curious medals devised to perpetuate this stupendous descent. The most expressive that I have seen is the following. On one side is a bust of the Prince, with this inscription, *William III. by the grace of God, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Orange and West Friesland*; and, about the edges, *Non rapit Imperium is, sed tua Receptit*—HE DOES NOT SEIZE YOUR EMPIRE BUT RECEIVES IT. On the reverse is a fleet, and the Prince on horseback, drawing up his landed troops. You have also, in the back ground, a female prostrate upon the earth, holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other, hereby shewing that justice was oppressed and trampled upon in England. A hero advancing towards her, relieves her—whilst above you read these words, *terras Astrea revisit*, —ASTREA REVISITS THE EARTH!

History informs us, that WILLIAM embarked at *Helvoersluys*, in Holland, on the *first* of November, 1688, the trumpets sounding, the hautboys playing, the soldiers and seamen shouting; and a crowd of spectators on the shore, breathing forth their good wishes after him. The usual signal being given, the fleet, commanded by Admiral Herbert, weighed anchor with all possible diligence, being divided into *three* squadrons, on board of which were about 14,000 troops, of divers nations: the *red flag* was for the *English* and *Scotch*, commanded by Major General Mackay; the *white* for his Highness's guards and *Brandenburghers*, under the command

command of Count Solms ; and the *blue* for the *Dutch* and *French*, under the Count of Nassau. On the 3d of November, being got within the North Foreland, and the wind favourable at east, they made all the sail they could, steering a channel course. The Prince, who led the van, tacked about to see the rear well come up, and, having called a council of war between Dover and Calais, he ordered that his own standard should be set up, and that the fleet should close up in a body ; his Highness, with three men of war to attend him, one at some distance before the ship he was in, and one on each side of him, sailed forwards before the fleet. Next sailed the transports, victuallers, and tenders, with their decks covered with officers and soldiers ; and the main body of the men of war brought up the rear, ready to receive the enemy, if, as it was expected, they had attempted to disturb their passage. On the 4th of November, being Sunday, and the auspicious birth-day of the Prince, most people were of opinion that he would land either in the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, or somewhere in that quarter. But herein they were mistaken, for they continued sailing onwards ; passing by Dartmouth, the weather grew hazy, so that they overshot TORBAY, where the Prince designed to land. The weather, however, clearing up about nine, and the wind almost miraculously changing to the W. S. W. this gave them *entrance into the BAY*, for as soon as they were got in, and when it had executed its commission, it returned again to the same quarter, it was before they wanted it. The people of Devonshire having discovered the fleet, flocked to the shore, not to oppose the Prince's landing, but to welcome their deliverer with loud acclamations !

An anecdote was told me, relative to the landing of William, by a gentleman with whom I had the pleasure of dining in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth. It is handed down in the family from his ancestors, who took an active part on this grand occasion. A Mr. John Duke,



Duke, of Otterton, a man of considerable wealth and influence in that part of the country, joined the hero, on his arrival at Torbay. Being introduced into his presence, William immediately asked him to favour him with his name; he replied, with a timid hesitation, *John—DUKE of Otterton*. The Prince expressed his surprize, and taking out a list of the nobility from his pocket, which he had been led to suppose was correct, he looked over it, and then declared that no such *Duke* was to be found there! The gentleman, however, soon obviated the difficulty, by repeating his name with an accelerated pronounciation, *John Duke—of Otterton*. Every embarrassment being thus removed, William smiled at the mistake, and embraced him with joy.

At present **TORBAY** is a famous rendezvous for our fleets, and its little village *Brixham* (where it is said the *very stone* on which **WILLIAM** first stepped ashore is still preserved) can boast of many vessels which trade in its fishery.

You will not, my good friend, censure me for this digression. Could I have contemplated, though at some distance, this famous spot, without such feelings, you might have justly accused me of a want of sensibility. An indifference to the momentous events of our own history, particularly, events in which the welfare and happiness of our fellow creatures were deeply involved, is not enjoined upon us either by the dictates of reason or by the injunctions of revelation. “To abstract the mind from all *local emotion*,” says the great Dr. Johnson, “would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery,

bravery, or virtue. That *man* is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona* !"

After a fortnight's stay in this part of Devonshire, I with *real regret*, bid my friend, and his family, an adieu ; for in many respects they reminded me of the happy group delineated by Thomson, and who are said to have been blessed with,

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue and approving heaven.

My next letter will embrace *Exeter*, *Honiton*, and *Taunton*. That you may, however, be relieved from this long, and perhaps tedious narrative, I hasten, my worthy friend, to subscribe myself,

Yours, respectfully.

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## SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

*MANNERS AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HOGS,*

DURING THE TIME OF THEIR AUTUMNAL  
RESIDENCE IN THE WOODS.

[From Gilpin's Remarks on Forest Scenery.]

**T**HE first step the swineherd takes is, to investigate some close sheltered part of the forest, where there is a conveniency of water, and plenty of *oak* or *beech mast* ; the former of which he prefers, when he can have it in abundance. He next fixes on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a light circular fence, of the dimensions he wants, and

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covering

covering it roughly with boughs and fods, he fills it plentifully with straw or fern.

Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers; with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head, and will get together a herd of FIVE OR SIX HUNDRED HOGS. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper of acorns or beech mast, which he had already provided, *sounding his horn during the repast*. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

The next morning he lets them look a little around them, shows them the pool or stream, where they may occasionally drink, leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal, and as the evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast, under the neighbouring trees, which rain acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep.

The following day he is, perhaps, at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on the evening hours. But as their bellies are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring, commonly, very orderly and early to bed.

After this, he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves, and from henceforward has little more trouble with them during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when mast falls sparingly, he calls them, perhaps, together, by the music of his horn, to a gratuitous meal; but, in general, they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, though *they often wander in the day, two or three miles from their sty*. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and can instruct their juniors in the method

method of it ! By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners in such condition, that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

## CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR,

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's  
Calendar of Nature.*

## CALENDAR OF NATURE.

### OCTOBER.

— The fading many-colour'd wood,  
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round  
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To sooty dark.

ANON.

1. **C**HIEF business of nature, at this season, with respect to the vegetable world is *diffemination*, for the seeds are now to be deposited in the fostering bosom of the earth. 2. The parent vegetable, if *herbaceous*, either totally perishes, or dies down to the root ; if a *tree* or *shrub*, casts away all its tender leaves. 3. Seeds scattered in various manners, some by the *winds*, which, therefore, most generally, to be met with, as dandelion, groundsel, rag-wort, thistles, &c. others by hooks, catching hold on animals passing, as common *burs* ; some thrown abroad by an elastic spring, as the touch-me-not, and cuckoo flower ; others eaten by birds and discharged, uninjured, by them, flying. 4. Gloom of the declining year enlivened by the rich and bright colours of *fading* leaves, to some more interesting than

the blossoms of spring or the radiance and verdure of summer :

Those virgin leaves, of purest vivid green,  
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,  
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay ;  
The lime first fading, and the golden beech,  
With bark of silver hue ; the moss-grown oak,  
Tenacious of its leaves of russet-brown,  
Th' ensanguin'd dog-wood, and a thousand tints,  
Which Flora dress'd in all her pride of bloom,  
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves.

5. Ripened berries in a great variety adorn the hedges, as the hip, the haw, the sloe, the black-berry, and the berries of the bryony, privet, honey-suckle, elder, holly, and woody night-shade. 6. These a valuable supply for birds in cold weather, and Lord Bacon says they are most plentiful when the ensuing winter is to be most severe. 7. The swallow, which builds its nest under the eaves of houses, disappears ; then the sand-martin, the smallest kind of swallow, and latest in migration. 8. The royston, or hooded-crow, bred in the north, now migrates to the southern districts, next to the raven for destruction, so that in Scotland a reward is offered for its head. 9. Woodcock begins to appear, and water-fowl arise from their arctic summer residence, to winter on the shores of Britain. 10. The amusements of rooks, in the evening, now curious ; a pleasing murmur, not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in deep hollow woods, or the tumbling of the tide on a pebbly shore. Stares also begin to congregate in the fens, destroying the reeds. 11. Ground covered with spiders, weaving *gossamer*. 12. A remarkable shower of *gossamer* mentioned in White's Natural History. 13. Fogs thick and frequent, because the cold air condenses the vapour rising from the warm earth. 14. This month the height of the hunting season—the weather being suitable and the products of the earth housed :

All now is free as air, and the gay pack  
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;  
 No widow's tears o'erflow; no secret curse  
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips,  
 Trembl'ing, conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:  
 But courteous now, he levels ev'ry fence,  
 Joins in the ceremony, and holloos loud,  
 Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.

SOMERVILLE.

15. Bee-hives despoiled of their honey. 16. In the wine countries of Europe the vintage now takes place. 17. This month, on account of its mild temperature, chosen for brewing malt liquor, designed for long keeping, therefore called *old October*. 18. The *decoy* business begins in the marsh lands of Lincolnshire. 19. London market supplied from thence, particularly from the ten *decoys* near Wainfleet, which have been known to send to the metropolis, in a single season, 31,200 ducks, teals, and widgeons. 20. The farmer continues to sow corn, but not wheat, till the end of it; acorns sown, forest and fruit trees planted; a few flowers still cheer the eye, a second blow of some kinds, particularly the *woodbine*, but the scent of all these very faint; but the GREEN HOUSE forming a beautiful contrast with the nakedness of the fields and garden, is, at this period, in high perfection.

## NARRATIVE

OF

MR. JOHNSON,

WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS  
IN 1790.*[From the Duke de la Rochefoucault's Travels through  
North America.]*

**M**R. Johnson, inhabitant and merchant of Richmond, in Virginia, found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Kentucky; there to receive certain sums of money, due to his father, who was recently dead; and to examine some witnesses before the supreme court of the state of Virginia. Having made the same tour the preceding year, he set out accordingly from Richmond, in the beginning of the month of March 1790, and proceeded with his friend, Mr. May, a great landholder in Kentucky, and an inhabitant of Petersburg, to Kecklar's Station, in Virginia, on the banks of the Great Kanaway. They found there James Skuyl, a merchant, of Great Brayer-court-house, in Virginia, who was carrying a large quantity of merchandise to Kentucky. They jointly purchased one of the vessels, which, as they are intended merely to descend the Ohio, and are not built to remount it, have no more durability than is required for that purpose, and are, consequently, sold at a cheap rate. They are large flat-bottomed vessels, without any deck; and are sold in Limestone for the value of their timber.

Having embarked on board this vessel with their merchandise and stores, they descended the river, working the vessel themselves. During the whole passage of two hundred and ninety-five miles thence to Limestone, nothing is required but to keep the vessel in the middle of the stream, which is sufficiently rapid to carry her down, without the least assistance from rowing. At the confluence

fluence of the Kanhaway with the Ohio, at Point Pleasant, they found three other travellers, who were waiting for an opportunity to proceed on the same journey; namely, William Phlyn, of Point Pleasant, a petty tradesman, who was in the habit of travelling to Kentucky; and Dolly and Peggy Flemming, likewise of Point Pleasant, who intended to proceed to Kentucky, under the protection of Phlyn, a relation of theirs, and to settle in that place. They were, all of them, fully aware that the navigation of the Ohio is not exempt from danger; but they also knew, that instances of the Indians attacking a vessel in the midst of the stream are very rare, and that an attack on a vessel, with six persons on board, was altogether unprecedented.

They had sailed one hundred and six miles; it was five o'clock in the morning: they were near the confluence of the Sciota, and had a fair prospect of reaching Limestone the next morning, by day-break. Passing on with this expectation, they heard dreadful shrieks, proceeding from two men, who spoke English, and told them, in the most affecting tone of grief, that they had been taken prisoners by the Indians, and had made their escape, but feared to fall again into their hands. They had not eaten any thing for these four days past, and entreated, if they could not be taken on board, to be at least supplied with some provision, and thus saved from the unavoidable danger of perishing through hunger. The first and immediate sentiment of all the passengers, impelled them to succour these unfortunate persons: but a little consideration excited strong apprehensions in some of them, lest the assistance which they might afford these persons should throw themselves into the hands of the Indians.

The two unfortunate men followed the vessel along the shore, as she was carried onwards by the current. Their mournful lamentations, their screams, and expressions of agonizing anguish and despair, still increasing, William Phlyn, who derived some kind of authority



city from his being accustomed to this passage, and in the habit of frequenting Kentucky, proposed, that he would go alone, and carry bread to the unfortunate sufferers, if his companions would land him on shore. He contended, that he should discern the Indians from afar, if they made their appearance; that, in this case, the vessel might easily regain the middle of the stream; and that he would make the journey to Limestone on foot, without falling into the hands of the Indians. It would have been extremely hard to oppose this proposal, which was seconded by the two women, and by James Skuyl. Mr. Johnson and Mr. May, therefore, yielded, rather out of weakness, than from any hearty approbation of the measure. They steered towards the shore, where the two sufferers were dragging themselves along, as if tormented by the most excruciating pains. Why is it that humanity and candour must so frequently fall victims to artifice and fraud? The two men were two traitors, suborned by the Indians to decoy the vessel to the shore. The Indians followed them, at some distance, constantly concealing themselves behind trees. The moment the vessel reached the shore, they burst forth, about twenty-five or thirty in number, raised a dreadful howl, and fired on the passengers. Two of them were killed by the first firing, and the rest, in equal astonishment and terror, endeavoured to regain the middle of the stream: but being too near the shore, and their activity and dexterity being severely checked by the proximity of the impending danger, they made but little way. The two persons killed were Mr. May and Dolly Fleming. The Indians continued to fire. James Skuyl was wounded, and two horses, which were on board, were killed. All this increased the terror of the three travellers, who were yet able to work, and impaired their exertions. The fury of the Indians increased in proportion to their hope of success. Some threw themselves into the river, and swam towards the ship; those who remained on shore, threatened

threatened to fire on the passengers, if they should make the least resistance, and kept their pieces constantly levelled at them. The swimmers brought the ship accordingly on shore; and the unfortunate Americans were obliged to land under the continued howl of the Indians, which, however, were no longer the accents of rage, but shouts of joy, on account of the seizure of their prey.

The articles found in the ship were carried to the fire, as well as the two unfortunate persons who had been shot. The latter were completely stripped of their clothes, scalped on the spot, and thrown into the river. The scalps were dried by the fire, to increase the trophies of the tribe.

The Indians were now near seventy in number, among whom were about a dozen women. Their leader assembled them around the fire, and, holding the tomahawk in his hand, addressed them in a speech, which lasted about an hour, and which he delivered with great ease and fluency of expression, with gestures, and in a tone of enthusiasm, looking frequently up to heaven, or casting down his eyes on the ground, and pointing now to the prisoners, now to the river. Almost at every phrase the Indians, who listened to him with the utmost attention, expressed their approbation and applause with accents of deep, mournful exclamation. The booty was divided among the different tribes which shared in this enterprise. The tribe of the Shawanese, being the most numerous, and that to which the leader belonged, received three prisoners, and William Phlyn fell to the share of the other tribe, the Cherokees. Every prisoner was given to the charge of an Indian, who was answerable for his person. Although thus distributed, the prisoners remained together, and neglected not to improve the liberty allowed them, conversing with each other without constraint.

The two men, who, by their lamentations, had decoyed them on shore, now rejoined the Indians. Their  
wretched

wretched victims poured forth against them severe reproaches, though they were somewhat softened by the fear of being overheard by the Indians. They pleaded necessity, and that they had been ordered, on pain of death, to act as they did. By their accounts, they were inhabitants of Kentucky, surprised by the Indians six months before, in their own habitations; and had, already, several times, been employed in similar treachery. The stores found on board the vessel, served the Indians for their meals, in which they generously allowed the prisoners to partake. Night coming on, every one lay down to rest, under the trees. The prisoners were surrounded by the tribes to which they respectively belonged, and singly guarded by the Indian who had the charge of them. Peggy Fleming, who was never left by her guards, was, this night in particular, surrounded by women. Mr. Johnson was tied by the elbows; and the ends of the ropes were fastened to trees, which stood far asunder, so that it was altogether impossible for him to lie down. Yet this was not deemed sufficient. Another rope, fastened to a tree, was tied round his neck, and from it a rattle was suspended, which, if he had made the least motion, would have awakened the whole troop. The rest were treated nearly in the same manner. The two white spies enjoyed the most perfect liberty. Some Indians were stationed at certain distances, around the party, to observe what was passing in the surrounding country.

Early in the morning the prisoners were unbound, and suffered to enjoy the same liberty as on the preceding day. About ten o'clock the Indians, who were posted along the banks of the Ohio, reported, that a vessel was dropping down the river. The prisoners were ordered to join the other two, who yesterday beguiled their prey, and to exert their utmost efforts to decoy the passengers in the ship on shore. It is easy to conceive that the horror which they felt, on receiving these orders, was strongly combated by the fear of instant

instant death, with which they were threatened, in case of disobedience and refusal: they were, therefore, under the necessity of joining the other two white men. Mr. Johnson, however, though compelled, for the preservation of his own life, to pretend to do like the others, firmly determined not to make himself guilty of occasioning the slavery, or probable death, of the unfortunate passengers on board, by any voluntary action on his part; and, consequently, neither to make the smallest gesture, nor to speak a word: and well might he spare himself this trouble. His companions exerted themselves to the utmost, to excite the compassion of the passengers on board, who, without the least hesitation, stood in towards the shore, to succour and rescue from slavery those whom they thought unfortunate captives. Scarcely had they approached within a small distance of the shore, when the Indians, who, as on the preceding day, had stolen along behind the bushes, hastened up, fired, and shot the six persons on board. Shouts of victory succeeded to the howls of barbarous rage. The vessel was hauled on shore; and two of the ill-fated passengers, who were not yet dead, were immediately dispatched with the tomahawk. The six scalps were torn off and dried, and the booty was divided, but with fewer formalities than on the preceding day. Soon after the scouts made signals, that three other vessels were in sight: the same stratagem was employed, but for this time, in vain. The families on board, which were proceeding to Kentucky, did not appear to make any attempt to deviate from their course, but, on the contrary, pursued it with redoubled activity. The Indians fired at the vessels, but from the breadth of the Ohio, which, in this place, is almost a mile, the balls took no effect: yet the passengers were panic struck. Of the three vessels, which they occupied with their cattle, they deserted two, and joined all in one; believing that they might thus proceed faster, and.

and more certainly make their escape. The other two vessels they abandoned to the stream. This measure inspired the Indians with a hope of seizing them, which they would never have attempted, if the passengers, without leaving these two vessels, had stedfastly pursued their course. The Indians, who, in all their enterprises, were rather animated by a thirst for plunder, than by real courage, never venture upon an attack, without being convinced that they are superior in strength; a conviction which they do not readily admit. Inspired by their number, by the obvious panic of their enemies, and by the separation of their means of defence, they resolved on pursuing them. Having on the preceding day captured two vessels, they went on board, embarked their prisoners, and, with all possible speed, pursued the flying ship. The two vessels which had been abandoned to the stream, soon fell into their hands; but, not satisfied with their capture, they were bent upon taking the third, which they pursued with redoubled exertion, raising dreadful howls, and discharging all their pieces; but their fire proved as ineffectual as their other exertions. The fugitive vessel having gained considerably the start of them, approached a spot where the Indians feared to encounter new enemies. They were, accordingly, obliged to relinquish their design, and to content themselves with the rich booty which had already fallen into their hands. They brought every thing on shore, and, without distributing the whole, fell eagerly on some casks of whisky. They drank so largely, that all of them were soon intoxicated. Six or seven, to whom was committed the charge of guarding the booty, and who had been ordered at the beginning of these Bacchanalian revels, to drink with moderation, retained alone the use of their senses. All the rest lay buried in a profound sleep; and, among them, the leader of the party and the guards of the prisoners. Mr. Johnson's mind was too deeply affected by his

his dreadful situation to share in this disgusting banquet. Totally absorbed in the contemplation of the dangers and miseries that awaited him, and eagerly desirous of warding them off, if possible, he conceived that the profound sleep of all the Indians around him might afford the means of escape, and communicated his idea to James Skuyl, who was lying by his side. The vessels were fastened to stakes along the shore, at a small distance from them: the success of their enterprise depended merely on their stealing thither unobserved, throwing themselves into the first vessel they should find, the night being very dark, and abandon her to the stream. Success appeared as certain, if they could reach the vessels, as instant death, on the other hand, if they were apprehended.

The last words of this conversation were uttered in a voice so very low, that it was impossible to conceive they should have been understood by an Indian, who lay at a considerable distance, though he were even possessed of a knowledge of the English tongue; yet he arose, and tied them in the same manner as the preceding night, without showing, however, the least passion, nay, without speaking a word.

Thus the pleasing hopes of the two prisoners were blasted on a sudden, and converted into renewed despair.

At break of day the surrounding troop awoke; they were untied; and this day, the third of their captivity, was spent in continual revels, kept up with the whisky, which had been left the preceding day. The leader, probably from an opinion that this expedition had already proved sufficiently productive, proclaimed his will on the next following day, that it should be closed; and the different tribes, which had taken a share in it, set out on their way home. They all inhabited the neighbourhood of the lakes Ontario and Erie. The leader of the most numerous tribe was a Shawanese; the rest

were Lower Creeks, Wyandats, Mingoes, Othenwages, Delawares, Ottawas, Chepawas, and Cherokees.

Mr. Johnson, with James Skuyl, being compelled to accompany the Shawanese on their return, often experienced much brutal treatment; Mr. Johnson was sold by them to a chief of the Mingoes; but falling in soon after with the same tribe of the Shawanese, who were the stronger party, he was violently torn from his new masters, and "re-plunged into his former anxiety and misery."

His situation appeared to him the more desperate, as a French merchant of Canada, who, being informed by the Indians that the Shawanese had a white prisoner with them, came to redeem him, but had met with a refusal from the chief, who told him, that he meant to lead him, with the other booty, in triumph through his town. The merchant promised Mr. Johnson to renew his application the next morning, but the latter had renounced all hope. The merchant actually came the next morning according to his promise, at the time of the arrival of the prisoner, and made several trifling bargains with the Indians: but all his applications concerning Johnson were in vain. An event, with which his most sanguine hopes could not have flattered him, soon took place. The Shawanese, proceeding on their journey, met an Indian with a horse loaded with whisky; part of the booty was quickly exchanged for some barrels: The next morning the remainder of the booty went the same way, and on the following day they paid the Indian for what whisky he had left, in horses, which they had brought with them from the banks of the Ohio. The Shawanese passed six days in a state of continual intoxication, and continued drinking until they had nothing left to drink. Ashamed to return to their tribe without any trophies, but one single prisoner, they determined on another expedition, in which

which Mr. Johnson was to co-operate. Yet, on mature deliberation, they found it still more adviseable to sell the prisoner, in order to be able to drink whisky, and drink it largely, previously to their taking the field again. The expression of vehemence and savageness in their faces, which was heightened by the fumes of whisky, not yet altogether evaporated, greatly increased Mr. Johnson's uneasiness during these debates. It was in vain his woe-worn mind endeavoured to find out their object, when the following morning he was called to the two chiefs, who ordered him to mount a horse and push on with them as fast as he could. He now imagined his last hour was come, but this time his fear was not of long duration. The place whither he was conducted was not above five miles distant; it was the habitation of Mr. Duchoquet, the merchant whom he had already seen. After some glasses of whisky had been drunk, the bargain was soon struck; six hundred small silver shirt-buckles, such as the common people wear, constituted the ransom, amounting to twenty-five louis d'or.

At the beginning of June, Mr. Duchoquet set out with his guest on his journey to Canada. Lake Erie was but fifty miles distant. They embarked there for Detroit, where Mr. Duchoquet resides, and arrived there on the 13th of June.

The English governor ordered Mr. Johnson to be conveyed across Lake Erie, in a king's yacht. Thence he went in another vessel to the celebrated cataraict of Niagara, to conceive an adequate idea of which, is beyond the powers of human fancy. From this stupendous water-fall he proceeded in a boat along the banks of Lake Ontario, and thence on the river Oswego to Albany, New York, and Virginia, where, having been afflicted six weeks by fate, savages, and musquitoes, he rejoined his family, whom he had utterly despaired of ever seeing again; happy that so many sufferings terminated in this fortunate but unexpected event.



AN  
ORATION,  
DELIVERED IN A PRIVATE SOCIETY,  
ON THE QUESTION;  
*Which imparts most Happiness to Man—*  
HOPE OR FRUITION?

Man never *is*, but always *to be* BLEST.

POPE.

**I**T has often been questioned, Whether expectation or fruition imparts the greatest pleasure to the human breast? To this question we can all speak from our own experience. None of us can have lived, even a few years in this world, without having often indulged hopes, which have sometimes been disappointed, and sometimes answered by events.

Whenever our expectations have been realized, we can judge whether the pleasure which we then received, was equal to that which we enjoyed in the prospect. Inexperienced youth may confidently affirm, that participation affords a greater pleasure than expectation; but if we refer ourselves to the decision of persons advanced in years, I fear we shall, almost always find them to be of a different opinion.

This is a question on which every one must form an opinion for himself, and on which opinions may be as various as the circumstances and dispositions of men. Some have been far more fortunate than others, and some might be happy in the same situations in which others would be wretched. Can it then be expected that all should return the same answer to the proposal of our question? For my own part, I am confidently persuaded, that enjoyment seldom answers expectation.

Some few instances may, perhaps, be adduced as exceptions. It may be said that we receive greater pleasure

pleasure from meeting with absent friends, than from the expectation of seeing them. This I shall not controvert. But how many other instances might be mentioned, in which it would be folly to deny, that the pleasure consisted chiefly in expectation? When one situation in life, is exchanged for another, which it is thought will be more agreeable; how seldom is it found that the change is what we expected? The acquisition of wealth, fame, honour, or authority, will very rarely answer the expectation which they had excited. To their votaries we may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. Were not mankind constituted so, as to desire those things, they would have little or nothing, as to the present state of existence, to stimulate them to exertion. When they have obtained their desires, still they are dissatisfied, and proceed to some other pursuits. To be continually devising new schemes of happiness, and perpetually disappointed in expectation, is the destined lot of humanity. Were we destitute of hope, how small a share of happiness would arise from enjoyment! Where is the *man* to be found, who is satisfied with what he possesses?—Who does not look forward to something from which he expects to have his happiness increased? In expectation, delight is often experienced; but when our desires are obtained, how small is the gratification! Thus we find it by experience; and are never so happy as when we are full of animating prospects. We are then active and enterprising—not easily deterred by the difficulties which are before us. When we have succeeded in our projects, we find how little we have gained. Is not this agreeable to the ordinary experience of mankind? Can it be said that men in general, receive as much pleasure from the success of their schemes, as they do from looking forward to their completion? If this question be answered in the affirmative, the answer can only be referred to his own future experience. By that test, he will, perhaps, be convinced that our pleasure in this life, consists, prin-

cipally, in expectation; and be led to adopt the sentiment of Burns, the famous Scotch Poet :

“ Happy ye sons of busy life,  
Who, equal to the bustling strife,  
No other view regard;  
Ev’n when the wished end’s deny’d,  
Yet while the busy means are ply’d,  
They bring their *own* reward.”

It was wisely appointed by the Author of our Being, that all our enjoyments in the present state of existence, should be transient and unsatisfactory. Our desires do not meet with full gratification, because it was not intended that we should continue here forever. Did every thing succeed according to our wishes, and our enjoyments prove equal to our expectations, we should think a future state no part of our concern. We could not reflect without the greatest reluctance, on leaving this world for one which is unknown; and the thought that *death is inevitable*, would be attended with pungent distress.

But now, when the mind has been convinced by experience, that all things below are frail, uncertain, and delusive; when it is assured that a state of happiness remains, in the expectation of which it will not be disappointed, it can look forward without regret, to the period when it must take a final leave of scenes to which it has always been accustomed, and which, at last, have ceased to be desirable. The only remaining obstacle is parting with friends, whom we have valued and esteemed. But this is removed by the consideration, that they, as well as we, shall again exist in a happier state; and that we shall never again be separated.

The insufficiency of all our acquisitions to afford complete and lasting satisfaction, is likewise considered as a forcible argument, that we are designed for a higher sphere of action and enjoyment, than that in which we at present exist. Our desires are never fully

satisfied,

satisfied, nor our faculties improved to the degree of which they are capable. If death terminates our existence for ever, *man appears to have been made in vain*. Dr. Young has some beautiful lines on this subject, with which I shall conclude. Speaking of MAN, he shrewdly remarks :

“ His *immortality* alone can solve  
That darkest of enigmas, human hope ;  
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.  
HOPE, eager HOPE, th’ assassin of our joy,  
All present blessings treading under foot,  
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair !  
With no past toils content, still planning new,  
HOPE turns us o’er to death alone for ease.  
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit ?  
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?  
That wish accomplish’d, why the grave of bliss ?  
*Beyond* our plans of empire and renown  
Lies all that MAN with ardour should pursue,  
And HE who made him bent him to the right.

Hoxton.

R. A.

### THE SEA-BEAR.

[From a View of the Russian Empire, by William Tooke, F. R. S.]

THE sea-bear appears in troops in the eastern ocean, principally between the Kurilly and the Aleutan islands. The largest of these animals are ninety English inches in length, and weigh eighteen or twenty pood. They resemble no land-animal more than the bear, excepting only the feet, and the hinder part of the body, which terminates in a grotesque figure. What is more singular in the structure of these animals is their finny feet, having not only joints and toes, by which they are enabled to go on shore, to sit on their breech like

like the dog, and to use their paws in various ways, but likewise, by means of the web between their toes, to swim with equal ease. The manners of these animals are so peculiar and extraordinary, that the account of them would be deemed a fiction, were it not accredited by the testimony of a sagacious and learned observer. The affection of the mother for her young is exceedingly great; and they, in return, endeavour to divert her by various kinds of frolicsome play. On seeing these gambols, it seems as if they were exercising feats of wrestling; one striving to give the other a fall; and if the father comes up growling, he drives the wrestlers asunder, coaxes the conqueror, and even tries himself to throw him to the ground: the greater the resistance shown by the latter, the more he gains the love of the parents, to whom, on the other hand, their slothful or timid children appear to give but little joy. Though polygamy prevails among the sea-bears, and some of them have as many as fifty wives, yet every one watches over his offspring with uncommon jealousy, and is excessively furious if a stranger come too near to them. Even when they lie by thousands on the beach, they are always divided family-wise into companies, and in like manner they swim together in the ocean. The aged, who no longer have any wives, live solitary, and are, of all, the most grim: these frequently pass a whole month on the shore in sleep, without taking any food; but whatever approaches them, whether man or beast, they fall upon with the most outrageous fury. The sea-bears, at times, wage bloody wars together, the usual ground of hostility being either the females or a good couching place. When two are contending against one, others come up to assist the weaker party, and during the combat, the swimming spectators raise their heads above the water, and calmly look on for a length of time, till they also find a motive for mingling in the fight. Sometimes these conflicting armies cover a tract on the shore of two or three versts, and all the air re-sounds

sounds with their dreadful yells and growlings. It often happens that the combatants make an armistice for an hour, to recreate their forces, during which they lie beside one another without any danger; then both parties suddenly rise up, each takes its place, and the battle begins anew with redoubled fury. This goes so far, that they pursue one another into the sea, when those of the victorious party drag their enemies back to land, and put them to the torture of their bites so long till at length they lie faint and exhausted, and finally perish by the talons and beaks of the ravenous birds of prey that are hovering round. The authority with which the husbands rule over their wives and children, is frequently displayed in a very tyrannical manner. When the wives, on being attacked by the hunters, abandon their cubs from affright, and these are carried off, the husbands immediately cease from pursuing the common foe, and turn upon the mother, as if to demand an account of what is become of them; then seizing them with their teeth, dash them with violence against the rocks. The wives, stunned with the blows, creep and crouch at the feet of their despots, and, caressing them, shed abundance of tears. While the husband continues to feel his vexation, he goes growling to and fro, and rolling his eye-balls, just as the land-bears are wont to do; but when his rage is abated, he then begins also bitterly to weep for the loss of his young.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE.

**OCTOBER 3.** A New musical entertainment, entitled the *Embarkation*, was introduced this evening, the characters of which stand thus:

Captain Beverley . . . . .	Mr. Holland
Midshipman . . . . .	Mr. Dignum
Mushroom . . . . .	Mr. Surmount
Hokenfoken . . . . .	Mr. Wewitzer
Sawny . . . . .	Mr. Sparkes
First Dutchman . . . . .	Mr. Cory
First Soldier . . . . .	Mr. Trueman
O'Splash . . . . .	Mr. Palmer
Ramrod . . . . .	Mr. Suett
Jack Juniper . . . . .	Mr. Bannister
Eliza . . . . .	Miss De Camp
Mary . . . . .	Mrs. Bland
Child . . . . .	Master Tokeley.

MR. FRANKLYN, the author, has laid the scene of this piece occasionally in England and Holland, of the coasts of which there are some pretty picturesque views. The embarrassment of *Mushroom*, a coxcomb, whose cur-ricule is put in requisition on his road to Margate—the sailing of the troops—the attack on the Helder—the release from prison of *Eliza*, the wife of *Captain Beverley*, and the final victory of the English, form the out-

lines

lines of the story, which is embellished with the humour of *Jack Juniper*, a drunken sailor; *O'Splash*, a blundering Irish Serjeant, and *Hokenfoken*, a phlegmatic Dutchman.

The entertainment contains much life and bustle, nor is it without humour; the music also, by Mr. REEVE, has much to recommend it. All the songs were appropriate, and one very delicate air by MRS. BLAND, was loudly encored.

By the lower part of the house this new production was well received; but the galleries were clamorous upon its being announced for second representation.

Since we committed the above sketch to writing—the expedition to Holland, has, in a measure, failed. This circumstance, therefore, must prove a considerable impediment to the popularity of the *Embarkation*. Indeed we should not wonder even, if it were withheld from further exhibition. To such an issue are all temporary pieces unavoidably exposed!

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### COVENT GARDEN.

OCTOBER 7. A new musical entertainment, by MR. DIBDIN, called the *Naval Pillar*, was produced here this evening; and very favourably received. The intended pillar to be raised, by national gratitude, on which are to be inscribed the achievements of our naval heroes, gave rise to this piece. The plot contains very few incidents; but they are contrived to introduce certain songs of an humorous cast and laughable tendency. Of these the most whimsical and eccentric, is one by MR. FAWCETT, reciting the adventures of SIR SYDNEY SMITH, and another by MR. MUNDEN, in the character of a *Quaker*, being a bundle of proverbs, adapted to the present political state of Europe.

The



The first scenes of this entertainment exhibit a meeting of the sailors and their sweethearts ; then succeeds a large club of sailors, in which the *Naval Pillar* forms a subject for wit, songs, and conversation. JOHNSTONE and INCLEDON are the principal agents in this business. A plain pillar is at the last introduced, with the names of the most celebrated admirals on a scroll, round which the sailors and their sweethearts dance with peculiar festivity.

The *Pillar* now flies open, and displays a most magnificent and appropriate spectacle—consisting of *Britannia*, personated by MRS. CHAPMAN, under a rich canopy, with the figures of a sailor and a soldier for supporters, pointing to the letters G. R. over a brilliant sun, which turns on the centre ; shrouded in clouds above, and surrounded by angels, is a medallion of LORD HOWE, and on columns on each side of the canopy, are medallions of our great living naval commanders.

From this sketch it appears, that the NAVAL PILLAR is one of those passing effusions of the day, which derives its chief merit from the magnitude of events, in which all our feelings are concerned. The capture of Alkmaar was also pressed into the service with the happiest effect. The house was very full, and re-founded with applauses.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR OCTOBER, 1799.

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*TO CHARITY.*

**B**ENIGNANT deity ! whose sparkling eyes  
With radiant lustre beaming, kindle joy  
In ev'ry countenance whereon they glance ;  
Why scarcely shewest thou thyself amongst  
Earth's habitants ? Why is it that their hands  
Deal out so sparingly thy noble boons,  
Yet copiously lavish wealth, and time  
And future happiness, on pleasures, vain,  
Fallacious, fraught with woe ? Alas ! for why  
Do public spectacles and crowded feasts,  
Intoxication, riot, revelry,  
The gaming table and destructive turf,  
Engage near sole pursuit, while thou, dear maid,  
And thy exalted works, neglected lie ?  
Is it because the man of gen'rous mould,  
In practical benevolence employ'd,  
Experiences no delight, nor feels  
Those sweet sensations which can sooth the ill  
Inimical to mortal's perfect peace ?  
Or is it rather that the hours we spend  
In thoughtless follies and the giddy track  
Of dissipation, are from trouble free,  
Devoid of pain, and care, and that *his* mind,  
Who 'lifts himself the votary of vice,  
Is ne'er o'er-shadow'd with anxiety ?  
Ah me ! the generality of men

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Appear to act from reas'ning thus absurd,  
 And thus entirely false ; they seem led on  
 By sensuality, extravagance,  
 And taste for gaiety, to shun thy paths,  
 Celestial charity ! as though vice crown'd  
 Her followers with never-fading bliss,  
 And virtue with remorse. How blind are they !  
 How little notice take they of the sure  
 Eventual certain consequence of good  
 And evil ; they have never scrutiniz'd  
 The character of *him* who venerates  
 Thee, goddess, and thy laws ! nor mark'd th' effect  
 On his deportment, of thy influence ;  
 The bosom which thy precepts govern, heaves  
 With ev'ry noble feeling that can grace  
 Man's nature ; they not only teach our hearts  
 To pity indigent distress, and hands  
 To 'minister relief, but eke command  
 Expressly ev'ry nerve to be out-stretch'd  
 In soft'ning woe from other causes springing.  
 The charitable man, if sorrows pierce  
 His neighbour's breast, will haste to pour the balm  
 Of tender friendship on his wounds, and ease  
 Their agony ; he mingles tears with his,  
 And joins his grief, and, when fit season, points  
 Th' afflicted eye beyond the grave, where grief  
 Shall wet the cheek no more !—Yet not alone  
 His friends and neighbours his affection share,  
 Far wider than th' horizon round his view  
 His kindness reaches, and in one embrace  
 He holds all nations, ev'ry class of men ;  
 Nor colour, tongue, nor clime, in his good-will  
 Distinction mark, but each, by one God made,  
 He owns his fellow creature, loves as such,  
 Rejoices in his happiness, bewails  
 His misery ; and when that thirsty foe  
 Of earthly comfort, scourging war, destroys  
 The human race by multitudes a day ;  
 He shudders at the tale, and thinks he hears  
 The murd'rous cannons roar, the vanquish'd cry,  
 The wounded shriek, the dying feeble groan,

And

And gasp for breath, and mentally beholds  
 "The mangled bodies of the wretched slain,  
 "Strew in vast heaps the desolated plain!"  
 He weeps that man so oft the victim falls  
 To fellow-man's ambition, and deploras  
 The madness of those princes who to whim,  
 To rage for conquest, or to passions pleas'd  
 With blood and slaughter, can, without regret,  
 Whole thousands of their subjects sacrifice;  
 Their subjects, whom as chiefs they should protect;  
 Their subjects, whom as fathers, they should love.  
 Nor less he weeps, oh Charity! nor less  
 Ambition execrates, when wand'ring thought  
 Presents wrong'd Afric's picture to his mind;  
 On the long catalogue of injuries  
 Most infamous, which her devoted sons  
 Are daily suff'ring from the barb'rous hand  
 Of European wanton cruelty,  
 His heated fancy dwells; before his eyes  
 It paints the mis'ries of the sable race,  
 And shews him those enslav'd unfortunates  
 Writhing in all the agoniz'd excess  
 Of intellectual and corporeal pain,  
 Laden with such calamities, o'erwhelm'd  
 With such accumulated wretchedness,  
 As makes him tremble when he owns himself  
 Of form and being like their vile tormentors:  
 "Oh God!" exclaims he, heart-shock'd, "can thy  
 "work,

"Thy greatest work, the wond'rous soul of man,  
 "Which from thy hands creative, perfect came,  
 "Be now so thoroughly deprav'd, so lost  
 "In very wickedness; oh God! root out  
 "This foul degrading inhumanity,  
 "Infernal brutalizing vice, and plant  
 "Compassion, mercy, pity, in its stead!"

Thus prays he, and th' Almighty on his head  
 Permits, in show'rs of blessings, to descend,  
 The grand reward of his philanthropy,  
 A frame of disposition so serene,  
 So calm and temperate, a mind possess'd

Of such collected dauntless dignity,  
Unshaken firmness, self-dependant strength,  
That whether moving in the tranquil scenes  
Of prosp'rous ease, or forc'd the rugged steep  
Of fate adverse to climb, still, nor seduc'd  
By fortune's smiles, nor bending 'neath her frowns,  
He proves that his all-comprehensive eye  
Sees heaven's justice ev'rywhere preside !  
Does glitt'ring affluence his steps attend ?  
He deems himself the favour'd instrument  
Of Providence, ordain'd to magnify  
His brethren's happiness, and executes  
Most faithfully the gratifying task.  
Does poverty attempt to cloud his brow ?  
The ghastly tribe of evils in her train  
In vain oppress him ; steadfast he, unhurt,  
Unvanquish'd, unaffected, undismay'd.  
What though affliction in her direst form  
Terrific, assail him with the force  
Of anger'd ocean's wrath, he braves her rage  
Immoveable as rock-built Eddystone ;  
His unimpression'd front, like Albion's cliff,  
Made whiter and more brilliant by the storm !  
Let sickness havoc, dart-arm'd death approach,  
Amidst the mourning of his friends, his face  
With cheerful resignation fervid glows ;  
Depress'd by no forebodings, unalarm'd,  
His heaven-destin'd spirit eager bursts  
Its cumbrous ligature of flesh, borne on  
The universal praises of mankind  
Ascends in glory, and with joy receiv'd  
By throngs angelic, near the throne of God  
In blissful empyrean takes its place !

CHERTSEA.

ON HEARING THE CRIES OF A CALF SHUT UP IN  
A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE \*.

**P**OOOR hapless victim of oppressive power !

In vain you raise the agonizing cry,  
In vain for gentle mercy you implore,  
Alas ! in vain, no helping hand is nigh.

For thee, no friendly hand will bring relief,  
In pangs extreme thou must resign thy breath;  
Protracted torments must increase thy grief,  
And add new horrors to th' approach of death.

How chang'd is now the scene, since, when o'erjoy'd  
Thou cheerful hail'dst the morn's sweet orient beam,  
When thy fond mother homeward to thee hied,  
Full laden with the rich nutritious stream.

But now, alas ! from her fond side thou'rt torn,  
And here within this doleful prison penn'd,  
Condemn'd in ling'ring agonies to mourn,  
In fruitless cries thy feeble breath to spend.

Fell luxury ! such the miseries of thy reign,  
Such the dire carnage of thy horrid sway,  
Thy savage arts spread slaughter o'er the plain,  
And cruelty and bloodshed mark thy way.

Oh ! shame, disgrace to Britain's favor'd isle,  
That in her courts such luxury should reign,  
How dare we hope that heav'n on us should smile,  
While thus with cruelty our hands we stain !

*Maidstone.*

ANNETTA.

\* The barbarities practised in killing these poor animals by repeated bleedings, reflect disgrace on the promoters of such enormities, and cannot fail of exciting horror in every mind not totally lost to all sentiments of humanity and benevolence.

## RETIREMENT.

**O**H hide me from the city's tiresome strife,  
 In some secluded peace-bestowing vale;  
 Well may he hate this span of mortal life,  
 Who feels like me how very false and frail  
 Are all our hopes of human happiness;  
 The gala and the theatre, how stale!  
 The song convivial—impotent to bless,  
 Nor wit refin'd, nor laugh-provoking tale,  
 Nor all the goods of luxury and dress,  
 Can charm his heart whose peace of mind is fled.  
 What then can silent solitude avail,  
 The wood, the mountain, and the classic shade?  
 Is heav'n-born hope, content, or Delia there?  
 Ah, no!—they can but echo my despair.

ORLANDO.

TO

## A FRIEND,

ON HIS EXCESSIVE GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF  
 AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

**W**HY from thine eyes do pearly tears distil?  
 Why droops thy soul with sorrow's painful  
 load,  
 For one who rests secure from human ill,  
 Whom death hath summon'd to his still abode?  
 True—she was all that bounteous heav'n could give,  
 True—she deserves those heavings of thy breast;  
 A chaster being did not, could not live,  
 A dearer comfort no one e'er possess.  
 But what can all thy tender grief avail?  
 Can it recal her long-departed breath?  
 Restore the roses to her features pale?  
 Or rouse her from the awful trance of death?

In yon empyreal realms her gentle soul  
 Dwells amidst myriads of cherubic choirs,  
 Where years of bliss for endless ages roll,  
 "And hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres."

Then bid those sorrows from thy breast depart,  
 They serve but to impair thy mortal frame—  
 Serve but to break the most ingenuous heart,  
 That ever glow'd with love's pure vestal flame.

Lynn, May, 1799.

W. CASE, JUN.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

**W**HEN friendship's sacred sympathies inspire,  
 Who can resist the muses kindling fire?  
 Friendship! thou dearest blessing heav'n bestows,  
 Balm of all care and softner of our woes;  
 I at thy shrine my willing tribute pay,  
 And to thine honour consecrate my lay;  
 Thy form is lovely and thy fruit divine,  
 For love, and peace, and joy, and truth are thine;  
 And kindred souls, who feel this gen'rous flame,  
 Enjoy a fund of bliss that wants a name:  
 Ye sons of wine! who o'er your cups pretend  
 Eternal service to your jovial friend,  
 When the warm fumes forsake your reeking brains,  
 Say, of your boasted friendship what remains?  
 How oft, alas! what bitter hate succeeds,  
 What broken vows, and what atrocious deeds!  
 How oft in smoke your vain professions end,  
 And the smooth flatterer supplants the friend:  
 Ye sons of int'rest! whose benighted souls  
 Are cold and dark as winter at the poles;  
 Say, when your fav'rite point is once obtain'd,  
 Your purse replenish'd and your neighbour's drain'd;  
 When pinching poverty distracts the breast,  
 Will then your friendship firmly stand the test?  
 Will friendship *then* the needful aid supply,  
 And wipe the bursting tear from sorrow's eye?



Friendship's a pure, a heav'n-descended flame,  
 Worthy the happy regions whence it came;  
 The sacred tie that virtuous spirits binds,  
 The golden chain that links immortal minds!  
 Not the obsequious fop, whose words beguile,  
 Who lives or dies, as you or frown or smile,  
 Can feel the joys true amity imparts  
 To gentle bosoms and to honest hearts;  
 To vice and shame, the charmer's all unknown,  
 He LIVES and REIGNS in *virtuous hearts alone!*

*Suffex.*

L. H.

### EPITAPH ON A LINNET,

PRESSED TO DEATH WHILE CUTTING ITS TALONS.

**B**ENEATH this rude unsculptur'd stone,  
 A hapless warbler rests his head;  
 Reader, repreſs the ſtruggling groan,  
 Nor ſigh to leave him with the dead.

Born to enjoy as well as thee,  
 And guiltleſs as th' unſpotted breſt;  
 His days were peace and gaiety,  
 And ev'ry cloſing night was reſt.

Perch'd on the dew-beſpangled ſpray,  
 His varied note the woodland cheer'd;  
 From morn to eve his jocund lay  
 Around the peaſant's cot was heard.

But ah! in vain he rais'd his ſong,  
 With callous heart and jaundic'd eye  
 A tyrant plann'd the mighty wrong,  
 And robb'd him of his liberty.

Snatch'd from that dear delightful ſtate,  
 Where pleaſure ſmil'd the live-long day;  
 Torn from his fond, his faithful mate,  
 And borne to unknown ſcenes away.

No tender partner shar'd his woes,  
Nor cheer'd his bondage with a smile;  
Day after day successive rose,  
But nought his anguish to beguile.

Within a gilded cage immur'd,  
The blaze of splendour woo'd his sense;  
But his indignant mind abjur'd  
The poor, the paltry recompense.

The sense of joy no more to know,  
His much lov'd haunts no more to see:  
His trembling twitter thrill'd with woe,  
His outrag'd heart with agony.

Yet think not, whosoe'er thou art,  
That pity beam'd on ne'er a breast;  
One beauteous maid, with feeling heart,  
His daily wants each day redress'd.

Oh! had she less, sweet trembler, fear'd  
The *fruit of bondage*\* to relieve,  
Then had this dirge been yet unheard,  
And she her loss had fail'd to grieve.

By danger rous'd, yet half afraid  
Her softer lily hand to trust,  
She sought another's bolder aid!—  
That aid consign'd him to the dust.

With rude and experienc'd grasp,  
The tuneful warbler as it press'd,  
Instant a short and breathless grasp,  
The agony of death confess'd.

Now soaring far away—the mind  
No more its wonted anguish knows,  
And here the dust to dust resign'd,  
In slumbers sweet forgets its woes.

\* In the state of nature the talons of the feathered tribe are worn down by constantly treading upon the earth. The increased length which they acquire in the cage, and which it is frequently necessary to shorten, to prevent the bird's being hung up by the heels, is the effect of the unnatural state in which they are placed.

And can'st thou, reader, then bewail  
 The broken bond, the captive free?  
 And can'st thou cease the hour to hail,  
 Which gave him back his liberty?  
 And thou, sweet maid, whose rending sigh  
 The anguish of thy soul bespeaks;  
 Learn hence to wipe thy weeping eye,  
 And sooth thy bosom ere it breaks.

W. H.

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### ON HONOUR.

**H**ONOUR's sought by human kind,  
 And reigns triumphant in the mind;  
 But, ah! how many lose the prize  
 Because *true honour* they despise;  
 They seek for honour, deep imbru'd  
 In widow's tears or human blood,  
 Forget that *warlike honour* must  
 "Eat-in their bloody sword like rust:"  
 Such honour ne'er shall gain applause  
 By God's divine and righteous laws;  
 Where VIRTUE, that celestial maid,  
 To honour lends her cheerful aid,  
 There BRIGHTEST honour may be gain'd,  
 And LASTING GLORY be obtain'd.

Washington,  
 Suffex.

J. JEFFERY.

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### TO THE WILD BROOK.

**U**NHEEDED emblem of the mind!  
 When weeping twilight's shadows close,  
 I wander where thy mazes wind,  
 And watch thy current as it flows:—  
 Now dimpling, silent, calm, and even;  
 Now brawling as in anger driven—  
 Now ruff'd, foaming, madly wild,  
 Like the vex'd sense of sorrow's *hopeless child!*

Beside thy surface now I see,  
 Reflected in thy placid breast,  
 Flush'd summer's painted progeny—  
 In smiles and sweets redundant drest;  
 They flaunt their forms of varying dye,  
 To greet thee, as thou passest by—  
 And bending sip thy ample wave,  
 And in its lucid lapse their bosoms lave.

While on thy tranquil breast appears  
 No freezing gale, no passing storm,  
 The sun-beam's vivid lustre cheers,  
 And *seems* thy silv'ry bed to warm:  
 The *thronging* birds, with am'rous play,  
 Sweep with their wings thy glitt'ring way;  
 And o'er thy banks fond zephyr blows,  
 To drest with sweets the smallest flow'r that grows.

But when destroying blasts arise,  
 And clouds o'ershade thy with'ring bounds,  
 When swift the eddying foliage flies,  
 And loud the ruthless torrent sounds;—  
 Thy dimpling charms are seen no more,  
 Thy minstrel's caroll'd praise is o'er—  
 While not a flowret, sunny-drest,  
 Courts the chill'd current of thy *alter'd breast*.

Such is the HUMAN MIND! serene  
 When FORTUNE's glowing hour appears!  
 And lovely, as thy margin green,  
 Are buds of HOPE—which FANCY rears:

Then ADULATION, like the flow'r,  
 Bends, as it greets us on our way;  
 But, in the dark and stormy hour,  
 Leaves us, unmark'd, to *trace our TROUBLED WAY!*

August 3d, 1799.

LAURA MARIA.

## LINES

*Addressed by a Gentleman to his Sister, on her Return  
Home from paying him a Visit.*

SINCE Harriot, dearest friends must part,  
Permit your brother's tender heart  
To wish a safe return;  
May fortune blow with fav'ring gales,  
And fill with joy your swelling sails,  
And never, never give the smallest cause to mourn.  
Till you this visit may renew,  
May health be ever in your view,  
And on your steps attend;  
May she protect your future years,  
From dire disease and loathsome fears,  
And prove your ever-constant, ever-genial friend.  
May your sweet child the care repay,  
By ever keeping virtue's way,  
What you for him endure;  
And should your family encrease,  
May their best efforts never cease  
Your wants and griefs to lessen, and your joy t'ensure.  
In fine, may health be yours indeed,  
From ills and sorrows ever freed,  
Till life itself shall end;  
To hear of your prosperity,  
Will greatly heighten every joy,  
Of him who styles himself your brother and your  
friend.

Hackney,  
March 18th, 1799.

J. F.

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## Literary Review.

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*Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt, undertaken by Order of the old Government of France, by C. S. Sonnini, Engineer in the French Navy, and Member of several Scientific and Literary Societies—Illustrated with Forty Engravings, consisting of Portraits, Views, Plans, a Geographical Chart, Antiquities, Plants, Animals, &c. drawn on the Spot, under the Author's Inspection. Translated from the French by Henry Hunter, D. D. In Three Volumes. 11. 7s. Stockdale.*

**I**N all ages of the world EGYPT has been a country distinguished for its celebrity; and the recent Expedition of Buonaparte has awakened our curiosity afresh respecting it. We long to become acquainted with a region of the earth where the greatest of French generals has unfurled his standard, and opposite to the shores of which the greatest of British admirals has obtained a most unparalleled victory.

This work, though tinged with no small portion of Gallic vanity, yet conveys some very interesting information. It leads us into a particular knowledge of the customs and manners of the Egyptians, who are, certainly, a very singular people. Works of this kind are best estimated by extracts—sentiments and style speak for themselves.

The famous city of ALEXANDRIA is thus described: it has been the scene of many a revolution both in ancient and modern times.

"The new city, or rather the town of Alexandria, is built, the greatest part of it at least, on the brink of the sea. Its houses, like all those of the Levant, have flat terrace roofs: they have no windows, and the apertures which supply their place are almost entirely obstructed by a wooden lattice projecting, of various form, and so close, that the light can hardly force a passage. In those countries, more than any where else, such inventions, which transform a mansion into a prison, are real *jalousies* (jealousies, window-blinds). It is through this grate of iron or wood, sometimes of elegant construction, that beauty is permitted to see what is passing without, but eternally deprived of the privilege of being seen; it is in this state of hopeless seclusion that, far from receiving the homage which nature demands to be paid to it by every being possessed of sensibility, it meets only contempt and outrage; it is there, in a word, that one part of the human race, abusing the odious right of the more powerful, retains in degrading servitude the other part, whose charms alone ought to have had the power to soften both the ruggedness of the soil and the ferocity of their tyrants.

"Narrow and awkwardly disposed streets, are without pavement as without police; no public edifice, no private building arrest the eye of the traveller, and, on the supposition that the fragment of the old city had not attracted his attention, he would find no object in the present one that could supply matter for a moment's thought. Turks, Arabians, Barbareques, Cophts, Christians of Syria, Jews, constituted a population which may be estimated at five thousand, as far as an estimation can be made in a country where there is no register kept of any thing. Commerce attracts thither besides, from all the countries of the east, strangers whose residence is extremely transient. This motley assemblage of the men of different nations, jealous of, and almost always hostile to each other, would present to the eye of the observer a singular mixture of customs, manners and dress, if a resort of thieves and robbers could repay the trouble of observation.

"You see them crowd on each other in the streets, running rather than walking; they likewise bawl rather than speak. I have frequently stopped to consider some persons who had all the appearance of being agitated by violent rage: they gave to their voice all the intensity which a broad and brawny chest

could

could supply; their physiognomy wore all the traits of passion; their eyes sparkled; violent gestures accompanied modes of expression which seemed more violent. I approached them under the apprehension that they were going instantly to cut each others throats, and was astonished to learn that they were only driving some petty bargain, that not a word was of a threatening complexion: that their exterior alone was in motion; that, in a word, all this vehemence was only their usual mode of buying and selling.

“This custom of giving to the voice the most powerful inflection of which it is capable, in speaking, is common to almost all the eastern nations, the Turks excepted, whose habits and deportment are more grave and composed. There is no person amongst us but who must have remarked that the Jews, that nation which has contrived to preserve its own character and usages, in the midst of other nations among whom they have been dispersed, likewise speak extremely loud, particularly to one another. If you except a few individuals of them, whose constraint, in an affected imitation of our manners, sufficiently evinces that they are not natural to them, you see them likewise, when they march through our streets, with the body stooping forward, and without bending the knee, taking short but brisk and hurried steps, which come nearer to running than the usual process of walking. They are found in Egypt, where they live in a state of abjection still greater than elsewhere, such as we know them to be, avaricious, dexterous, insinuating, and low cheaters. Their depredations are not like those of the Bedouins and the other thieves of Egypt, neither committed with manly intrepidity, nor with open violence: they are, as in Europe, ingenious sharpening tricks, officious over-reachings which fill their own purse, and, without making a noise, empty that of their neighbour. Such are the Jews wherever I have met with them; in all places their indelible vices of character appear, so long as they persist in keeping within the line which they have drawn between themselves and other nations; it is likewise observable, that in all places they practise the same methods, the same craft, the same knavery, the real plagues of social order; in a word, that same insensibility, that same ingratitude, with which they have recently repaid the generosity and magnanimity of the French nation.



"Some Jewesses of Alexandria had, during my residence there, opened their houses for the reception of Europeans; they were deficient neither in beauty nor wit: their society was by no means without its allurements, and if there was ground to accuse them of rather an immoderate appetite for filthy lucre, the distinctive characteristic of the male part of their nation, their imposition was at least more palatable, their deceptions less provoking, and it was no difficult matter to forgive them.

"It is abundantly obvious of what excesses men are capable, who, in the most ordinary transactions, display the symptoms of fury. When their soul is elevated, when it partakes of the impetuous movements of the body, they disdain all restraint. Like an overbearing torrent, which strikes terror at once by its noise, and by the ravages which it commits, they abandon themselves to all the vehemence of passion; then it is they really approximate to the savage animals which come to dispute with them the possession of the sands which they are equally eager and intelligent to stain with blood. Hence the insurrections, the tumultuous riots by which Europeans have often suffered so severely. It is worthy of being remarked, that this irritable character, this proneness to sedition, likewise was, though with less rage, that of the ancient inhabitants of Alexandria.

"If there be altars dedicated to the demon of revenge, in Egypt undoubtedly are the temples which contain them: there she is the goddess, or rather the tyrant of the human heart. Not only the generality of the men, whose combination constituted the mass of the inhabitants, never forgive, but, however signal the reparation made, they never rest satisfied till they have themselves dipped their hands in the blood of the person whom they have declared to be their enemy. Though they smother resentment long, and dissemble till they find a favourable opportunity to glut it, the effects are not the less terrible: they are not for that more conformable to the principles of reason. If a European, or, to use their term, a *Franc*, has provoked their animosity, they let it fall without discrimination on the head of a European, without troubling themselves to enquire whether the party were the relation, the friend, or even the compatriot of the person from whom they received the offence: thus they purge their resentment of the only

only pretext which could plead its excuse, and their vengeance is downright atrocity.

“ Alexandria was still ringing, at the time of my arrival at that city, with the noise of an assassination committed, a few years before, on the person of the representative of the French nation, in that port. A French hair-dresser was taking the diversion of shooting in the environs of the town; an Arab picked a quarrel with him, which unfortunately terminated in his discharging his piece at the Arab, and killing him. This murder was presently noised abroad. The people took fire, and, in their transport, resolved to sacrifice every European they could lay hold of. Their fury was with no little difficulty appeased, by delivering up the murderer to them, whom they hanged in the public square; but an Arab, the brother of him who was killed, though a witness of the execution, did not think himself sufficiently revenged; he bound himself by an oath to sacrifice the first *Franc* he should meet to the manes of his brother.

“ All Europeans confined themselves to their homes for three whole months, in hope that the wrath of this man would subside. At the expiration of that period, and on information sufficient to set their minds at rest, they believed it safe to go abroad. For eight days they appeared as usual, in the city and in the country, and no one had been in the least molested. The consul had not hitherto dared to shew himself: at length he thought that he too might take the air, without running any risk. He went to walk with a janissary of his guard on the bank of the canal. Unfortunately for him, the Arab who, with the sentiment of revenge carefully treasured up in his heart, went constantly armed with a determination to gratify it, happened to be in the same quarter. He approached the Frenchman, who was under no manner of apprehension, and dastardly as cruel, brought him down to the ground by a gunshot fired through his back. The janissary, instead of taking vengeance on the assassin, or at least of assisting the man whom it was his duty to protect, fled off as fast as his heels could carry him, and the unfortunate consul died of the wound a few hours after. The French merchants dispatched a fast sailing boat to Constantinople, to demand justice. The Ottoman Porte sent officers with strict and severe orders on the subject; but these orders, at first evaded, remained finally unexecuted.

The

The villain did not so much as quit the city, but shewed himself openly with impunity. The merchants were under the necessity of concealing their resentments for the sake of their own safety; and, beside the affront offered to the French nation by the unpunished assassination of her delegate, the national commerce had to regret the expenditure of considerable sums, fruitlessly laid out in demanding a just reparation.

“Events of this kind, unhappily, were not sufficiently rare to ensure the tranquillity of those who were obliged to live in Egypt, and in some parts of Syria, where the people, beside their vicinity, have a considerable resemblance to those of Egypt. Toward the end of October, 1731, the Dutch *drogman* or interpreter at Aleppo, was walking for amusement with his consul. The peasants of a village adjacent thought proper to accuse him of having occasioned the death of a young man who had drowned himself, and whose body they were dragging out of the water. An accusation so absurd was supported by the whole village. The cry for vengeance was universal. They sent a deputation to the Pacha of Aleppo, demanding that the Dutchman might be given up to them. The governor refused. The villagers stirred up the populace of Aleppo. A formidable mob threatened to set fire to the city, and to massacre all the *Franks*, unless the *drogman*, who had fled for refuge to the Pacha's palace, was delivered up to them. That officer, though perfectly convinced of the Dutchman's innocence, was obliged, in order to prevent the most dreadful outrages, to order the ill-fated European to be strangled, and his body to be given to the mutineers, who hanged it up on a tree.

“A wide extent of sand and dust, an accumulation of rubbish, was an abode worthy of the colony of Alexandria, and every day they were labouring hard to increase the horror of it. Columns subverted and scattered about; a few others still upright, but isolated; mutilated statues, capitals, entablatures, fragments of every species overspread the ground with which it is surrounded. It is impossible to advance a step, without kicking, if I may use the expression, against some of those wrecks. It is the hideous theatre of destruction the most horrible. The soul is saddened, on contemplating those remains of grandeur and magnificence, and is roused into indignation against the barbarians who dared to apply a sacrilegious hand

to

to monuments which time, the most pitiless of devourers, would have respected.

*Pompey's column* is thus particularly noticed with peculiar vanity ; it is indeed a wonderful superstructure, and it appears to have been the head-quarters whence BUONAPARTE issued orders for the capture of Alexandria !

“ As you go out of the enclosure of the Arabs, by the gate of the south, the eye is struck with one of the most astonishing monuments which antiquity has transmitted to us. Proud of not having sunk under the wastes of time, nor under the more prompt and terrible attacks of superstitious ignorance, rears its majestic head, the grandest column that ever existed. It is of the most beautiful and the hardest granite, and is composed of three pieces, out of which have been cut the capital, the shaft and the pedestal. I had not the means of measuring its height, and travellers who have gone before me are not perfectly agreed on this point. Savary assigns to it a height of a hundred and fourteen feet \*, whereas Paul Lucas, who declares he had taken an accurate measurement of it, makes its height no more than ninety-four feet †. This last opinion was generally adopted by the Europeans of Alexandria. The height of the column was admitted there to be from ninety-four to ninety-five feet of France. The pedestal is fifteen feet high ; the shaft with the socle, seventy feet ; finally, the capital, ten feet ; in all, ninety-five feet. The mean diameter is seven feet nine inches. Admitting these proportions, the entire mass of the column may be estimated at six thousand cubic feet. It is well known that the cubic foot of red Egyptian granite, weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds. The weight of the whole column, therefore, is one million one hundred and ten thousand pounds, eight ounces to the pound.

“ However hard the substance of the column may be, it has not escaped the corroding tooth of time. The bottom of the shaft is very much damaged on the east side, and it is very easy to separate, on the same side, thin lamina from the pedes-

\* Letters on Egypt, vol. i. p. 36.

† Journey of Paul Lucas, in 1714, vol. ii. p. 22.

tal. It has been already remarked, that the hieroglyphics of Cleopatra's needle were corroded on the face exposed to that point of the compass. It is most probably the effect of the wind blowing from the sea. Some have pretended, that on the opposite face, that to the west, a Greek inscription was discernible, when the sun bore upon it; but with all the attention I could employ, it was not in my power to perceive any thing of it.

"The ground on which the pillar is raised having given way, part of the pivot which supports it has been laid open. It is a block of six feet only in the square: it bears the weight, as a centre, of a pedestal much larger than itself; which proves the exact perpendicularity of the whole. It too is granite, but of a species different from that of the column. The people of the country had built round the pivot, in the view of strengthening the pedestal. This piece of masonry, totally useless, was formed of stones of various qualities, among which fragments of marble, detached from the ruins of some antique edifice, and sculptured with beautiful hieroglyphics, attracted notice. While some were exerting themselves to prevent the falling of the monument, others, the Bedouins, as I was told, endeavoured to bring it down, in the hope of finding treasure under its base when burst to pieces. For this purpose they had employed the action of gunpowder; but very fortunately they had no great skill in the art of mining. The explosion only carried away a portion of the mason-work, so idly intended to be a prop to the pedestal.

"Paul Lucas relates, that in 1714, a mountebank having got upon the capital with a facility which astonished every body, declared it was hollow a-top\*. We have some years ago indications more positive on the subject. Some English sailors contrived to get upon the summit of the column, by means of a paper-kite, which assisted them in fixing a ladder of ropes: they found, as well as the man mentioned by Paul Lucas, a great round hollow in the middle of the capital, and moreover, a hole in each of the corners. It is therefore certain, this chapter served as a base to some statue, the fragments of which seem to be irrecoverably lost. Some friends of M.

\* Journey of Paul Lucas, in 1714, vol. ii. p. 22.

Roboli, who had been French interpreter at Alexandria, have assured me that he had discovered near the column, pieces of a statue which, to judge from the fragments, must have been of a prodigious magnitude; that he had them conveyed to the house occupied by the French, but that, notwithstanding the most diligent researches, not being able to procure the other pieces of it, he had ordered the first to be thrown into the sea, close by that same house. They were shewn to me, but it was impossible for me to distinguish any thing, for they are almost entirely buried under the sand of the sea. I was farther informed, that those fragments of a statue, were of the most beautiful porphyry.

“ We have nothing beyond conjecture, more or less supported by evidence, respecting the *Æra*, and the motives which dictated the construction of the column of Alexandria. The name of *Pompey's Column*, by which it is generally designed, indicates the origin commonly ascribed to it. Cæsar, we are told, ordered it to be erected, to perpetuate the memory of the victory which he had gained over Pompey, in the celebrated battle of Pharsalia. Relying on the testimony of an Arabian author, Savary pretends that it was a monument of the gratitude of the inhabitants of Alexandria to the Roman emperor, Alexander-Severus \*. Finally, others ascribe the elevation of the Pillar to a king of Egypt, Ptolemeus-Euergetes.

“ Mr. W. Montague, whom his extensive erudition and singular adventures have raised to celebrity, had formed, during his long residence in the east, a new opinion on the same subject. He maintained that the column was the work of Adrian, another Roman emperor, who had travelled in Egypt. But he could adduce no proof in support of this assertion: wishing, nevertheless, to give currency to his idea, he was under the necessity, in the view of persuading others of the truth of what he had persuaded himself, to employ a little ingenious fraud. I have the fact from a witness of undoubted veracity. The shy Englishman had got one of his people to introduce a small coin of the emperor Adrian, in a spot agreed on, between the ground on which this pillar rests, and its sous-base. He afterwards repaired to the place, attended by a numerous company, and, after affected researches, he dexterously un-

\* Letters on Egypt, vol. i. p. 37.

earthed the coin with the blade of a knife, and ostentatiously displayed it as an incontestable proof of the truth of his position. He sent an account of the discovery to his own country, where it did not meet with much credit, and indeed hardly could, with persons who knew the column. The Greeks, it is true, from the time of Adrian, had diffused over Egypt the principles of a beautiful architecture, and of elegance in all the arts. A judgment may be formed of this from the remains of the city which that very emperor had caused to be built in the upper part of that country, in honour of Antinous, a young man celebrated in ancient history for his extraordinary beauty of person, and his generous devotedness to a Roman who has been more cried up than he deserves. The columns which still subsist at Antinöe are cut with greater delicacy, and have forms more elegant than that of Alexandria. Not that this last wants beauty; but its principal merit consists in the prodigious magnitude of its dimensions, and the truly astonishing enormity of its mass.

“The same considerations which suggest a doubt respecting the ascription of this pillar to the time of Adrian, apply still more forcibly to that of the Emperor Severus. Abulfeda, quoted by Savary, only says, “Alexandria possesses a renowned pharos, and the column of Severus\*.” He adds not a word more, and does not so much as point out the spot where the column of Severus was reared. The city of Alexandria contained such a number of columns, that it is impossible to ascertain to which of them the passage of the Arabic historian is applicable. Alexander Severus traced his pedigree up to Alexander the Great: it was natural for him to prize a city founded by the conqueror his ancestor, and it is by no means wonderful, that he should endeavour farther to embellish it by works of various description, to supply the place of such as had been thrown down or destroyed, with those which had already rendered it so magnificent. On the other hand, on comparing the column dedicated to Severus, and still existing in the ancient city of Antinöe, with that of Alexandria, we shall find it impossible to conclude that they are both of one and the same period. The hieroglyphics with which the granite-pivot, the immoveable support of the column, is sculp-

\* Description of Egypt, Savary's translation.

tured, farther appear a new proof of the period of its elevation, much more ancient than the reigns of Adrian and Severus, and they indicate a production of the most remote antiquity. This consideration, united with the silence of historians on the subject, seem to throw back to an *Æra* more distant than that of the defeat of Pompey, the construction of the column which bears his name. If amidst these uncertainties, which, in defiance of the researches of the learned, frequently involve the past and the future in the same obscurity, I durst venture to hazard an opinion of my own, I should be tempted to ascribe the honour of the erection of the column of Alexandria to the ancient times which produced so many prodigies in Egypt, to those *Æras* when myriads of men were employed, for years together, in transporting masses of stone, the movement of which seemed to exceed human strength, and to demand the exertions of beings more than mortal.

“ Whatever be in this sentiment, it would be difficult now to change the appellation so long affixed to the column of Alexandria, and, whatever good reasons may be alleged to the contrary, it is very probable it will still retain the name of *Pompey's Column*. Nevertheless it is likewise probable, that posterity will recollect that this column was the head-quarters, from whence Buonaparte issued orders for the escalade and capture of Alexandria; that the bodies of the heroes who perished as the victims of their own bravery, are deposited round the pedestal, and that their names are engraven upon it; it is likewise probable that, more struck with the genius of the victory, and of the sublime combinations connected with it, than with that which has conferred celebrity on ancient Egypt by her works of stupendous magnificence, absorbed in the immortality of the French nation, shall be disposed to fix the *Æra* of this dawning glory, and that to future ages the *column of Pompey* shall be the *column of the French Republic*!!

ROSETTA is another town of celebrity in Egypt, and we must indulge our readers with an account of it; the length of it will not be displeasing to the inquisitive mind.

“ Rossetta not having, like Alexandria, an immediate communication with the sea, you do not find it swarming with those



those multitudes of foreigners, of adventurers, of dangerous men, whose agitation, tumult, and uproar are their element, and which render a residence, at the city last named, so very disagreeable. Remote from the bustle of sea-ports, and from the frequent political convulsions of Cairo, its inhabitants were abundantly peaceable. Not that the European was there secured entirely from insult: he had, at times, disagreeable circumstances to encounter, but they were slight in comparison with those which persecuted him at Alexandria, and which absolutely oppressed him at Cairo. The silly and ridiculous pride which persuades the Mahometans that they alone of mankind are adopted by the Deity, that they are the only persons to whom he ought to open his bosom, a pride which the doctors of the law or the priests, the vainest and most intolerant of all men, took great care to foment, was the principal source of those unpleasant attacks. The Turk describes the European by no other epithet than that of *infidel*; the Egyptian Mussulman, still coarser, treats him merely as a *dog*. With him, *Christian* and *dog* were two terms so exactly synonymous, and in such frequent use, that no attention was paid to the difference, and that they were indiscriminately employed by persons who had no intention to offer an insult. Europeans, in the usual dress of their own country, were likewise exposed, at Rosetta, to be hooted at, in the more populous quarters of the town, and to be pursued with repeated shouts of *Nouzzrani*, *Nazarene*. The Jews likewise underwent there those petty persecutions, and, though stationary inhabitants of the country, were much worse treated in it than the Christians of Europe. But that nation is composed of degraded individuals, and deserves to be despised, inasmuch as insensible to contempt, to the disgrace accumulated on them by wave upon wave, they suffered themselves, if I may use the expression, to be deluged with it, provided you left them the facility of glutting their vile and insatiable thirst of gold. Habited in the oriental style, they were obliged, in Egypt, to wear a head-dress, and to be shod, in a peculiar and appropriate manner; but what principally distinguished them, was the tufts of hair, or of beard, which they were forced to let grow, and to keep up, close by the ear, on both sides of the face. Most of the merchants were Turks or Syrians; there were some likewise from Barbary. The Cophts, that degenerate

rate race, descended from the ancient Egyptians, resided there in considerable numbers. Some Arabs too were domesticated in that city, and the plains adjacent were inhabited and cultivated by the *fellahs*; a term which, in Egypt, conveys an idea of contempt, as in ancient times that of *peasant* was with us, to which it corresponds, when the intention is to express rude vulgarity and gross ignorance. The chief command was entrusted to an officer of the Mamelucs, to whom they gave the title of *Aga*.

“ The most ordinary pastime here, as well as all over Turkey, is to smoke and drink coffee. The pipe is never from the mouth from morning to night : at home, in the houses of others, in the streets, on horseback, the lighted pipe is still in hand, and the tobacco-pouch hangs always at the girdle. These constitute two great objects of luxury ; the purses which serve to contain the provision, are of silken stuffs richly embroidered, and the tubes of the pipes, of an excessive length, are of the rarest, and, for the most part, of the sweetest scented wood. I brought home one made of the jasmine-tree, which is more than six feet long : it may convey an idea of the beauty of the jasmines of those countries, seeing they push out branches of that length, straight, and sufficiently large to admit of being bored. The pipes of more common wood are covered with a robe of silk tied with threads of gold. The poor, with whom the smoke of tobacco is a necessary of first rate importance, make use of simple tubes of reed. The top of the pipe is garnished with a species of mock alabaster, and white as milk : it is frequently enriched with precious stones. Among persons less opulent, the place of this is supplied by faucets. What goes into the mouth is a morsel of yellow amber, the mild and sweet flavour of which, when it is heated or lightly pressed, contributes toward correcting the pungent flavour of the tobacco. To the other extremity of those tubes are adapted very handsome cups of baked clay, and which are commonly denominated the *nuts of the pipes*. Some of them are marbled with various colours, and plated over with gold-leaf. You find them of various sizes : those in most general use through Egypt are more capacious ; they are, at the same time, of greater distention. Almost all of them are imported from Turkey, and the reddish clay of which they are formed is

found in the environs of Constantinople. There was a Turk at Rossetta who excelled in this species of manufacture. I took great pleasure sometimes to look over him while at work: a great diversity of small sharp-pointed tools served him to impress, with exquisite delicacy, various designs on the clay in its state of softness; but the process was long and tedious: his pipe-nuts accordingly sold very dear. I had some from him which cost me so high as six franks (five shillings) a piece. Some of them were covered with a capital pierced full of holes, in form of a perfuming pan. This Turk, who had lived a good deal at Constantinople, was not destitute of address; his shop was the resort of the most considerable personages of Rossetta; he was a great friend to the French, and he employed his credit to procure for me the means of travelling comfortably through Lower Egypt.

“It is difficult for Frenchmen, especially for those who are not in the habit of scorching their mouth with our short pipes and strong tobacco, to conceive the possibility of smoking all day long. First, the Turkish tobacco is the best and the mildest in the world; it has nothing of that sharpness which, in European countries, provokes a continual disposition to spit; next, the length of the tube into which the smoke ascends, the odoriferous quality of the wood of which it is made, the amber tip which goes into the mouth, the wood of aloes with which the tobacco is perfumed, contribute more towards its mildness, and to render the smoke of it totally inoffensive in their apartments. The beautiful women, accordingly, take pleasure in amusing their vacant time, by pressing the amber with their rosy lips, and in gently respiring the fumes of the tobacco of Syria, embalmed with those of aloes. It is not necessary, besides, to draw up the smoke with a strong suction, it ascends almost spontaneously. They put the pipe aside, they chat, they look about, from time to time they apply it to the lips, and gently inhale the smoke, which immediately makes its escape from the half-opened mouth. Sometimes they amuse themselves by sending it through the nose; at other times they take a full mouthful, and artfully blow it out on the extended palm, where it forms a spiral column, which it takes a few instants to evaporate. The glands are not pricked, and the throat and breast are not parched by an incessant

cessant discharge of saliva, with which the floors of our smokers are inundated. They feel no inclination to spit, and that affection, so customary with us, is, in the east, considered as a piece of indecency in the presence of persons entitled to superior respect: it is, in like manner, looked upon as highly unpolite to wipe the nose while they are by.

“The Orientalists, who are not under the necessity of labouring, remain almost always in a sitting posture, with their legs crossed under them; they never walk, unless they are obliged to do so; and do not stir from one place to another, without a particular object to put them in motion. If they have an inclination to enjoy the coolness of an orchard, or the purling of a stream, the moment they reach their mark they sit down. They have no idea of taking a walk, except on horseback, for they are very fond of this exercise. It is a great curiosity to observe their looks, as they contemplate an European walking backward and forward, in his chamber, or in the open air, re-treading continually the self-same steps which he had trodden before. It is impossible for them to comprehend the meaning of that going and coming, without any apparent object, and which they consider as an act of folly. The more sensible among them conceive it to be a prescription of our physicians that sets us a-walking about in this manner, in order to take an exercise necessary to the cure of some disorder. The negroes, in Africa, have a similar idea of this practice, and I have seen the savages of South America laugh at it heartily among themselves. It is peculiar to thinking men; and this agitation of the body participates of that of the mind, as a kind of relief to its extreme tension. Hence it comes to pass that all those nations, whose head is empty, whose ideas are contracted, whose mind is neither employed, nor susceptible of meditation, have no need of such a relaxation, of such a diversion of thought, with them, immobility of body is a symptom of the inert state of the brain.

“Those who are oppressed by want of employment, and this is the heritage of the rich, retire to the gardens, of which I have presented a sketch, and, evermore seated, delight themselves with breathing a cool and balsamic air, or listening to wretched music. If they do not choose to go out of town, they repair to one of the coffee-houses, of which we should form a very erroneous idea, in judging of them by our own.

It is a mere tobacco-smoking rendezvous, totally destitute of decoration, and in which nothing absolutely is to be found, except coffee and a live-coal to light the pipes. Mats are spread for the company, and these places of resort are frequented by the men of all nations who reside in Egypt. There is nothing that deserves the name of conversation: a few words only drop occasionally. The Turk is cold and taciturn; he looks down on every other nation with disdain. The African is less disposed to silence, but likes to follow the example of the Turk, and those who are not Mussulmans, take no pains to shun the appearance of a servile subjection to the taste of their tyrants. With the pipe in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other, they slowly wash down, every four or five whiffs of tobacco, with a gulp of coffee. Dancing girls, buffoons, extempore declaimers, come to tender their services, and to earn a bit of money. There is scarcely one of those haunts but what attracts to it some story-teller by profession, who is never tired with talking, nor his auditors with listening to him. The narrations of those indefatigable orators are, for the most part, very insipid and tiresome. The Arabian writers, however, from whom their stories are borrowed, sometimes furnish them with some that are excellent.

“ If a person be ever so little known, he can scarcely pass through a street without being invited in, and requested to drink coffee. This expression of politeness is to such a degree a matter of habit, that those who do not possess a single grain of coffee, such as the gardeners of Rossetta, never fail to make an offer of it, though you would embarrass them exceedingly by accepting it. They do not make use of utensils of iron for roasting the beans of the coffee-plant: it is in an earthen vessel that this operation is performed. They afterwards pound them in a mortar of earthen-ware or wood, which preserves their perfume much better than by reducing them to powder in a mill. The vicinity of Arabia renders it perfectly easy to provide themselves with the excellent coffee which it produces. In the opinion of delicate palates, forty beans are little enough to make one cup fit for drinking; and no where do you meet with it so highly flavoured. They do not suffer it to stand still a moment. When it has boiled three times over the fire, and drawing off successively, and at each boiling, a coffee-pot full with a long handful, they pour it into cups, and though it

be

be not quite clear, there is no reason to regret the want of sugar, which it is not the custom at this place to mix with it."

Mr. SONNINI, though he has thus minutely described the cities of ALEXANDRIA and ROSETTA, is by no means favourable to cities of any description. He therefore accompanies his delineation with these spirited reflections :

"After the eye has wandered with delight over a portion of the brilliant agriculture of Egypt, it is reluctantly brought back to the interior of CITIES. There it is the picture of fertile and generous nature; here we are presented with the sacrilegious efforts to contradict and violate her, of men incapable of relishing or enjoying her beauties. There sensations the gentlest and the most pure, follow each other in rapid succession, and deliciously fill the feeling soul. Here the mind is shocked at the hideous aspect of the vices which domineer in a society equally degenerate and corrupted. But I have engaged to present, without disguise, my observations of every kind; and those which have a reference to the manners of the *existing Egyptians*, ought to find a place in a general description."

From these extracts our readers may form a tolerable judgment of this work, which seems to have been worthy of the excellent translation it has received. The industry and activity of the French in the advancement of arts and sciences, are to be warmly commended. But we cannot admire their consummate vanity; nor do we applaud their lust of empire, by which they are led to disturb the peace of other nations, and to involve their comforts in one common destruction. These Travels were made by SONNINI in the year 1778; and we understand that the favourable reports of this gentleman led *Buonaparte* to undertake his celebrated expedition into Egypt.

*The General Apiarian, wherein a simple, humane, and advantageous Method of obtaining the Produce of Bees, without destroying them, is pointed out, in a Series of Letters to a Friend. By J. Isaac, Secretary to the Apiarian Society. Trueman, Exeter; Johnson, London. 2s. 6d.*

THE title of this little work fully explains its nature and tendency. Its ingenious author seems to understand his subject, and conveys in a small compass much useful information. The *bee* is, in every respect, worthy of our admiration, and of the value of this industrious animal Mr. Isaac is thoroughly apprised. *Thirteen* letters comprise the work, where the principal topics relative to this subject are discussed with good sense and simplicity. Two engravings accompany the publication, which are nearly executed.

We are aware that our readers in general may find little interest in the cultivation and management of bees, but to their sting we are all equally exposed. We shall, therefore, transcribe the remedy here specified, confident that the benevolent author has here brought it forward in full persuasion of its efficacy.—“Nothing will, in all cases, prevent scalding and inflammation in some people, when they are stung; but the following is the best remedy I am acquainted with. *Take out the sting immediately, rub the wound well with broad cloth or other cloth, and then press and rub upon it the bee which has stung you, or any other bee deprived of its sting.* If this be done quickly, little or no swelling will take place. But when the part has swollen, strike it frequently with Goulard’s extract of lead, hartshorn, or vinegar.”

*Letters written from various Parts of the Continent, between the Years 1785 and 1794, containing a Variety of Anecdotes relative to the present State of Literature in Germany, and the celebrated German Literati; with an Appendix, in which are included Three Letters of Gray's, never before published in this Country. Translated from the German of Frederick Mathison. By Ann Plumptree, Translator of several of Kotzebue's Plays. 7s. Longman.*

THE popularity of these Letters in Germany, occasioned their translation into our language, and they certainly contain many pieces of information, which contributed to our entertainment. It appears that the Germans are losing that dull phlegm for which they were distinguished, and are beginning to make a considerable figure in the literary world.

The following account of Mr. Gibbon will entertain the reader, though we lament its brevity :

“ *Lausanne, 1789.*

“ I yesterday visited Gibbon. His exterior is very striking, he is tall and athletic, but withal somewhat unwieldy in his motions. His countenance is one of the most extraordinary physiognomical phenomena imaginable, on account of the irregular proportions of every part to the whole. His eyes are so small that they form the most inflexible contrast with his high and stately-arched forehead: his flat nose is almost lost between his full projecting cheeks, and his very long double chin makes a face already somewhat of the longest still more striking. But notwithstanding these irregularities, Gibbon's countenance has an uncommon expression of dignity, and speaks at the first glance the deep and acute reasoner. Nothing can exceed the glowing animation of his eyes.

“ Gibbon has thoroughly the address and manners of a polished man of the world; he is coldly polite, speaks French with elegance, and has acquired (which is considered as a real phenomenon in an Englishman) almost the pronunciation of the



the Parisian Literati. He listens to himself with great complacency, and always speaks slowly, because he first considers with care every sentence that he utters. He preserves the same unaltered mien in all circumstances, whether pleasant or unpleasant, and hears with a like steadiness of feature, a tale of joy, or a story of the deepest woe, nor, while I was with him, did his countenance once vary into a smile, notwithstanding that the conversation led him to relate a very humorous occurrence. The most excessive punctuality and order reigns throughout his house, his servants must dispatch their business to a minute, or they run the hazard of being dismissed. Of this exactness he sets them the example himself, for his day is divided like that of the Anglo-Saxon King Alfred; he goes, at the striking of the clock, to work, to table, or into company, nor continues at any of these employments one minute longer than the unalterably established order of the day allows. A hair-dresser was discarded because he came a few minutes after the time appointed; his successor in order to be perfectly secure came a few minutes too soon, but he shared the same fate, and the third only who entered the house-door as the clock struck was retained.

"Gibbon is at present employed in making a catalogue of his library, in which are many choice and expensive works, particularly excellent editions of the classics; and in general it is considered as one of the best private libraries ever collected. His first work that he published was written in French, while he was very young, and he told me it was become so scarce, that a copy was lately sold at an auction for two guineas, although it was only a small pamphlet. It was among the ruins of the Capitol that he first planned writing "*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*;" and he has with manly perseverance run the most laborious career ever pursued by any historian.

"Our conversation soon turned from the ancient English literature, wherein he shewed very great knowledge, to the German. Gibbon, one of the greatest scholars of our age, whom nothing worthy of attention which has been produced in England, France, Italy, or Spain, almost in every branch of human learning, has escaped, yet betrays an extremely confined knowledge of the history of our language and literature,

nor

nor had even heard of the German imitations of ancient metres. He mentioned Algarotti's Treatise on Rhyme, in which the author, entirely passing over the Germans, only enumerates the unsuccessful attempts at hexameters made by the English, French, and Italians. I was induced by this to enter on a short sketch of the history of our language: I recounted the rapid improvement made in it within a few years, and concluded with mentioning a German Odyssey, in which the translator has not only preserved the metre, and number of verses in the original, but in many of the hexameters retained the very feet. My memory was faithful enough to enable me to repeat both the Greek, and German, of the two celebrated verses on Sisyphus rolling his stone, from the eleventh book of the Odyssey.

"Notwithstanding his ignorance of the German language, he could not but be convinced, merely from his ear, of the masterly construction of both these hexameters, nor can I describe his astonishment, as he made me repeat them many times over. He immediately conceived so high an opinion of the improvement of our language, and of the gigantic progress of our literature, (as he expressed himself) that he declared his resolution to learn German as soon as he should be sufficiently at leisure.

"I hope you will seize the first opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with this celebrated man, whose house is the resort of the most select society, and of all intelligent foreigners that come into these parts. I embrace you with my whole soul."

In our next Number will be given the Three Letters of Mr. Gray, replete with sensibility.

*Poems on various Subjects, by R. Anderson of Carlisle.*  
3s. Clarke.

THIS poet is self-educated, and therefore his productions must not be severely scrutinized. We, however, are pleased with many parts of this little volume, and can recommend it to our readers. In his Preface he professes himself, with modesty, to be destitute

tute of learning, and is occupied in a department of the calico-printing business. His lines may, on the whole, be read with pleasure; and the following, taken from his piece entitled the *Soldier*, breathes an amiable and affecting strain of sensibility:

“ O ye! who feel not poverty’s keen gripe,  
But loll with luxury on beds of down;  
While the poor warrior on the sun-burnt heath  
Or frozen plain, in sleepless anguish lies!  
Think, think of him, the victim of your ease;  
And when he ’scapes the gore-stain’d field where death,  
So oft a friend, the HERO frees from pain;  
Attentive hear the wounded wanderer’s tale,  
Nor mock, with scorn his honourable scars;  
But let compassion pour soft pity’s balm  
Into the wounds which only death can cure!”

*A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Reverend Joseph Towers, L. L. D. delivered at Newington Green, June 2, 1799, by the Reverend James Lindsay; to which is added the Oration delivered at his Interment, by the Reverend Thomas Jervis. John-son.*

MR. Lindsay (the successor of Dr. Fordyce) and Mr. Jervis (the successor of Dr. Kippis) have here paid a handsome tribute of respect to the memory of a man whose talents and virtues ensured to him no inconsiderable degree of approbation. Of the late Dr. Towers we have already given ample memoirs in our Miscellany for last June; we have therefore only to add, that this publication does much credit to its respective authors. The sermon is eloquently written, and the oration was every way suited to the melancholy occasion.

In the sermon the preacher has ably stated the doctrine of our immortality, and thus bursts forth in a strain

strain of exalted piety : " Infidel cease ! tread not with daring step and cruel purpose that hallowed ground, which upholds, and upholds well whatever wisdom or affection values most. Respect at least the sensibilities of a wounded spirit, and leave to the mourner in Zion, O ! leave him that faith which alone can reconcile him to the death of others ; which alone can fortify his courage in the prospect of his own, which alone can fill his heart with peace and joy in believing.

" But why bespeak the forbearance of infidelity, when we may securely defy its most inveterate enmity ? We are covered with the armour of God ; we wield the weapons of everlasting truth. We stand upon that rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. We know in whom we have believed, and that he is able to keep the good thing which we commit to him till the fair dawning of that morn, which shall give us back all that has been excellent in wisdom and in virtue ; all that has been pleasing to the eye of fancy, or dear to the heart of affection."

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*Strictures on a Work, entitled an Essay on Philosophical Necessity, by Alexander Crombie. These Strictures are comprised in Three Letters, addressed to the Reverend T. Twining, to which is added an Appendix, shewing in various Particulars, the Affinity there is between Necessity and Predestination. By John Colledge. Johnson and Dilly. Price 1s.*

IN defence of these abstruse subjects, *Liberty* and *Necessity*, writers of the greatest ability have appeared ; and it is almost impossible to understand all their intricate speculations. Mr. Crombie wrote an able vindication of Necessity ; and now Mr. Colledge has come forward with no small ingenuity to refute it. He deems it to be nearly allied to predestination, and therefore pregnant

nant with mischief and absurdity. Mr. Golledge displays great shrewdness in most of his remarks, and has evidently paid considerable attention to the controversy.

It is not for us to determine where the truth lies on so profound a subject; and it is remarkable that the perplexity of the theme seems to have troubled *angelic* minds, according to the representations of the great Milton:

“ Others apart sat on a hill retir’d,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high  
Of *Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;*  
*Fix’d fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,*  
And found no end—in wand’ring mazes lost!”

To us short-sighted mortals, therefore, the subject must appear *dark*, and we refer the solution of these difficulties to a more enlightened sphere of being.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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*Eleanor and Mary*, the *Essay on Poetry, Music, and Dancing*, and the *Essay on Riches*, shall be inserted; also *Civis's* Communications. We should wish to know to what length his *Tale* is to be extended. The *Letter*, by *Trifram*, is under consideration. *Lines to a Lady* playing on the Piano Forte, and on the *Falling Leaf*, shall have an admission. The *Lines on Buonaparte* are a wretched composition. *Evening* and *Corydon* are under consideration.

To the proffered observations on the *Tragedy of Pizarro*, we shall pay due attention.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



*Hannah More.*

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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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NOVEMBER, 1799.

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SKETCH  
OF THE  
*MEMOIRS OF MISS HANNAH MORE.*

**W**E have long wished to decorate our *VISITOR* with the head of some *female* author, whose genius has entertained and instructed the rising generation. The age is not wanting in such characters, and the reader will be gratified by the delineation of them. The subject of our Memoir has attracted notice for several years past; her works have been numerous, and at this juncture her pen engages no inconsiderable share of public attention.

*MISS HANNAH MORE* is a native of Bristol, where she resided for the most part of her life, and superintended a boarding-school of ladies, of great respectability. Her sisters succeeded her in the office of teacher, and they also have lately retired. The talents, however, of Miss More, imparted to the seminary no small celebrity, and we have reason to believe that this accomplished tutress sent forth many valuable members of the community. Her school opened about 1765.

The life of *literary* characters, it has been frequently remarked, affords few incidents for the pen of the biographer. This is the precise case with the present sub-



ject of our Memoir. We shall, however, collect together a few anecdotes, which will serve to throw some light on this ornament of the female world.

From her earliest years, we understand, that Miss MORE dedicated much of her time to the improvement of her mind. Possessing a natural taste for the acquisition of knowledge, she availed herself of every opportunity to gratify it. Under such circumstances, we are not to wonder at her present eminence, which could have been attained only by intense application and unwearied industry. She associated likewise with literary men, and was much benefited by their conversation. With the late *Mr. Garrick* she was on terms of the greatest intimacy; and *Dr. Stonehouse*, now deceased, a popular clergyman at Bristol, aided her in her studies, inspected her manuscripts, and thus contributed to the perfection of her writings.

It is also a certain fact, that our fair authoress learnt the Latin language for the purpose of perusing Virgil in his native tongue! This shews that she was not deficient in improving her taste, and was alive to the charms of classical beauty. Indeed, those divine ancients have furnished us with admirable models of writing, in almost every department of literature.

Nor should it be forgotten, that the office of teacher is highly favourable to mental improvement. They who discharge their duty in that capacity, must familiarise their minds to the first principles of science, and by degrees thoroughly understand them. Besides, knowledge thus gradually and thoroughly acquired, will operate upon natural ability, and draw forth those latent seeds of genius which are the germs of intellectual excellence. We may thus reasonably account for many productions with which we should otherwise have been unacquainted. Some of the best Scotch pieces have originated in this circumstance, and such exertions are deserving of applause. We are ready to add, with cheerfulness, the tribute of our commendation.

The

The first publication of Miss MORE, was written by her in the *eighteenth* year of her age; and is entitled, *The Search after Happiness*, a Pastoral Drama, for Young Ladies. It was extremely well received, and contains many excellent passages. The following lines we recommend to our female readers :

“ Euphelia sighs for *flattery, dress, and show*,  
 Too common sources, *these*, of female woe!  
 In beauty's sphere, pre-eminence to find,  
 She flights the culture of th' immortal mind.  
 I would not rail at beauty's charming power,  
 I would but have her aim at something more;  
 The fairest symmetry of form or face,  
 From intellect receives its highest grace;  
 The brightest eyes ne'er dart such piercing fires,  
 As when a *soul* irradiates and inspires.  
 Beauty, with reason, needs not quite dispense,  
 And coral lips may sure speak common sense;  
 Beauty makes virtue lovelier still appear,  
 Virtue makes beauty more divinely fair!”

The authoress has, likewise, in this piece, explained her idea of the *true province of Women*, which sketch may not prove uninteresting in times when *the rights of women* have been warmly contested :

“ As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
 Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
 Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
 Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;  
 Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
 And bear its beauties from its native wood;  
 Expos'd abroad, its languid colours fly,  
 Its form decays, and all its odours die.  
 So *woman*, born to dignify retreat,  
 Unknown to flourish and unseen be great;  
 To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
 With softness polish, and with virtue warm;  
 Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
 Should seek but heaven's applauses and her own,

Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,  
 The censures of a self-condemning heart.  
 Heaven's ministr'ing angel! she should seek the cell  
 Where modest want and silent anguish dwell;  
 Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knees,  
 Cheer the cold heart, and chaie the dire disease;  
 The splendid deeds which only seek a name,  
 Are paid their just reward, in present fame.  
 But know—the awful all-disclosing day,  
 The long arrear of *secret* worth shall pay;  
 Applauding saints shall hear with fond regard,  
 And HE who witness'd *here*—shall *there* reward."

A performance of this kind, at the tender age of *eighteen*, promised much, nor have the public been disappointed. Many pieces have proceeded from her pen, both in prose and poetry, all of which have been honoured with warm commendations.

She has produced *three* tragedies, *Percy*, *Fatal Falsehood*, and the *Inflexible Captive*, founded on the story of *Regulus*, in the Roman history. The two former were performed at Covent Garden. They all contain beautiful sentiments and excellent morality. Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock, two legendary tales—Ode to Dragon—Florio and the Bas Bleu, together with Slavery, a poem, are possessed of merit, and may be read with pleasure and improvement. Her prose works consist of *Essays for Young Ladies*, *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great*—*An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*—*Remarks upon the Speech of Mr. Dupont*—*Village Politics*, by Will Chip, and *Strictures on Female Education*. In each of these we might point out many admirable paragraphs, happily expressed, and calculated to serve the best interests of mankind. They have undergone several editions, and are entitled, both from their design and execution, to a very considerable degree of approbation.

Nor

Nor must we forget to mention her *Sacred Dramas*, a charming work, and the most popular of all her productions. They are inscribed to the Dutchess of Beaufort, and are adapted to benefit essentially the rising generation. They contain *Moses in the Bulrushes*, *David and Goliath*, *Belshazzar*, and *Daniel*, to which are added *Reflections of King Hezekiah*, and an exquisite poem on *Sensibility*. In *David and Goliath* occurs the following fine passage on WAR :

————— O War ! what art thou ;  
 After the brightest conquest what remains  
 Of all thy glories ! For the vanquish'd, chains !  
 For the proud victor, what ? Alas ! to reign  
 O'er desolated nations ! a drear waste  
 By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r  
 Unpeopl'd ! naked plains and ravag'd fields  
 Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits  
 Of peaceful olive, luscious fig and vine !  
 Here rifled temples are the cavern'd dens  
 Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene ;  
 There pop'lous cities blacken in the sun,  
 And in the gen'ral wreck proud palaces  
 Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke  
 Of recent conflagration. When the song  
 Of dear bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,  
 Salutes the victor's ear and sooths his pride !  
 How is the grateful harmony prophan'd  
 With the sad dissonance of virgin cries,  
 Who mourn their brothers slain ! of matrons hoar,  
 Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask,  
 With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons !  
 How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,  
 And spoil'd with widows' tears !

The poem, *Sensibility*, is enriched with many beautiful passages, and discovers a truly feeling heart. The following lines cannot be read without sensible emotions of pleasure :

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,  
 Their jests the tender anguish would prophane;  
 Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,  
 Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;  
 Who ne'er a pain, but for themselves have known,  
 Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own;  
 Who call romantic ev'ry finer thought,  
 Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought.  
 Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind?  
 Where the large soul that takes in human kind?  
 Where the best passions of the mortal breast?  
 Where the warm blessing when another's blest?  
 Where the soft lenitives of other's pain,  
 The social sympathy, the sense humane?  
 The sigh of rapture, and the tear of joy,  
 Anguish that charms and transports that destroy?  
 For tender sorrow has her pleasures too,  
 Pleasures which prosperous dullness never knew;  
 She never knew in all her coarser bliss,  
 The sacred rapture of a pain like this!  
 Nor think the cautious only are the just,  
 Who never was deceiv'd I would not trust.  
 Then take, ye happy vulgar! take your part  
 Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.  
 Benevolence, which seldom stays to chuse,  
 Lest pausing prudence teach her to refuse;  
 Friendship, which once determin'd, never swerves,  
 Weighs e'er it trusts, but weighs not e'er it serves;  
 And soft ey'd Pity and Forgiveness bland,  
 And melting Charity with open hand;  
 And artless Love, believing and believ'd,  
 And gen'rous Confidence, which ne'er deceiv'd;  
 And Mercy stretching out e'er want can speak,  
 To wipe the tear from pale affliction's cheek;  
 These ye have never known!—then take your part  
 Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart."

The *Sensibility* which MISS MORE thus eloquently describes, is, we understand, the prominent feature of her own disposition. Attentive to the wants and distresses of others, she is ever ready to relieve them. She

even

even seeks out opportunities of instructing and consoling her fellow creatures. This is worthy of herself, and will be ultimately crown'd with an abundant reward.

It was this amiable principle which induced her to patronise Mrs. Yearsley, the famous Bristol Milk-Woman, whose native strains have been admired by the genuine lovers of poetry. She wrote an elegant Prefatory Address to her poems, procured her a large list of subscribers from amongst the first characters in the kingdom, and exerted every nerve to promote her interests. This woman, however, afterwards repaid all this kindness by abuse and calumny ! We must not enter into this disagreeable affair ; but we will say that Miss MORE stands fully exonerated ; and Lord Orford justly remarks, in a letter to her, speaking of Mrs. Yearsley's conduct : " That the soil of her heart could never have produced the rank weed of ingratitude, had it not been previously dunged with gold ! "

Some time after she became chiefly instrumental in relieving the *Maid of the Haystack*, an unfortunate young woman, apparently deranged, found under a stack of hay, at *Hanham*, near Bristol. Her origin is unknown, and her history is extremely mysterious. Miss MORE wrote a short account of her, which excited the public commiseration. She is supposed to have been of an high family, but reduced by misfortune to this deplorable condition. Be this as it may, her patroness manifested the purest benevolence, in procuring a comfortable asylum for this melancholy child of affliction. Such acts carry with them their own reward. To diminish the sum of private and public misery, is a most divine deed ; it is imitating him who went about doing good, and will be crowned by the Deity with the amplest tokens of approbation.

Miss MORE, together with her sisters, have retired to a very pleasant spot, which is denominated *Cowslip Green*, situated near the Mendip Hills, about ten miles from Bristol. Here she has established a Sunday School, and

and shewn a very commendable concern for the welfare of the poorer classes of society. With this view she published many excellent small tracts, under the general title of the *Cheap Repository*. The *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* was particularly admired.

The present Bishop of London, and other celebrated characters of the age, are in habits of acquaintance with Miss MORE. We have been assured, on good authority, that she spends, occasionally, a few months at Fulham, the well-known residence of the Bishops of London, since the period of the Reformation. In one of her visits, she penned some very pleasing lines, entitled *Bonner's Ghost*; but which her modesty would not suffer to be published. Bonner was the bloody bishop, in the reign of Mary; he used to scourge the Protestants with his own hand, in his garden, and various other acts of brutality stand on record against him. Miss MORE, we are informed, has finely contrasted the tolerating spirit of the present Prelate, with the cruelty and savage ferocity of his predecessor, who has drawn upon him the execrations of posterity.

In the works of the late Lord Orford, the most pleasing part of the Epistolary Correspondence, is that between his Lordship and Miss MORE. We were gratified by the perusal of it, and think it honourable to both parties. The British peer seems apprised of the real excellence of his friend, and pays her those compliments to which she may be pronounced justly entitled.

The writer of this cursory Narrative, had once the pleasure of passing a few days with the sisters of Miss MORE, at the house of a very respectable family, in Caerleon, Monmouthshire, and well remembers the good sense and amiable temper which they discovered in conversation on a variety of subjects. Nor does he deem it the least of the favours which he enjoyed beneath that hospitable roof, that he was there *first* introduced to an acquaintance with Miss MORE's writings, which

he

he perused, even at that early period, with delight and satisfaction.

We are not ignorant that the subject of our Memoir has been turned into ridicule by the profligate muse of a modern satirist; the perversion of whose superior talents, on other occasions, has excited our indignation. Such wanton attacks can neither disturb the serenity of her mind, nor shake the fair fabric of her fame, which stands reared on an immoveable foundation. Her writings speak for themselves, and have already ensured to themselves the favourable decisions of an enlightened public. Asserting the right of private judgment, we are not, indeed, disposed to defend *every* religious sentiment, which she has from the best of motives inculcated. Nor, on the other hand, are we so convinced of our own infallibility, nor would we be so unjust to the rights of others, as on this account to withhold the meed of praise. But blest with the approbation of the wise and good, and conscious of having directed her efforts to the melioration of her fellow creatures, Miss MORE may calmly repose on her past exertions, and consign, without an anxious thought, her well-earned reputation to the judgment of posterity.

BRISTOL has, in former times, been reproached with a selfish dullness; and even *Hume* has contributed to the prejudice, by a reflection contained in his *History of England*. Her credit, however, has been redeemed by the production of a *Chatterton*, a *More*, a *Yearsley*, a *Southey*, a *Coleridge*, a *Cottle*, and other writers, who have attracted the attention of the literary world. Commerce ought, in justice, to lend her support to literature, and literature will, most assuredly, in return, confer a dignity on commerce. The one refines, exalts, and sublimates the other. Apart they decrease in respectability; but let it be remembered that an *honourable junction* of them secures and perpetuates the welfare and prosperity of the human race.



The mere gains of the merchant are not to be put into competition with that intellectual and moral wealth, a portion of which at least, every individual should endeavour to acquire; and which, wherever it is found, either on a throne or in a cottage, will be remunerated with the plaudits of the Divine approbation. E.

### GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXV.]

#### CURIOUS CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN SOME TIME AGO.

THE French unite every extreme of conduct; they have virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses seemingly incompatible. They are *effeminate*, yet *brave*; *insincere*, yet *honourable*; *hospitable*, but not *benevolent*; *vain*, yet *subtle*; *splendid*, not *generous*; *warlike*, yet *polite*; *plausible*, not *virtuous*; *mercantile*, yet not *mean*; in *trifles serious*, in *danger gay*; *women at the toilet*, *heroes in the field*; *profligate in heart*, yet *decent in their conduct*; *divided in opinion*, but *united in action*; *weak in manners*, but *strong in principle*; *contemptible in private life*, and *formidable in public*.

#### SOLITUDE.

MADAM DE STAEL considered it as a vulgar error, to suppose that freedom and comfort could be enjoyed at court or in public, where even the minute actions of our lives are observed, where our sentiments must be regulated by the circumstances of those around us, where every person assumes the right of scrutinizing our character, and where we never have the smallest enjoyment of ourselves. *The enjoyment of one's self (says she) can only be found in solitude. It was within the walls of the Bastille, that I first became acquainted with myself.*

## THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THIS great General, observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt end of his musket, just after victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus, "Why so pensive, my friend, after so *glorious* a *victory*?" "It may be glorious," replied the brave Briton, "but I am thinking, that *all the human blood I have spilt* this day, has only *earned one four-pence*! To the credit of humanity be it spoken, that the Duke, turning aside, a tear was observed to fall from his cheek.

## LIBRARIES.

AMONGST modern libraries, the four largest are supposed to be the Emperor's at Vienna; the Vatican library; the library of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, and that now belonging to the French Republic, at Paris. Of ancient libraries, the Alexandrian was the most celebrated. Among the other ancient libraries, that of Lucullus is said to have been very considerable, as was also that of Trajan, which was called after him the Ulpian library. But one of the most elegant was that founded at Rome by Simonicus, preceptor of the Emperor Gordianus. It is said to have contained 8000 select volumes, and that the apartment in which they were deposited was paved with gilt marble. The walls were composed of glass and ivory; and the shelves, cases, presses, and desks, made of ebony and cedar.

## GEORGE HERBERT.

IT is recorded of this gentleman, who was stiled in his day the *divine Herbert*, and who was celebrated for his piety and his poetry, that being prælector in the rhetoric school, at Cambridge, in the year 1618, he thought proper to pass by the orators of Greece and Rome, and chose to read upon an oration of King James. In his lecture, he analysed the parts of the royal speech, he showed their connection, and he pointed out the propriety of

the language, and its power to move the affections. He also illustrated the beauties of the style, which, as he very properly observed, was of a kind *utterly unknown to the ancients*, who had no just conceptions of the excellencies of *regal* eloquence.

#### SUBLIME POETRY.

IN the 74th Psalm, of Sternhold and Hopkin's version, will be found the following curious lines. David is addressing the Divine Being, and thus exclaims—

“Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,  
And hide it in thy lap!  
O! pluck it out, and be not slack,  
To give thy foes a-rah.”

#### SLINGING.

To teach any new habit or art, we must not employ any alarming excitements: small, certain, regularly recurring motives, which interest, but which do not distract the mind, are evidently the best. The ancient inhabitants of Minorca were said to be the best *slingers* in the world. When they were children, every morning, what they were to eat, was slightly suspended to high poles, and they were obliged to throw down their breakfasts with their slings, from the places whence they were suspended, before they could satisfy their hunger. The motive seems to have been here well proportioned to the effect that was required: it could not be any great misfortune to a boy to go without his breakfast; but as this motive returned every morning, it became sufficiently serious to hungry slingers.

#### SLAVE TRADE.

LORD Orford, in a letter to Miss Hannah More, remarks, “I do not understand the manœuvre of sugar, and, perhaps, am going to talk nonsense, as my idea may be impracticable; but I wish human wit, which is really very considerable in mechanics and merchantry, could devise some method of cultivating

canes, and making sugar without the manual labour of the human species. How many mills and inventions have there not been discovered to supply succedaneums to the work of the hands, and which, before the discoveries, would have been treated as visions? It is true, manual labour has, sometimes, taken it very ill to be excused, and has destroyed such mills—but *the poor negroes* would not rise and insist upon being worked to death. Pray talk to some ardent genius, but do not name me; not merely because I may have talked like an idiot, but because my ignorance might, *ipso facto*, stamp the idea with ridicule. People, I know, do not love to be put out of their old ways: no farmer listens at first to new inventions in agriculture; and I do not doubt but bread was, originally, deemed a new fangled vagary by those who had seen their fathers live very comfortably on acorns. Nor is there any harm in starting new game to invention; many excellent discoveries have been made by men who were *in chase* of something very different. I am not quite sure that the arts of making gold, and of living for ever, have been yet found out; yet to how many noble discoveries has the pursuit of those nostrums given birth! Poor chemistry, had she not had such glorious objects in view!

“If you are sitting under a cowslip at your cottage\*, these reveries may amuse you for half an hour, at least make you smile; and, for the ease of your conscience, which is always in a panic, they require no answer.”

#### NEW TITLE.

LORD ORFORD, writing to the same lady, says, speaking of his newly-acquired title, “For the other empty metamorphosis that has happened to the outward man, you do me justice in concluding that it can do nothing but tease me; it is being called names in one’s old

\* MISS MORE lives at a place called Cowslip Green, a few miles from Bristol.

age. I had rather be my *Lord Mayor*, for then I should keep the *nickname* but a year, and mine I may retain a little longer; not, that at seventy-five, I reckon on becoming my *Lord Methusalem!*"

*A Letter from Lord Orford to Dr. Berkenhout, in Answer to a Letter, requesting Materials for writing his Life, 1773.*

SIR,

I am so much engaged in private business at present, that I have not had time to thank you for the favour of your letter, nor can I now answer it to your satisfaction.

My life has been too insignificant to afford materials interesting to the public. In general, the lives of mere authors are dry and unentertaining; nor though I have been one occasionally, are my writings of a class or merit to entitle me to any distinction. I can as little furnish you, sir, with a list of them, or their dates, which would give me more trouble to make out than is worth while. If I have any merit with the public, it is for printing and preserving some valuable works of others; and if you ever write the lives of *printers*, I may be enrolled in the number. My own works, I suppose, are dead and buried; but as I am not impatient to be interred along with them, I hope you will leave that office to the parson of the parish, and I shall be as long as I live,

Your obligèd, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

MILTON,

SAID Lord Orford, has merit so much superior to *mere grace*, that I will only say that if his Raphael, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvidere, his Eve has all the delicacy of the Venus of Medici, and his description of Eden has the colouring of Albano. His tenderness always imprints ideas as

graceful as Guido's Madonnas and the Allegro Penitente, and Comus might be denominated from the three Graces.

Milton's soul was full of poetry, sense, and fire; and he had improved all these qualities by studying the best models. Thus prepared, he gave a loose to his genius, which was too impetuous and sublime to be curbed by the mechanism of rhyme, which would often have impeded his expressing all he felt, and oftener, perhaps, have obliged him to add frigidities to help out the return of the sound. The language, therefore, of MILTON's blank verse was not studied, but the natural application of his own tongue to deliver his own ideas.

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXIII.]

### THE LYCIDAS OF MILTON,

LYCIDAS is dead—dead e're his prime  
Young LYCIDAS, and hath not left his peer;  
Who would not sing for LYCIDAS? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme;  
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier,  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

MILTON.

MILTON is an author of such exquisite merit, that we are unwilling to pass by any of his truly excellent productions. His *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, have already engaged our attention. We now proceed to a short elegiac poem, known by the name of *LYCIDAS*, parts of which exhibit traits both of beauty and sublimity. The critics, we are aware, have differed on its merits; but the reader shall have it in his power to determine according to his own judgment.

In the edition of Milton's smaller poems, *Lycidas* is entitled a monody, and the following melancholy cause is said to have given rise to the composition. A learned friend was unfortunately drowned, 1637, in the month of August, on the Irish seas, in his passage from Chester. This friend (we are informed by Bishop Newton) was Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth, King James I. and King Charles I. and was a fellow of Christ College, and was so well beloved and esteemed at Cambridge, that some of the greatest names in the university have united in celebrating his obsequies, and published a collection of poems, Greek and Latin, and English, sacred to his memory. This poem is supposed to have been written by Milton, at Horton, the seat of his father, in Buckinghamshire. Here the poet opened his mind to all the delicacies of friendship, and was, therefore, susceptible of the sorrows which its losses must have occasioned. The motto constitutes a part of the introduction to the poem, and shews how deeply the mind of the poet was affected by the decease of his amiable and learned friend.

Their association together, and their interchanges of mutually kind offices to one another, are thus delicately described :

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd,  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night;  
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright,  
Toward heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring  
wheel;

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to the oaten flute;  
Rough satyrs danc'd, and fawns with cloven heel,  
From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

Immediately afterwards the *heavy change* is feelingly depicted; it is a perfect contrast to the preceding paragraph:

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er grown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The willows and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such LYCIDAS thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Having thus sweetly sketched the pleasures and sorrows of friendship; Milton bursts forth into the following affecting apostrophe, replete with genuine poetry:

Where were ye; nymphs, when the remorseless deep!  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd LYCIDAS?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie;  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wizard stream.  
 Ah! me, I fondly dream!  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
 What could the muse herself, that Orpheus bore,  
 The muse herself for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore?

Some beautiful reflections are then introduced on the uncertainty of human life, and on the nature of true fame; the passage is too remarkable to be here omitted:



Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind *fury*, with th' abhorred shears,  
 And slits the fine spun life. But not the praise,  
*Phæbus* reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears:  
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil,  
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove*,  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heav'n—expect thy meed.

The poet then proceeds to various poetical personifications, all of which tend to impress us with the liveliness and delicacy of his imagination. He also touches on the very corrupt state of the clergy at that period, and is supposed to allude to the probable and violent death of Laud, many years after the time in which the poem was written. The lines are singular:

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw,  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said;  
 But that two-handed engine at the door,  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more!

At the close of the elegy we meet with these pathetic strains, worthy the subject of his song:

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more  
 For *LYCIDAS*, your sorrow *is not dead*!  
 Sunk tho' he be beneath the watry floor,  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed;  
 And yet anon uprears his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
 So *LYCIDAS* sunk low, but mounted high

Thro'

Thro' the drear might of *him* that walk'd the waves,  
Where other groves and other streams, along  
With nectar pure, his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms, meek of joy and love,  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, *LYCIDAS*, the shepherds weep no more,  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good,  
To all that wander in that perilous flood !

How tender is this conclusion ! how expressive of that support, which, even under the severest afflictions, is to be derived from the consolations of religion ! The whole Monody exhibits those delicacies of thought and sentiment peculiar to its wonderful author, who took every thing within the grasp of his mighty imagination. His mind was of no common make ; this appears from all his productions.

But after all, it must be confessed, that *Johnson* has treated *LYCIDAS* with a most unjustifiable severity. But Mr. Hayley, in his admirable Life of Milton, has done the poem ample justice in these words :

“ An animated and benevolent veteran of criticism, Doctor Warton, has considered a relish for the *Lycidas* as a test of true taste for poetry, and it certainly is a test which no lover of Milton will be inclined to dispute ; though it must exclude from the list of accomplished critics that intemperate censor of the great poet, who has endeavoured to destroy the reputation of his celebrated Monody with the most insulting expressions of sarcastic contempt ; expressions that no reader of a spirit truly poetical, can peruse without mingled emotions of indignation and of pity ! But the charms of *Lycidas* are of a texture too fine to be annihilated by the breath of derision, and though Dr. Johnson has declared

declared the poem to be utterly destitute both of nature and of art; it will assuredly continue to be admired as long as tenderness, imagination, and harmony, are regarded as genuine sources of poetical delight. The effect of this favourite composition is exactly such as the Poet intended to produce; it first engages the heart with the simplicity of just and natural sorrow, and then proceeds to elevate the mind with magnificent images, ennobled by affectionate and devotional enthusiasm. The beauties of this pathetic and sublime Monody, are sufficiently obvious; but the reader, who compares it with a poem on the same subject, by Cleveland, once the popular rival of Milton, may derive pleasure from perceiving how infinitely our favourite poet has excelled, on this occasion, an eminent antagonist."

Such is the just encomium of Mr. Hayley, the words of Bishop Newton are, perhaps, still more expressive: "Of the poems to the Memory of Mr. King, the best of all is MILTON'S LYCIDAS. On such sacrifices the Gods themselves strew incense, and one would almost wish *so to have died*, for the sake of having *been so lamented*!"

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AN

### ALPINE EXCURSION.

[From Matthiſon's Letters.]

Grandelos, June, 29th, 1790.

LET me now proceed, my dear friend; to give you a detail of my late mountain rambles. We ascended, on horseback, to the village of Yvorne, not far from Aigle. The road was at first beautiful, winding among pines and cypress-trees; the clusters of yellow flowers on the latter, formed a striking and charming contrast with the dark green hue of the former, while at intervals, through openings in the bushes, we were

enchanted with a perspective view of the valley of the Rhone and the wild snowy hills of the Valais. We continued this ascent for about two hours, when we arrived at a place called *The Ruins*, a name wholly appropriate to the nature of the spot, since the road now became almost perpendicular, and nothing was to be seen on either side but broken masses of rocks towering above each other. Scarcely had we passed this wilderness, when we were rewarded by arriving upon a plain whence we beheld the whole expanse of the lake of Geneva lying at a great depth immediately below us. We stopped here for some time at a *Sennhütte*, or dairy house, where we were very hospitably entertained by the simple owner, and found excellent milk. After this refreshment we again proceeded forwards, and towards evening reached our night quarters, which was another *Sennhütte*, at the foot of two majestic rocks, one of which has the exact form of a flattened cupola, and is called *La Tour de Mayenne*.

Impressed with the ardent desire to reach the summit of this eminence, whence I promised myself a glorious view over the Alps of Savoy, together with a rich harvest of plants, I could not the next morning resist making an attempt to accomplish my wish, especially as my host assured me that the undertaking was neither difficult nor dangerous. Accordingly, furnished with my Linnæus, and a little basket, containing some wine and a piece of bread, I commenced my excursion, and arrived at the top of the rock without the least obstruction or accident. The view exceeded my expectations, nor was I disappointed in my promised botanical acquisitions, and all had been well, could I have been content to return quietly by the same commodious path that I had ascended; but unfortunately some dæmon possessed me with the idea that by going round to the eastern side of the hill, I might find another track by which to descend, and thus acquire a farther knowledge of a spot I was desirous of exploring as much as possi-

ble. I had certainly never attempted the execution of this plan, had I been aware that the ridge of rocks among which I hoped to find this path, rose perpendicularly above a horrible precipice.

After walking for about half an hour, first along a valley, and then ascending a hill again, I found myself at the foot of a very steep rock, up which I climbed with some difficulty by the aid of bushes growing out of the clefts, and arrived at a gentle slope, covered with the *silene acaulis*, as with a purple carpet, where finding myself somewhat fatigued, I sat down to rest, it being then exactly noon. After taking a refreshing repast from my little basket, I ascended the slope, and as every trace of the foot of man was lost, directed my course by the sun and *La Tour de Mayenne*, which lay exactly to the east of the *Sennhütte* where I had left my companion. I have seldom been more disagreeably surprised than with the change of scene which now presented itself to my view. Scarcely had I reached the summit of the slope, when I saw before me as far as the eye could reach, a boundless wilderness overspread with snow, broken only by vast chasms or points of rocks, and where, as on the boundaries of a chaos, all vegetable life seemed to die away.

Had my strength been wholly unimpaired, I could scarcely have formed so wild an idea as that of endeavouring to press on through these regions of wintery desolation, and now that I was already wearied with my previous exertions, I thought it by far my wisest plan to turn back without delay, and regain, as fast as possible, the path by which I first ascended. But when I came back to the rock, I beheld, with shuddering, the invincible difficulty of getting down a precipice, which in ascending I had scarcely thought formidable.

It is very often the case in mountain regions, as you know by experience, that a rock may be ascended with ease, which could not be descended again without the most imminent hazard. Here it was not merely hazard-

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ous to attempt descending, it was a thing impossible to be done, since nothing could save me from falling down the precipice, but stepping precisely upon every bush and shrub that had assisted my ascent, and this I could by no means be secure of doing, unless I had had eyes in the soles of my feet.

To the right and left frightful abysses denied me every possibility of extricating myself from my perilous situation, consequently no other means remained for my deliverance but to attempt wading through the snowy waste, to which alone I was obliged to leave the decision of my fate. I arrived once more at the slope with the purple carpet, and trod again the borders of the wintery desert, where the loose snow made the walking extremely laborious, nor can I find words to describe the difficulties I had to encounter, but they were so great, that with a less degree of natural strength I had inevitably sunk under them. Often was I forced to descend into deep chasms filled with snow, whence I could not climb out again without the utmost exertion, and at last had, perhaps, not gained above five or six yards of direct way. My ankle-bones became quite exoriated with repeated falls between broken points of rocks, and my hands were no less galled with grappling them, till at length I found myself so completely exhausted that I could proceed no farther. It was then half past four.

Hitherto I had not lost all hope of emancipation, but as my strength was gone, and the desert still appeared to stretch as far before me as at the first step I had taken, my fate seemed now inevitable, and I looked forward to death as my only means of deliverance from such a maze of difficulties. I drank my small remains of wine, and ate my last piece of bread with as firm a conviction that I had taken my last meal, as impressed the noble Spartans at Thermopylæ, and lying down on a rock which had previously served me for a table, I almost instantly fell into a profound sleep.

The life of your friend, my dear Bonstetten, now hung upon a very slender thread. Exhausted as I had been, it was more than probable that my sleep would continue till after sun-set, and in that case I must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to the night-frosts, which even in this season had covered a small lake, that I passed upon these heights with a very thick coat of ice. For the hand of man to snatch me from this benumbed and torpid state, was as little to be expected as if I had been in a wilderness, upon an uninhabited island, and I shall always consider the accident to which I owe my deliverance, as one of the most extraordinary casualties that ever happened to a mortal. A bird of prey, which probably had a nest somewhere near, was the sole means of giving me back to life and the society of mankind; with a loud scream he swept so closely by me, that notwithstanding my death-like torpor I awoke with the noise. His voice, which I could still hear when he was at a great distance, seemed to be that of an eagle; and I was afterwards assured by the chamois-hunters, that the nests of the stone eagle are found in abundance among these rocks. The great owl, called in France *grand-ducke*, is also an inhabitant of these parts, and hides in the clefts and cavities, but it does not seem probable that he was my deliverer, since he is not accustomed to come abroad by day-light. My half-dreaming situation, when I was first roused, rendered me incapable of observing the creature with any degree of accuracy, and by the time that my recollection was perfectly returned, he had soared to such a distance as to preclude the possibility of my distinguishing his form clearly.

It was six o'clock when I awoke, and my strength being now recruited, I was resolved once more to exert every possible effort for effecting my escape. I laboured still for about an hour with inexpressible difficulty through snow and clefts, when at length I reached the bed of a mountain torrent, as yet empty of water, and

and only in some places filled up with snow. My spirits, which before had every moment been more and more depressed, were now on a sudden as highly elevated. I hailed the joyful harbinger of my deliverance, and entered the channel in full confidence, that since in milder weather it conveyed the water to the plains below, it would now convey me thither.

I wound very slowly down between towering masses of rock, which were alternately more smooth or rugged according as the stream rushed over them with increased or diminished force, till at length I once more heard the bells of the herds, and the songs of the herdsmen. Never did the notes of the sweetest music strike with such a charm on my ear, as did now these harsh tones, since they removed in an instant every lingering doubt remaining within me of my restoration to mankind. A smoke which I soon after observed ascending from amidst a forest of pines, served as my guide for the rest of the way, and about eight o'clock in the evening I came to a *Sennhütte* at a considerable distance from that whence I had departed in the morning. The herdsmen fancied at first that they beheld an apparition, so disfigured were all my features and so wan my countenance: nor was this surprising, after fourteen hours spent in such a toilsome expedition, without any thing to support me except a small quantity of bread and wine.

The honest mountaineers made a circle round me to hear my story, and evinced a sympathy for my sufferings, and an anxiety to relieve them, which affected me deeply. As I pointed out the way by which I came down, they shewed the most expressive signs of astonishment, and assured me that the country above bears a very ill character from the frightful precipices with which it abounds, and that it is never visited by the chamois-hunters before August, and even then not frequently.



Such, my dear Bonstetten, is the faithful and unembellished narrative of my last Alpine excursion.

## REFLECTIONS

UPON THE

EXISTENCE AND PERFECTIONS OF THE DEITY.

— I cannot go  
Where universal love smiles not around.

THOMSON.

**T**HAT there is "A mighty hand that ever busy wheels the silent spheres," is the acknowledged belief of men of virtue and of reflection, in every age and in every country. It is a conviction stamped by the hand of nature upon the heart, and it is the result of investigation and enquiry. The untutored savage feels it, and the more we scrutinize the footsteps of the Deity, which are impressed on all the works of creation, the more also shall we confess and rejoice in it.

If there be a GOD, such as we suppose him to be; independent, self-existent, the first cause of all things, and the source and fountain from which they flowed, he must, of necessity, be infinitely perfect (i. e.) infinitely powerful, infinitely wise, infinitely good. On any other supposition our ideas of him are inconsistent and contradictory to themselves. Now if the Divine Being be infinitely wise, his penetration sees at once what regulations in his government will be most conducive to the best ends, viz. ; his own honour and the happiness of his creatures. If he is infinitely good, he must delight in this benevolent object, and if he is infinitely powerful, he cannot but compel the procession of things to pursue that path which his wisdom and his benevolence prescribe. The knowledge of his attributes leads us then, necessarily, to the conclusion, that his benevolence prescribes—that his wisdom approves—that his

power

power enforces that order of things which shall most redound to the good of his creatures.

To set aside this firm persuasion of the mind, is to sap the foundations of moral principle, to introduce confusion into a system of order, and dissipate the surest rays of consolation which illuminate the abodes of men.

But not to insist upon speculations of this sort, let us turn our attention for a few moments to the more palpable, the more pleasing manifestations of that universal love which smiles around us. And when we contemplate this theatre on which we are now acting our several parts, the beauties of which are no less striking than its structure is admirable, we shall scarcely withhold our astonishment, that any one, dismissing the dictates of common sense, should, for a moment, believe that *this* planet is not the workmanship of Infinite Mercy, Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Power.

In the sweet serenity of a cloudless evening, when I lift my astonished eyes towards that glorious vault which canopies the earth—when I contemplate the sublime picture which the firmament presents, studded with innumerable stars, shining with splendour which mocks the diamond; when I mark the order, the regularity in which they move around their common centre, each pursuing its path without variation—without failure—without interference with the rest, surely the bright lustre of these heavenly hosts, the admirable discipline of their movements, the undisturbed regularity of their changes, each rising at its appointed hour, at its appointed hour withdrawing again; surely all these things bespeak an ordering and arrangement infinitely superior to the wild, unreined, unintentional movements of chance. To reason's ear they bear the intimation of a wise and powerful agent,

“For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.”

ADDISON.

From the sublime arch of heaven let us next direct our reflections to the earth, which is extended like an elegant carpet beneath our feet; and what infinitely varied evidence of the divine agent rises to our notice, in the ten thousand thousand wonders of creation which vegetate around us! In the innumerable objects which demand our attention—in the plants—in the flowers—in the fruit—in the trees—in the animals—in the insects with which her bosom teems, what can we see but the “traces of a God?” Trees loaded with fruit, mountains waving with corn, meadows embroidered with flowers; what can we think of this beautiful variety, this charming diversity, so eminently adapted to the support, the comfort, the happiness of sensitive life? These beautiful effects, pursuing each other in everlasting harmony, chaunt in unison with the music of the spheres; they are no less demonstrative of that infinite power which “*Orders all things wisely and well!*”

Lastly.—Let us repair to the shores of the mighty deep; now calm—now tranquil as the bosom of innocence, as the unalterable peace of that God who separated it from the dry land, and now raging in tempest like the fury which will eventually overwhelm the proud oppressor! What additional reasons shall we here meet to adore the Providence which bridles its fury with the sand, and not only says to its proud waves, here shall your billows be stayed, but turns its faithless bosom to the comfort of man; and from it, as from an inexhaustible fund, pours into our laps whatever is necessary to the elegant enjoyment of life! Let arrogance affect then to be wiser than the modest child of reason; and in the distributions now noticed, pretend to perceive nothing but disorder and confusion. But for me, and I may add, for all whose minds are open to the appeal of argument and experience, we must see the heavens, the earth, and the seas thrown into discord—the glorious luminaries of the sky extinguished—the day and the night divided no more; we must see the order of

of seasons inverted—seed time and harvest fail—the sea break down its boundaries—beauty changed into deformity, and the universe rush into confusion; till *then* we must believe that the Lord reigneth—that his finger guides the planets in their everlasting round—that it is his hand which

“ Works in the secret deep; shoots teeming thence  
The fair profusion, that o’er-spreads the spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth, this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.”

THOMSON.

If more be necessary to assure the mind of that universal love which shines around us, let us next attend to the evidence of this grand truth which nature has stamped on every bosom; and the first glance will strike upon the breast with more than demonstrative force. A beautiful French moralist has given us nearly the following analogy: “ When I survey the families of my friends, wisely regulated, and sweetly enjoying in the bosom of peace the happiness of well ordered society, I instantly conclude that they are managed by wise and intelligent guides. When I survey kingdoms and states flourishing in peace, the laws revered, justice divided betwixt man and man, commerce and the arts daily improving and extending themselves to the comfort and prosperity of the subject, I instantly conclude that wisdom holds the reins of empire, and that the most consummate ability points its energies. When I contemplate the flocks peaceably spreading themselves over the plains, enjoying the bounties of nature, without terror, without apprehension, I conclude that a prudent and watchful shepherd attends to their wants, and protects their defenceless company. When I see the proud vessel with her sails distended, pursuing her progress across the pathless deep, combating the tempest, surmounting the billows,

billows, and happily arriving at her desired port, I infer that an expert pilot holds her helm in his hand, and points her cleaving keel where to divide the waters." In like manner, when I see the universe balanced like a bubble in the air; when I watch its progress from day to day, from year to year, find it still turning round its center; still renewing its beautiful appearances, without variation and without failure, pouring forth its blessings on its happy inhabitants; can I possibly conclude that aught but infinite goodness produces this effect? Did atoms, uncontrouled, ever concur in such harmony? The emotions of my breast compel me to scout the idea. If order and regularity imply the agency of a wise superintendant in one respect, they imply it in another. In fact, this is a conclusion which (with the exception of determined perversity only) mankind have ever drawn; we all feel, we all act under the impression. "Where is the atheist," says the eloquent Latin moralist, "but in the moment of danger will call upon and implore the aid of that God whose existence he is accustomed to deny? But why does he turn his imploring eyes towards heaven? Why does he invoke the assistance of the Omnipotent? Surely because the emotions of his bosom deny the language of his lips."

There is, then, an intelligence which presides over the universe—there is an eye which watches over its every movement—there is a hand which guides its secret energies! Nature, in every shape, leads to the same conclusion; from the reptile which creeps along the surface of the earth, to him who is constituted lord of the creation; from the hyssop upon the wall to the cedar of Lebanon; from the earth on which we tread, to the skies which are stretched out over us; from the feelings of the bosom to the evidence of reason, every thing concurs to proclaim the operation of the divinity! "We cannot go where universal love smiles not around;" and must be without excuse if we refuse our concurrence to such an host of testimonies.

W. H.

THE  
ALTAR OF PEACE,

AN

*Address delivered in the Council House, at Greenville, July 5th, 1795, before the Officers of the American Army, and Major General Wayne, Commander in Chief, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, to treat with the Indian Tribes North West of the Ohio,*

BY MORGAN J. RHEES.

A Noble example for all generals and commanders of armies! Gideon, when going out to war, erected an ALTAR to the GOD of Peace\*. His object was not devastation and plunder, but to defend the lives, liberty, and property of his brethren; when these objects were obtained, the sword was sheathed, and he returned to his occupation, crowned with honour.

Gideon, as a worshipper of God, is worthy of imitation by all men; if there be a first cause, a disposer of events, a distributor of rewards and punishments, he is certainly an object of adoration. Some have supposed man to be a religious animal, that it is religion and not reason which distinguishes him from the beast; but, without the exercise of reason, I am at a loss to know how we are to prove the existence of the Almighty. It is true, in most countries, savage as well as civilized, we meet with the temple and the priest, the altar and the offering; the mythology of the heathen, the mosques of Mahomet, the superstitions of popery, and the circumscribed ceremonies of the Jews; all have a tendency to prove that there is such a thing as *real* religion. Let us search for it, not by rejecting wholly every thing that bears the appearance of religion, but

\* Judges vi. 24.

by acting the part of the *bee*, extract the honey from every flower !

Although this Western world be a wilderness, we meet here with abundance of flowers which would adorn the most beautiful garden in Europe. Shall we reject those valuable productions of the earth, because they grow in an uncultivated soil ? surely not. Shall we then reject the noble precepts of Christ, and despise his institutions, because they have been obscured by the weeds of Popery and Mahometanism ? God forbid ! Rather let us cut down the groves of Baal and despise his worship. Let us reject every hypothesis that will not bear the test of examination—let us believe nothing but what is supported by evidence, and may be proved by reason.

That religion is certainly rational which represents the Supreme Being in the most amiable manner, rewards virtue, punishes vice, publishes peace to the penitent, unites man to man, and all good men to God. Such is the Christian religion in its primitive simplicity : although its advocates are engaged in the most important war ; a war with ignorance and vice ; yet, after the example of Gideon, they continually pray for peace. The commander in chief has ordered them to publish peace in every house they enter ; peace to the Indians, to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Their commission is to preach the gospel to every creature, to proclaim glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men !

However, if we wish to enjoy a permanent peace in the world, the private circle, or the conscience, the Bible declares we must cease to do evil and learn to do good ; the rule is short, the commandments are easy. All the precepts of Jehovah center in one syllable—**LOVE**. The law and the prophets, like the rays of the sun, collected to a focus, here shine and burn.

The man who loves God as the supreme good, and his neighbour as himself, surmounts every obstruction with

with ease, because he is borne above earth on the wings of love; the philanthropist is every person's neighbour, the white, the black, and the red, are alike to him; he recognizes in each a brother, a child of the same common parent, an heir of immortality, and a fellow traveller to eternity. He knows how to make allowances for the prejudices of nations and individuals; instead of declaiming and tyrannizing, he endeavours to lead (with the cords of love and the bands of man,) all his fellow men, to think, and judge for themselves, what is right. Having done this, the foundation is laid for a glorious fabric! The man who dares to think seriously for himself, brings a complete sacrifice to the altar of peace; his ear receives instruction, the memory retains information, the judgment discerns between truth and error, his eye or principle is fixed on the glory of God and the public good; and his feet or affections persevere in the path which leads to immortal blessedness.

Whilst on his journey the Christian ceases not to offer up the sacrifice of praise for the innumerable mercies which surround his path and his pillow, but especially, for that life and immortality which have been brought to light by the gospel.

Brethren! where we have fallen short in any duty, especially that of gratitude; let us move on with a firm and steady step in the great work of reformation, and as we are surrounded by temptations, let us combat the powers of darkness and the enemy will flee before us: with the weapons of eternal truth let us fight the foe, and our rallying point shall be the Altar of Peace.

Permit me to descend to particulars, and apply the subject to the pending treaty. The Lord give peace. But, first! in order to establish a durable peace, some sacrifices must be made on both sides.

The love of conquest and enlargement of territory should be sacrificed—every nation or tribe having an

indefeasible



indefeasible right of soil, as well as a right to govern themselves in what manner they think proper: for which reason the United States purchase the right of soil from the Indians.

Self-interest and avarice, being the root of all evil, ought to be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, for the good of mankind. The desire of revenge should be immediately offered on the altar of forgiveness, although thy brother transgress against thee seventy times seven in a day.

Diffimulation and intrigue, with every species of deceptive speculation and fraudulent practice, ought to be sacrificed on the altars of strict honour and inflexible justice.

In short, as the altar of peace is our *text*, the *sermon*, or our future conduct, should be, "do justice and love mercy,"—tell the Indians they must "go and do likewise." Inform them that righteousness is the parent of peace, foreign and domestic; that without it there can be no tranquillity in the nation, the neighbourhood, or in the bosom of the individual. Endeavour, therefore, by all possible means, to instil a just knowledge of this principle into their minds, for it must precede universal peace.

Why did the prophet say, "they shall not hurt nor destroy?" because, first, "the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea."

If we were to form any idea of the signs of the times, the day of universal knowledge, peace, and happiness, cannot be at any great distance; it will advance upon us like the rising sun, whose light irresistibly spreads far and wide!

But do not imagine that we are to be idle spectators: God carries on his work by means, and employs rational instruments; and as we are at present in an Indian country, we should devise and adopt the most likely measures to civilize the savage tribes. We have

an opportunity of knowing something of their dispositions.

If peace can be amicably concluded, much may be done ; but we are not to forget the natural steps from a savage state, to that of civilization. I am clearly of opinion, that rational preachers ought to be employed to remove their ancient superstition, give them just notions of the great Spirit, and teach them rules of moral rectitude. I am aware, that something more is wanted ; unless husbandry and the mechanical arts be introduced with those missionaries, they will never be able to prevail on them to quit their ancient customs and manners ; government should therefore interfere and assist : that good may be done by individuals, none can deny. The Moravian Indians are a convincing proof of it : still their laudable efforts will be ineffectual to bring over the great body of the people, without further aid, and a general intercourse between them and virtuous men.

It is to be lamented that the frontiers of America, have been peopled in many places by men of bad morals. I do not mean by this, to throw a disagreeable reflection upon all the frontier inhabitants, for I know there are many virtuous characters among them, but certain it is, that there are a great number of white as well as red savages, it will therefore be necessary to have such communications with the different tribes, as to convince them of the good will of the Americans in general.

If at the conclusion of this treaty, some interchanges of persons could take place between the United States and the different tribes, so that some Americans might have their residence in the Indian towns, and the Indians, in like manner, reside in some of the principal towns on the frontiers, it might be the means of terminating all future differences without war ; of cultivating harmony and friendship among the tribes, of bringing offenders on both sides to justice ; and causing treaties to be respected throughout the different na-

tions. If such a system could be introduced; cultivation and instruction would naturally follow, and the Americans and Indians would become one people, and have but one interest at heart—the good of the whole.

That such an event should take place is certainly desirable: let us therefore, in the first place, follow the example of Gideon, by erecting an altar, and offer the necessary sacrifices to obtain peace; let us by acts of righteousness and deeds of mercy make that peace permanent; let every probable means be made use of to enlighten the poor heathens, that they may quit their childish and cruel customs; and add to their love of liberty and hospitality, piety, industry, mechanical and literary acquirements.—Let us join them in prayer that the “*Great Spirit* may enlighten their eyes and purify their hearts, give them a clear sky and smooth water—guard them against the bad birds, and remove the briars from their paths—protect them from the dogs of war, which are ever exciting them to acts of barbarous cruelty—that they may never attend to their barking, but continue to keep the bloody hatchet in the ground, and smoke the calumet of peace until its odours perfume the air\*.”

Sweet peace!—source of joy—parent of plenty—promoter of commerce and manufactures—nurse of arts and agriculture!—angelic peace!—could I but set forth thy amiable qualities, who would but love thee?—O daughter of heaven!—first offspring of the God of love!—hasten to make thy residence with us on earth.

\* The ingenious author of this piece has here happily adapted fine expressions to *the creed of the Indians*, with the view of imparting an *additional* efficacy to his instructions.  
Ed.

## THREE LETTERS OF GRAY,

AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCH-YARD.[From *Matthiſon's Letters.*]

**B**ONSTETTEN, in his youth, reſided for ſome time at Cambridge, during which he enjoyed an almoſt daily intercourſe with the Poet Gray, who attached himſelf to him with great ardour, and ſoon became his warmeſt and moſt confidential friend. Every one who is acquainted with Gray's works, and particularly with his immortal "*Elegy in a Country Church-yard,*" will doubtleſs read with the deepeſt intereſt the following reliques of his correſpondence with his young friend.

Cambridge, April 12th, 1770.

Never did I feel, my dear Bonſtetten, to what a tedious length the few ſhort moments of our life may be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me; nor ever knew before with ſo ſtrong a conviction how much this frail body ſympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compaſs of leſs than three weeks, like the ſultan in the *Turkiſh Tales*, that did but plunge his head into a veſſel of water and take it out again, as the ſtanders-by affirmed, at the command of a *Dervife*, and found he had paſſed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The ſtrength and ſpirits that now enable me to write to you, are only owing to your laſt letter—a temporary gleam of ſun-ſhine. Heaven knows when it may ſhine again! I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to loſe you, nor felt the ſolitude and inſipidity of my own condition before I poſſeſſed the happineſs of your friendſhip. I muſt cite

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another

another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose : he is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. " It includes," he says, " qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension and a retentive memory, vivacity, and application, gentleness and magnanimity : to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul," continues he, " will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate ; a stranger to illiberality and avarice ; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things, and sublimest contemplations, it will contract an habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life and on death, consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such," says he, " is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind." But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty ; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case he is depraved by the public example, the assemblies of the people, the courts of justice, the theatres, that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause ; and remember, that extraordinary vices and extraordinary virtues, are equally the produce of a vigorous mind : little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other.

If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again : for my part, to my sorrow I have had that happiness : I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this ; I return to your letter. It proves at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties, I still hold some place in your memory, and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to shew me your heart

heart simply and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow."

April 19th, 1770.

ALAS ! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, "*Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir ;*" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a perpetual conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer ; that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them ; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days, to see poor N——, invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. "I am concerned," says he, "that I cannot pass half my life with him ; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well : the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled, and the miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst of every danger and seduction, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or will he forget me thus *in insulam, relegatum* ? If he should, it is out of my power to retaliate."

retaliate." Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! he has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you: are you untouched by them?

You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill-company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despot.

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May 9th, 1770.

I am returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there has embittered all my hours: your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt the disadvantages I lay myself under, how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathize with me. It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that

you may say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: "*La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacés.*"

### GRAND CAIRO.

[From Sonnini's Travels in Egypt.]

TO suppose Cairo, in Arabic *Masr*, resembling one of our large cities in Europe, would be to entertain a very erroneous idea. The houses have neither the form nor elegance of ours. The streets are very narrow, unpaved, and the houses that form them not ranged in a line. The squares, vast irregular places, without any buildings that adorn them, without any work of art to point out and embellish the centre, are most of them immense basins of water during the inundation of the Nile, and fields, or gardens, when the river has retired to its bed. Crowds of men of various nations, pass through the streets, jostle one another, dispute the way with the horse of the Mameluc, the mule of the man of the law, the numerous camels which supply the place of coaches, and the asses, which are the most common beast of the saddle.

This city, much longer than broad, covers a space of about three leagues. Turks, Mamelucs, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Cophts, Moors, Jews, and Europeans, inhabit it; and its population may be estimated at four hundred thousand souls. Inhabitants of another kind had likewise taken up their abode in the midst of this confused multitude of various nations. The terraces of the houses were covered with kites and crows, who lived there in perfect security, and whose sharp screams and hoarse croakings mingled with the tumult of a rest-



less and noisy populace. The disgusting vulture, the *vultur percnopterus* of naturalists, the *ak bobas* (white father) of the Turks, the *Pharaoh's hen* of the Europeans, added to this singular and melancholy society. Living only on reptiles and the produce of laystalls, this filthy bird happily wants courage to attack more interesting objects. The plaintive and amorous turtle has no more to fear from its talons than from the guns of the inhabitants, into whose dwellings she enters, giving them practical, but useless lessons of love and tenderness, in the caresses and attention of domestic happiness.

The splendour and prodigality of luxury were here contrasted with the rags and nakedness of want; the excessive opulence of those who bear the rule, with the frightful poverty of the most numerous class. The riches that trade conferred on the intermediate class were buried, or carefully concealed. Men who had acquired wealth dared not make use of it, except clandestinely, lest they should tempt the unbridled covetousness of power, and expose themselves to extortions, which a barbarous government sanctions under the name of *avaries*, and which, in spite of all their secrecy and caution, they cannot always escape.

With whatever external splendour these men in power were clothed, they were not in reality less ignorant and savage. Though the garb was that of luxury, it was not the less the vesture of the most complete barbarousness; and if this appeared still more hideous and ferocious in a populace exceedingly vile, it was only because here it was naked, and the eyes were not deceived by the gloss of magnificence. At Cairo a few arts were exercised by foreigners, mechanical occupations were far from a state of perfection, and the sciences were absolutely unknown. The two extremes approached each other in more points than one. The beys were equally ignorant, equally fanatic, equally superstitious, with the rude dregs of the people. Not one of either could read or write; the knowledge of letters

letters and of writing was reckoned a very great art, and, with that of arithmetic, was confined to the merchants and people of business. On the other hand, the Mahometan priests, bewildered in the gloomy labyrinth of school-divinity, busied themselves in attempts to understand and comment upon the reveries of the Koran. The sciences cultivated in the capital of Egypt went no farther; and to endeavour to extend their limits would have been a dangerous and useless enterprise. Any thing beyond this would have been deemed a crime; and knowledge would have been stifled for ever, had not the French undertaken to emancipate it from its shackles, and favour its display; for, according to the philosophical reflection of Volney, where knowledge leads to nothing, nothing is done to acquire it, and the mind remains in a state of barbarism\*.

In fact, the mass of the people in no place could be more barbarous than at Cairo. Foreigners, persecuted, and even ill-treated under the most frivolous pretexts, lived there in perpetual fear. The French had several mercantile houses there; and occupied a small district, shut up by a large gate, which was guarded by janizaries. I shall observe, by the way, that the city was divided into separate quarters in this manner. The Europeans called these divisions, these enclosures, *countries*; and that to which the French were confined, and where they were more than once besieged, was called *the country of the Franks*. Here our countrymen, remote from all means of protection and assistance, spent days embittered by perpetual anxiety. If the success of their commercial enterprises diffused a temporary satisfaction among them, the prospect of an *avanie* perpetually before them soon checked it; and the sums of money or presents, with which they were forced to purchase an insecure tranquillity, from the almost daily

\* Voyages en Egypte & en Syrie. Etat politique de l'Egypte.

changes among the members of the government, greatly diminished the profit, which, far from immense on some occasions, was in the end reduced to very little, in consequence of being diminished by a number of expensive concomitants. Confined in their *country*, these merchants, a continual prey to anxiety, and too often not without cause, were a striking example of what the desire of gain can affect, being obliged to forego their own habits, and assume the oriental garb. Woe to the European, who shall venture to shew himself in the street in the dress of his own country! he would infallibly have been knocked on the head, or torn to pieces.

But to wear the long garments used in the East was not sufficient. It was necessary that some part of the dress should be a distinguishing mark, or, to speak more properly, a signal of contempt and proscription. The head of the European was to be covered with the *tal-pack*, a sort of high, hairy cap, peculiarly assigned to the *Franks*. For some time the more enterprising English had introduced among them the *fesse*, or head-dress of the Druses, which consists of a large piece of striped silk of various colours, and decorated with fringe, which is rolled round the head in the manner of a turban. The French, however, had not ventured to follow this innovation, which, by giving them a greater resemblance to the people of the East, would have softened the mark of infamy, with which the most ferocious tyranny abused them, and which exposed them to inevitable insults. Another indispensable care was to refrain from wearing garments of green, or any thing green about the dress. To have infringed this rule would have been to be guilty of profanation, and the punishment of the crime would have been as prompt as terrible. Green was the favourite colour of Mahomet; and is still reserved exclusively for his descendants, and for those who have merited a place among the number of the Prophet's choicest disciples by the performance of several pilgrimages to his tomb.

CURIOUS

## CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR,

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's  
Calendar of Nature.*

## CALENDAR OF NATURE.

## NOVEMBER.

—————Now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,  
Oft startling such as studious walk below,  
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.

THOMSON.

1. **T**HE *fall of the leaf* distinguishes the present month; hence this declining season of the year is, in common language, most expressively denominated the *fall*. 2. The gradual death of vegetable nature suggests, to the reflecting mind, an apt comparison for the fugitive generations of man. 3. The quick succession of springing and falling leaves has been thus beautifully applied by Homer :

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground ;  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise :  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish *these*, when *those* are passed away !

POPE'S HOMER.

4. The loss of verdure, shortened days, diminished warmth, and frequent rains, justify the title of the *gloomy month of November*. 5. This gloom felt not by man only, but also by other animals. 6. Intervals

there are of clear and pleasant weather. 7. Autumnal months are, in our island, softer and less variable than the correspondent ones in spring. It long continues

“The pale descending year yet pleasing still!”

8. In fair weather mornings sharp; but the hoar-frost or thin ice, vanishes before the rising sun:

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog,  
And rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

THOMSON.

9. Sudden storms of wind and rain strip the trees of their faded leaves, and reduce them to their state of winter nakedness. 10. One of the first trees becoming naked is the walnut. 11. It is quickly succeeded by the mulberry, horse-chestnut, sycamore, lime, and ash. 12. The beech and oak are the latest deciduous forest-trees in casting their leaves. 14. Apple and peach trees remain often green till the latter end of the month. 15. Pollard, oaks, and young beeches, lose not their withering leaves till they are pushed off by the new ones of the succeeding spring. 16. Wood-pigeon or stock-dove, the latest in its arrival of the winter birds of passage, makes its appearance about the middle of the month. 17. It feeds on young tops of turnips, but beech mast the favourite food. 18. When our old beech woods were standing, the multitudes of them resorting annually here, probably from Sweden and the north of Germany, were almost incredible. 19. Might be seen like rooks, in long strings, directing their evening flight to the thick woods, where they were shot in great numbers. 20. Salmon ascend the rivers in order to spawn; an extremely active fish. 21. Hence *Sal-*

*mon Leaps*, as they are called in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where, failing in their leap, they are taken by nets or baskets. 22. Farmer endeavours to finish his ploughing in the course of this month, then lays up his instruments till the next spring. 23. Cattle and horses taken out of the exhausted pastures and kept in the yard or stable. 24. Hogs put up to fatten. 25. Sheep turned out into the turnip field, or, in stormy weather, fed with hay at the rick. 26. Bees required to be moved under shelter, and the pigeons in the dove-houses to be fed. Thus, even *gloomy November*, has many things of importance which claim our serious attention.

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AN

EXCURSION INTO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,  
DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1799.

IN

FOUR LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

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LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

IN my last letter a *sketch* was given of the rural beauties of Sidmouth and its vicinity. *Exeter, Honiton, and Taunton*, must now engage our attention. The TOWN and the COUNTRY possess their respective charms; nor should the advantages of either be fastidiously rejected.

EXETER is an ancient city, and may justly be denominated the metropolis of the western part of our island. Its name is a contraction of *Excester*, which signifies a *Castle on the Ex*. Athelstan, one of the West Saxon kings, first gave it the name of *Exeter*; having before that

that period been called *Monckton*, from the great number of monasteries with which it abounded. The Castle of Rougemont, in this city, is supposed to have been built by the West Saxon kings, and to have been the place of their residence. It lies on an eminence, whence opens a beautiful prospect towards the English Channel, about ten miles to the south. Here is also a fine terrass walk, with a double row of elms, much frequented by the inhabitants. The ancient part of the building is considerably decayed ; but on this spot, in a neat and convenient hall of modern erection, are held both the assizes and quarter-sessions. In the centre of the court by which it is surrounded, was beheaded Henry Penruddock, Esq. in the time of Oliver Cromwell, for having attempted to raise an insurrection in behalf of the exiled monarch Charles the Second. It is rather singular, that this event is unnoticed by Hume, in his History of England.

The assizes were held at Exeter during my stay there before Sir Nash Grose and Sir Archibald Macdonald. I attended both courts, which were much crowded. At the criminal bar I saw three men tried for stealing stores from his Majesty's dock-yard at Plymouth. They were found guilty, after a trial of some hours. I conversed with them immediately after their conviction, and found them much affected with their situation. They seemed unapprised of the enormity of the crime they had committed, and, consequently, were unapprehensive of the serious consequences which followed. It is to be regretted, that better means were not devised for the promulgation of our criminal laws, in every parish throughout the kingdom. The principal crimes, with their affixed punishments, ought to be inscribed upon a tablet, in legible characters, and so placed in a conspicuous situation, that it might excite universal attention. To prevent, rather than to punish crimes, should be the object of a wise policy ; nor will the humane mind ever suffer itself to be indifferent to the welfare

welfare and happiness of mankind. It is with pleasure I witnessed the humanity of the jailor towards the unfortunate prisoners, in general; he sympathised with their distresses, and seemed to do every thing in his power which might ameliorate their sad condition. The goal itself is a large modern building, pleasantly situated, and, apparently, well adapted to the melancholy purposes to which its apartments are appropriated. It is built upon the plan of the late Mr. Howard, whose intention it was, that punishment should effect the reformation of the criminal. Indeed this can be the only rational object of suffering, for savages alone can delight in wanton cruelty.

The dissenters in this city are numerous and respectable, and have enjoyed the labours of Mr. Pierce and Mr. Micajah Towgood, two of their most eminent advocates and ornaments. The former flourished there about the beginning of this century, and was a man of sound learning, irreproachable manners, and sterling integrity. The latter was justly entitled to an appellation often bestowed upon him—the *Apostle of the West*; for in him an enlightened zeal and an ardent charity were happily united. I saw his venerable portrait at the house of his amiable successor; his features were expressive of the virtues by which his soul was animated. It was painted by Opie, whose professional merits are generally and deservedly acknowledged.

In EXETER the cathedral is almost the only object of curiosity. It was 400 years in building, yet exhibits an astonishing uniformity:

—————The pious work

Of names once fam'd, now dubious, or forgot,  
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which *were*!

It is vaulted throughout, is 390 feet long and 74 broad; it has a ring of bells reckoned the largest in England, as is also its organ, the greatest pipe of which is fifteen inches in diameter. The dean and chapter have the



houses round the cathedral, which form a circus, called the clofe, because it is separated from the city by walls and gates. At the deanery King WILLIAM slept, in his way from Torbay to London; the bishop, however, ran off to King James, and was, for his loyalty, made Archbishop of York. In several parts of the cathedral we saw monuments of great antiquity; that of Judge Doddridge particularly attracted my attention. He was the ancestor of the pious and learned Dr. Philip Doddridge; and Job Orton declares, that it is hard to say whether he were the better artist, philosopher, divine, common or civil lawyer. His epitaph inscribed upon his tomb is expressive:

Learning adieu! for Doddridge is gone  
To fix his earthly to a heavenly throne;  
Rich urn of learned dust! scarce can be found  
More worth enshrined in six foot of ground!

A curious incident happened to this upright judge, on one of his circuits, and is recorded in the *Harleian Miscellany*. Judge Doddridge, at Huntingdon assizes, 1619, had, it seems, reproved the Sheriff for having returned persons on the jury who were not of sufficient respectability. The Sheriff, however, took care, against the next Assizes, to present the following singular list, at which the Judge smiled, at the same time applauding his ingenious industry.

Mamilian King of Tortand,  
Henry Prince of Godmanchester,  
George Duke of Somersham,  
William Marquis of Stukely,  
Edward Earl of Hartford,  
Robert Lord of Warfley,  
Richard Baron of Bythorpe,  
Edmund Knight of St. Neots,  
Peter Esquire of Easton,  
George Gentleman of Spaldock,  
Robert Yeoman of Barham,

Stephen

Stephen *Pope* of Weston,  
 Humphrey *Cardinal* of Kimbolton,  
 William *Bishop* of Bugden,  
 John *Archdeacon* of Paxton.  
 John *Abbot* of Stukely,  
 Richard *Friar* of Ellington,  
 Henry *Monk* of Stukely,  
 Edward *Priest* of Graffham,  
 Richard *Deacon* of Catworth.

We ascended the principal tower of the cathedral, from the summit of which we were presented with a beautiful prospect of Exeter, and the adjacent country. The circuitous windings of the river *Ex*, added to the variety of the scene, whilst *Topsam*, a bustling seaport, situated upon its banks, yields many advantages to the active and commercial part of the community.

A curious clock is to be seen in the cathedral, the face which exhibits the *Ptolemaic* system; which represents the earth in the centre, and the planets revolving round it in regular succession. It has an odd appearance, but conveys an idea to the intelligent spectator, of that arrangement of the planetary system, which was once admitted to be the true system of astronomy. The painted window in this metropolitan church, erected about thirty years ago, should not pass unnoticed, for it is reckoned one of the finest in the kingdom. It exhibits the *twelve apostles* at whole length, surrounded with the armorial bearings of the principal families of the county. It has been remarked that Peter, looking down over his left shoulder, *seems* to frown horribly upon the spiritual court \*. The Bishop's throne also is an exquisite

\* Let not this remark be deemed illiberal; for Dr. Johnson himself, speaking of his tragedy *IRENE*, observed to a friend, that if his heroine had not suffered enough by the evils which had befallen her; he could still fill up the measure of her calamities, by putting her into the *Spiritual Court* at Litchfield!

piece of workmanship, and so curiously framed, that neither screw, nail, or peg, were employed in its construction. Upon the approach of Oliver Cromwell to besiege the city, it was taken to pieces by the clergy, sacredly preserved, and re-instated at the Restoration. The library likewise contains a good collection of ancient divinity; and the compartment of it, added by the late Dr. Ross, Bishop of the diocese, seemed particularly well chosen; he was, indeed, a prelate of considerable learning and distinguished liberality.

This cathedral impressed me with peculiar sensations of solemnity. To use the beautiful language of Congreve in his *Mourning Bride* :

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble head,  
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,  
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,  
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe  
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold,  
And shoot a thrilling to my trembling heart.  
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice :  
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear  
Thy voice—my *own* affrights me with its very echoes!

Exeter, taken altogether, is well worth the traveller's attention. It has one spacious street, called the Fore-Street, of considerable length, and conveys to the eye of the stranger an idea of great respectability. The city anciently had a mint; and so late as the reign of King William, silver was coined here, distinguished by the letter E. placed under the King's bust. About one mile and a half without the east gate of Exeter, is the parish of *Heavy Tree*, so called from the gallows erected there for malefactors, and near it is a burial place for them, purchased in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by the widow of Mr. Tucker, Sheriff of Exeter, who also left money to procure them shrouds

in which the poor wretches, have frequently been executed. They now, however, make their exit over the front door of the prison, by a drop, similar to that before Newgate. This city is said to have suffered grievously by the resentment of Henry Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who, to revenge the disappointment of some fish from the market, by wiers choaked up the river below Exeter, which before brought up ships to the city walls, so as entirely to obstruct the navigation of it. The injury, however, has by means of an artificial channel been, in a great measure, remedied. Such was the trade of this city in serges, druggets, kerseys, and other woollen goods, that it was computed at six hundred thousand pounds per annum. Vast quantities of these articles used to be shipped off for Portugal, Spain, Italy, Holland, and Germany.

Exeter is remarkable for three things; that it has for its motto *Semper fidelis*, ALWAYS FAITHFUL—that of its twenty churches in the city and suburbs, *thirteen* of them were in the time of Oliver Cromwell, exposed to sale by the common cryer; and that it has given birth to Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the famous Bodleian Library, at Oxford. Nor should we omit to mention the hospital for the sick and lame poor, both for the city and county. It was founded by Dr. Alured Clark, Dean of Exeter, and the first stone was laid the 27th August, 1741, by him, accompanied by the Bishop and a great number of the neighbouring clergy, who were subscribers, besides some thousands of joyful spectators. Such institutions are honourable to humanity. For charitable efforts to relieve human misery, this island has long been famous; and may Britain continue for ever thus to be distinguished among the nations of the earth!

Quitting Exeter, I reached *Honiton*, at the distance of fifteen miles, a pleasant town, being one long street, in which are to be found many good houses. In the midst of it, however, stands a row of wretched and tottering

shambles, which, were they shouldered down, would heighten the beauty of the place. Through the town runs a small stream of clear water, with a little square dipping place at every door. The first serge manufactory in Devonshire was in this town; but it is now employed in the manufacture of lace, which is made broader here than any where else in England; and of which great quantities are sent to London. A specimen of lace has been shewn, the thread of which it was fabricated cost the manufacturer upwards of *ninety guineas* a pound at Antwerp; also lady's veils are made and sold from *ten* to *seventy* guineas. A dreadful fire happened here 1747, by which three-fourths of the town were consumed. By this, and similar accidents, however, the place has been eventually benefitted; for the houses which are rebuilt in the room of the old buildings, are said to be neater in their appearance and more commodious to the inhabitants.

The parish church stands most pleasantly on an hill above the town, whither I had an agreeable walk; the edifice presented an antique appearance, and there were many tombs within the walls, which contained the bones of several persons of distinction. Around one of the pillars was entwined the following sentence—*Pray for the soul of*—the name was almost obliterated. It had evidently been inscribed there in the days of Popery, previous to the period of the Reformation. The churchyard was crowded with graves; and at the entrance of one of the side doors, was shewn me the spot where lay the remains of the Reverend Dr. *William Harris*, (who died 1770) author of the *Lives of the Stuarts*. He resided in Honiton for many years, and sustained a character of great respectability. He published an *Historical and Critical Account of the Life of James the First, of Charles the First, of Oliver Cromwell, of Hugh Peters, and of Charles the Second*, in two volumes. He began the *Life of James the Second*; but the materials left behind him were too scanty for publication.

lication. I have, thus particularly enumerated his several publications, because his *Life of Charles the Second* is omitted in the list of his productions, with which we are furnished, in the late new edition of the Biographical Dictionary. Mr. Hollis was his munificent patron, and has thus justly characterised his labours—"All his works have been well received, and those who differ from him in principle, still value him in point of industry and faithfulness."

This country church-yard seems to have been of that rustic cast which might have inspired the muse of a GRAY. In walking round it my eye was fixed on a row of graves, over which were raised respectively the grassy turf alone; and on which the setting sun shone with splendour. An object so peculiar, called up to my mind the lines of Beattie, my favourite poet—

Let vanity adorn the marble tomb,  
With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,  
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,  
Where night and desolation ever frown.  
*Mine* be the breezy hill that skirts the down,  
Where a *green grassy turf* is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrown  
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,  
And many an *evening sun* shine sweetly on my grave!

During my short stay at Honiton, I had an opportunity of being present, one Sunday evening, at a meeting of itinerant Quakers. Curiosity drew together a vast crowd of people in the General Baptist place of worship, which was obligingly lent the *Friends* for the purpose. Two women and a man, from America, held forth on this occasion. One of the women spoke well; indeed her countenance conciliated attention. Her features were marked by a pleasing solemnity, and her manner, though not entirely free from the usual tone, was characterised by a graceful simplicity. The harangues of the two others were tediously long, and the audience discovered manifest signs of impatience long

long before the meeting came to a conclusion. The whole scene convinced me that such crowded assemblies cannot leave behind them any very serious impressions. The Quakers are a reputable body of people; but the singularities of their speech, and the peculiar form of their habiliments, are unworthy of the good sense which they discover on other subjects. Their hatred of war, their inviolable love of peace, and their habits of industrious economy, however, entitle them, in spite of all their eccentricities, to the esteem of the community.

At Honiton, the worthy niece of the late Dr. William Harris shewed me a curious Latin book of her uncle's, printed in the time of the Protectorate, and executed with great typographical beauty. It contained a most extravagant panegyric on the character of Oliver Cromwell, and was decorated with a striking likeness of that celebrated man, on horseback. The resemblance between the two Latin terms, *Olivus*, an olive tree, and *Oliverus*, Oliver, is the foundation of this very complimentary performance. Accordingly the frontispiece exhibits a fine lofty *olive-tree*, on the trunk of which, near the root, is inscribed in large letters *Oliverus*; and on its numerous branches, majestically stretching themselves forth on either side, are engraven the chief virtues which adorn humanity. The author having informed us, at the commencement of the treatise, that by the trunk is meant OLIVER CROMWELL, a whole chapter is assigned to each of the virtues, shewing that they are *all*, in their full plenitude, centered in this great man; and that, therefore, he is entitled to universal admiration! This curiosity convinced me, that an excessive adulation of men in power, is by no means peculiar to monarchical governments. Nor must I omit to inform you, that a gentleman in this neighbourhood, at whose house I passed a very agreeable day, favoured the company with a sight of some beautiful fossils, in which the taste of the selector was conspicuous. Several exquisite botanical sketches were also brought

brought out for inspection, by particular request. To investigate the beauties of nature is a most laudable employ; to the Supreme Author such an exercise of our powers is a tribute of praise, and to the contemplator of them it yields an heart-felt satisfaction.

My friend having joined me at Honiton, we next day proceeded eighteen miles onwards towards *Taunton*, in the county of Somerset. **TAUNTON**, is a corruption of the original name, *Thone Town*, or *Tone Town*, which it derived from its situation upon the banks of the river *Thone* or *Tone*. It is 145 miles from London, has been termed the key of the West of England, and Cambden calls it one of the eyes of the county. It is charmingly situated in one of the richest vallies in the kingdom. The beauties of the vale of Taunton-Dean are every where known and admired. The town itself is pleasant, the streets are spacious and handsome, and the lofty tower of St. Mary Magdalen, strikes the eye with grandeur and majesty. A castle was built here by one of the Bishops of Winchester, to the prelates of which see this town and deanery belonged, even before the conquest. It was a building of great extent; and in the hall, which with the outward gate and porter's lodge, are still standing, are, for the most part, held the assizes for the county. In Taunton a great many persons are engaged in the manufactures of serges, du-roys, shalioons, and other woollen stuffs, in the weaving of which 1100 looms are said to have been once employed. The silk manufactory, however, now begins to flourish here, and must contribute to its prosperity. The town is indebted to the activity of Sir Benjamin Hammet, a native of this place, for many of its modern improvements.

Here are two parish churches, and several respectable dissenting places of worship, a well endowed grammar-school and alms houses. The election of members of parliament here is singular; for every *pot-walloper*, that is, all who dress their own victuals, are entitled to

be



be ranked among the voters. Hence the inmates or lodgers, on the eve of an election, have each a fire in the street at which they dress victuals publicly, lest their votes should be called in question ! In the reign of William, the river Tone was made navigable for barges, from Taunton to Bridgewater. Of the rise, progress, and state of this town, Dr. Toulmin, in his history of Taunton, has given much curious information.

TAUNTON was the grand centre of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, in the reign of James the Second, for here he was proclaimed king, and a company of young girls, from ten to twelve years old, with chaplets of flowers on their heads, presented a Bible to him on the occasion. As the excessive punishment of the insurgents is thought, by the English historians to have hastened the glorious Revolution of 1688 ; a few particulars may prove acceptable to the younger branches of your family. A just hatred of tyranny, and a proper sense of the superior freedom we now enjoy, are amongst the best legacies we can bequeath to a succeeding generation.

The Duke of Monmouth was the illegitimate son of Charles the Second, and, of course, the nephew of James the Second. Having, for state reasons, been exiled into Holland, he there formed a plan of invading this country in order to displace *James*, on account of his bigotted attachment to Popery. The chief purport of the insurrection, therefore, was to aid and support the Protestant religion, which was thought to be, at that period, not only endangered, but in a fair way of being destroyed.

The Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme, June 11, 1685, was proclaimed King at Taunton, the 20th, and totally defeated at Sedgemore, near BRIDGEWATER, the 5th of July. Thus terminated a rebellion rashly undertaken and feebly conducted. The unfortunate Duke fled from the field of battle, till his horse sunk under him—was found in a ditch with raw pease in his pocket,

pocket, on which he had, for days, subsisted; and, when seized by his enemies, burst into a flood of tears! He was carried to London, and beheaded on Tower Hill the 15th of the same month; five strokes of the axe, owing to the timidity of the executioner, being necessary to the severing of his head from his body. He died lamented by the English people, who followed him to the scaffold with sentiments of the deepest commiseration.

In the month of September, 1685, JEFFERIES was sent down into the West to try, or rather *butcher* the delinquents; he was also accompanied by *Colonel Kirke*, a brutal officer, who vied with the judge in deeds of blood. His ruffian soldiers, he, in derision of the cruel acts they perpetrated, christened by the name of his *lambs*! A story is told of him which outrages the feelings of humanity. He, at this time, debauched a young lady, on the condition of saving her brother, who was a rebel, but whom he next morning hung opposite *her* chamber window! Pomfret, in his poem entitled *Lust and Cruelty*, has told this story in strains which cannot fail of impressing us with its unparalleled infamy. The story, I am aware, has been differently related, and therefore its truth supposed to be invalidated. But Dr. Toulmin, in his Appendix to the History of Taunton, has so judiciously stated the particulars, with the objections, that no doubt of its reality can attach itself to the unprejudiced mind. Rapin, indeed, whose great merit is impartiality, remarks, that "It was not possible for the King to find in the whole kingdom two men more destitute of religion, honour, and humanity; *Jefferies* and *Kirke* were two cruel and merciless tygers, that delighted in blood. *Jefferies* himself gloried in his barbarity, and boasted, on this occasion, that he had hung more men than all the judges in England since William the Conqueror. *Kirke* was not behind *Jefferies* in cruelty and insolence. Immediately after the Duke of Monmouth's defeat, being

sent to Taunton, he caused nineteen persons by his own authority, without any trial or process, and without suffering their wives or children to speak with them, to be hanged, with fifes playing, drums bearing, and trumpets sounding. In the same town of Taunton also, Kirke having invited his officers to dinner, ordered *thirty* condemned persons to be hanged, whilst they were at table, namely, *ten* in a health to the King, *ten* in a health to the Queen, and *ten* in a health to Jefferies !” The author of the *Western Martyrology*, observes that it looked as if Jefferies, on this occasion, intended to have raised the *price of halters* ; and Granger calls him a *murderer* in the robes of a Lord Chief Justice, steeping his ermine in blood !

At Winchester, the venerable Lady Lisle was tried for harbouring one of the Duke’s party, though his name was in no proclamation. The jury brought her in not guilty ; but Jefferies sent them out in a great fury, they found her not guilty three times ; but the judge threatening them with an attainder of jury, she was brought in guilty, and executed, though upwards of *seventy* years of age ! The only favour granted was, that the sentence of burning was changed into beheading. A gentleman also of respectability, was condemned to be whipt once a year during his life through *all* the towns in Dorsetshire ; the poor man petitioned the King to be *hanged* ; and his Majesty, struck with the request, pardoned him. This gentleman afterwards lived to visit Jefferies in the tower, when, upbraiding him with his cruelty, the infamous judge’s only reply was, that he had not exceeded his commission ! But instances of barbarity are without number.

The failure of this expedition of the Duke of Monmouth, is ascribed by historians to a variety of causes. Some attribute it to the departure of *Fletcher of Salton*, a very able man, who afterwards accompanied WILLIAM ; others declare that the Duke was betrayed by his own general, Lord Grey, a worthless character, who

purchased his life on the occasion, but a few years after laid violent hands on himself. But whatever be the true cause, the cruelties exercised on the unfortunate men, produced in the minds of Britons an universal abhorrence of those agents by whose either remote or immediate influence they were perpetrated. Let us now, however, attend to JEFFERIES, whose name will not be speedily forgotten in that part of the island.

I have lately met with two old books which contain an account of this dreadful business just after it had happened. A passage out of each shall be here transcribed, for the expressions indeed glow with an eloquent resentment. They both relate to JEFFERIES, and shew that he was held in utter detestation.

“Had the great Turk,” says Mr. Turner, a clergyman of the church of England, “sent his janisaries, or the Tartar his armies among them, they had escaped better. Humanity could not offend so far, to deserve such punishment as JEFFERIES inflicted. A certain barbarous joy and pleasure grinned from his brutal soul through his bloody eyes, whenever he was sentencing any of the poor souls to death and torment, so much worse than NERO, since that monster wished he had never learnt to write, because forced to set his name to warrants for the execution of malefactors. JEFFERIES would have been glad if every letter he writ were such a warrant, and every word a sentence of death. He observed neither humanity to the dead nor civility to the living. He made the WEST an ACELDAMA, some places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in them but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets, and ghostly carcases. The trees were laden almost as thick with quarters as with leaves. The houses and steeples covered as close with heads, as at other times frequently in that country with crows or ravens. Nothing could be liker *Hell* than *these* parts, nothing so like the *Devil* as HE. Caldrons hissing, carcases boiling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing, blood and limbs boiling, and

tearing and mangling, and HE the great DIRECTOR of all. In a word, discharging *his* place who sent him; the most deserving to be the late king's chief justice there, and chancellor of any man that breathed since CAIN or JUDAS.'

To render this passage the more intelligible, it should be remarked, that the bodies of these victims having been first decapitated and embowelled, were boiled in cauldrons of pitch and tar, in order to decorate the *gibbets*, which the barbarians were at that time busily erecting in almost every part of the country. The limbs of a beloved parent, an affectionate brother, or of a dutiful son, were thus exposed on the high roads, at measured distances, exciting at once emotions of horror and indignation in the breast of the passing traveller.

The other paragraph is poetry, but the lines are not less full and expressive. They are supposed to have been written in the shades, and are addressed to JEFFERIES.

And see, if terror has not struck thee blind,  
See here along a ghastly train behind!  
Far, far from utmost WEST they crowd away,  
And hovering o'er fright back the sickly day.  
Had the poor wretches *sinn'd* as much as *thee*,  
Thou shouldst not have forgot humanity:  
Whoe'er in blood can so much pleasure take,  
Tho' an ill *judge*, would a good *hangman* make.  
Each hollows in thy ears—Prepare! prepare!  
For what thou *must*—yet what thou *canst not* bear,  
Each at thy heart a bloody dagger aims,  
Upwards to gibbets points, downward to endless flames!

These passages, it must be remembered, were written about the very time these savage transactions took place, and this can be the only apology for the severe resentment by which they stand characterized.

The fortitude with which these unhappy men died, reminded the spectators of the martyrs who joyfully ex-

pired amidst aggravated torments in the first ages of christianity. It is also remarkable, that the most eminent of the sufferers foretold with their last breath the termination of this violent and bloody business in the glorious Revolution. For, let it be recollected, that this horrible tragedy took place in 1685, and upon the arrival of our illustrious WILLIAM in 1688, the principal authors of it were scattered to the ends of the earth!

It is moderately computed, that for this Rebellion of about *four weeks, three hundred and thirty-one* were hanged in different parts of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon; *eight hundred and fifty* were sold for slaves to his majesty's plantations in America, and *four hundred and eight* were fined, whipped, confined in prison till either death or the revolution released them. Others have estimated, that the whole of those that died on this occasion, either in battle or in prison, or by the hands of the executioner, together with those that otherwise suffered in their persons or fortunes, amounted to more than TWO THOUSAND! The *Appendix* of Dr. Toulmin's valuable History of Taunton, contains a very interesting sketch of this insurrection and of those agonizing scenes with which it was succeeded\*.

JEFFERIES, upon his return from the West, was made *Lord Chancellor of England*, and honoured with every species of courtly approbation. In the new edition of the Biographical Dictionary is to be found the following sketch of the life of this monster. I shall in-

\* *Daniel De Foe* was engaged in this rebellion, and escaped. *Milton* also, a few years before, at the Restoration, freed himself from the danger of an execution by concealment. It is therefore remarkable, that the authors of *Robinson Crusoe*, and of *Paradise Lost* should have been thus exposed to such imminent danger in the cause of liberty, and surviving it, should have written two of the most curious, entertaining, and instructive works in the English language!

introduce it here, because it imparts a just idea of the man, and contains at least *one good trait* for the sake of humanity.

LORD GEORGE JEFFERIES, Baron Weem, commonly known by the name of Judge Jefferies, was the sixth son of John Jefferies, Esq. of Acton, in Denbighshire. He was educated at Westminster School, where he became a good proficient in the learned languages, and was thence removed to the Inner Temple, where he applied himself very assiduously to the law. His father's family was large, and his temper parsimonious, consequently the young man's allowance was very scanty, and hardly sufficient to support him decently, but his own ingenuity supplied all deficiencies till he came to the bar, in which, as is affirmed by some, he had no regular call. In 1666, he was at the assizes at Kingston, where very few counsellors attended, on account of the plague then raging. Here necessity gave him permission to put on a gown, and to plead, and he continued the practice unrestrained till he reached the highest employments in the law. Alderman Jefferies, a namesake, and probably a relation, introduced him among the citizens; and, being a jovial bottle companion, he became very popular amongst them, came into great business, and was chosen their recorder. His influence in the city, and his *readiness to promote any measures without reserve*, introduced him to court, and he was appointed the Duke of York's Solicitor.

He was very active in the Duke's interest, and carried through a cause which was of very great consequence to his revenue: it was for the right of the Penny-Post Office. He was first made a judge in his native country, and in 1680 was knighted, and made chief justice of Chester. When the parliament began the prosecution of the abhorers, he resigned the recordership, and obtained the place of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and soon after the accession of James

the

the Second, the great seal. He was one of the greatest advisers and promoters of all the oppressive and arbitrary measures of that unhappy and tyrannical reign, and his sanguinary and inhuman proceedings against Monmouth's miserable adherents in the West, *will ever render his name INFAMOUS*. There is, however, a singular story of him in this expedition, which tends to his credit, as, it shews that when he was not under state influence, he had a proper sense of the natural and civil rights of men, and an inclination to protect them. The mayor, aldermen, and justices of Bristol, had been used to transport convicted criminals to the American Plantations, and sell them by way of trade; and, finding the commodity turn to a good account, they contrived a method to make it more plentiful. Their legal convicts were but few, and the exportation inconsiderable. When, therefore, any petty rogues and pilferers were brought before them in a judicial capacity, they were sure to be terribly threatened with hanging; and they had some very diligent officers attending, who would advise the ignorant intimidated creatures to pray for transportation, as the only way to save them, and in general by some means or other the advice was followed. Then, without any more form, each alderman in course took one and sold him for his own benefit, and sometimes warm disputes arose amongst them about the next turn. This trade had been carried on unnoticed many years, when it came to the knowledge of the Lord Chief Justice; who, finding upon enquiry, that the mayor was equally involved in the guilt of this outrageous practice with the rest of his brethren, made him descend from the bench, where he was sitting, and stand at the bar in his scarlet and furs, and plead as a common criminal. He then took security of them to answer informations, but the amnesty after the Revolution stopt the proceedings, and secured their iniquitous gains.



North, who (in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*) informs us of this circumstance, tells us likewise, that when Jefferies was in temper, and matters indifferent came before him, no one better became a seat of justice. He talked fluently and with spirit, but his weakness was, that he could not reprehend without scolding, and in such Billingsgate language as should not come from the mouth of any man. He called it "giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue." It was ordinary to hear him say—"Go, you are a filthy, lousy, nitty rascal," with much more of like elegance. He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attornies. His voice and visage made him a terror to real offenders, and formidable indeed to all. A scrivener of Wapping having a cause before him, one of the opponent's counsel said, that "he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles, and none could tell what to make of him, and it was thought he was a *Trimmer*!" At this the chancellor fired: "A *Trimmer*!" said he. "I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one:—Come forth, Mr. *Trimmer*, and let me see your shape." He treated the poor fellow so roughly, that when he came out of the hall he declared, he would not undergo the terrors of that man's face again to save his life, and he should certainly retain the frightful impressions of it as long as he lived."

"Afterwards, when the Prince of Orange came, and all was in confusion, JEFFERIES being very obnoxious to the people, disguised himself in order to go abroad. He was in a seaman's dress, and drinking a pot in a cellar. The scrivener, whom he had so severely handled, happening to come into the cellar after some of his clients, his eye caught that face which made him start; when the chancellor, seeing himself observed, feigned a cough, and turned to the wall with the pot in his hand. But Mr. *Trimmer* went out, and gave notice that he was there; the mob instantly

stantly rushed in, seized him, and carried him before the lord mayor. Thence under a strong guard he was sent to the Lords of the Council, who committed him to the Tower, where he died April 18, 1689, and was buried privately the Sunday night following."

It was generally supposed, that Jefferies died of his bruises which he received at the time of his seizure; and many regretted that he was not dragged forth, sent down into the West, and there subjected to the ignominy of a public execution. The new government, however, was most probably glad to get rid of him and his associates in any manner.

During his confinement in the Tower, Mr. Pennant says, that a barrel of Colchester oysters was conveyed to him; which opening with joy, thinking it to be sent by some friend, he discovered an halter curiously wound up, and reproaching him with his cruelty. Indeed, few mortals have ever quitted this state of being so deeply laden with the execrations of mankind. What became of his coadjutor KIRK is not known. WILLIAM employed this wretch in relieving the siege of Londonderry, which he very indifferently effected, and for which Bishop Burnet censures him in the History of his own Times. I have searched in vain for any traces of his exit in the pages of English history.

It is remarkable, that JEFFERIES succeeded a person in the office of Lord Chief Justice equally contemptible with himself. This character was Sir Edward Saunders, of whom the following curious Sketch is given in Grainger's Biographical History.

"Sir Edward Saunders was originally a strolling beggar about the streets, without either known parents or relations. He came often to beg scraps at Clement's Inn, where he was taken notice of for his uncommon sprightliness; and as he expressed a strong inclination to learn to write, one of the attornies clerks taught him, and soon qualified him for a hackney writer. He took all opportunities of improving himself by reading  
such

such books as he borrowed of his friends, and in the course of a few years became an able attorney, and a very eminent counsellor. His practice in the Court of King's Bench was exceeded by none; his *art* and *cunning* were equal to his knowledge, and he carried many a cause by *laying of snares*. If he was detected, he was never out of countenance, but evaded the matter with a jest, which he had always at hand. He was much employed by the king against the city of London in the business of the quo warranto. His person was as heavy and as ungainly as his wit was alert and sprightly. He is said to have been a *mere lump of morbid flesh*: the smell of him was so offensive, that people usually held their noses when he came into the court. One of his jests on this occasion was, that none could say he wanted issue, for he had no less than nine in his back!"

Such was the predecessor of JEFFERIES, and they were worthy of being coupled together:

Par nobile Fratrum!

Before I close this melancholy account of JEFFERIE's campaign in the West (this was the appellation which *James* jocularly bestowed upon it), it may be observed, that it is almost impossible to visit the charming town of TAUNTON and its environs without calling up those enormities to the mind, though they were perpetrated at the distance of upwards of a century. Nor am I singular in these my impressions. A modern Poet, distinguished for the justness of his taste, and the delicacy of his feelings, has just published the following inscription, the purport of which is to impress similar sentiments on the mind.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON.

*By Robert Southey.*

They perish'd here whom JEFFERIES doom'd to death,  
In mockery of all justice, when he came,  
The bloody judge, the minion of his king

Commission'd to destroy. They perish'd here  
The victims of that judge and of that king,  
In mockery of all justice perish'd here  
Unheard! but not unpitied, nor of God  
Unseen, the innocent suffered. Not in vain  
The innocent blood cried vengeance! for they rose  
At length, they rose the people in their power  
Resistless. Then in vain that bloody judge  
Disguised, sought flight. Not always is the Lord  
Slow to revenge! A miserable man,  
He fell beneath the people's rage, and still  
The children curse his memory. From his throne,  
The sullen bigot who commission'd him,  
The tyrant James was driven. He lived to drag  
Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load  
More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,  
Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame,  
And that immortal day when on thy shores,  
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead\*.

From this cursory survey of Monmouth's rebellion, both Rulers and People may learn lessons of wisdom. Neither heaven nor earth, indeed, could suffer such unparalleled barbarities to pass long unpunished. *Three years* only was the destined period of impunity. Violence of every kind defeats even its own favourite purposes. The passions of the multitude are to be soothed rather than inflamed. There is a point, beyond which the pressure of misery cannot be borne. Wise, therefore, are those legislators who, ever attentive to the wants and grievances of the community, are desirous of establishing upon the broad basis of equity that fa-

\* The battle of the Boyne, the siege of Londonderry, and the fight of La Hogue, off the coast of France, to which Mr. Southey here alludes, were signal defeats which *James* received, and by which *William* was firmly established on the throne of Great Britain. The above beautiful lines were taken from the *Anthology* for 1799, a collection of poems of considerable merit by different hands, and on a pleasing variety of subjects.

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lutary authority which degenerates not into oppression, and that rational liberty which is far removed from licentiousness. Thankful for our present privileges, it is the incumbent duty of all ranks amongst us to lay aside inveterate prejudices, to seek unremittingly the interests of our country, and to clasp each other in the bands of love and amity. Far distant from the shores of Britain be the torch of civil discord, and may she continue to be the abode of harmony and peace to the latest generations. That incomparable Biographer, Mr. Roscoe, has in his *Lorenzo De Medicis*, laid down this golden MAXIM, "No end can justify *the sacrifice of a principle*; nor was a CRIME ever *necessary* in the course of human affairs. The sudden burst of vindictive passion may sometimes operate important consequences on the fate of nations, but the event is seldom within the limits of human calculation. It is only the calm energy of reason constantly bearing up against the encroachments of power, that can with certainty perpetuate the freedom, or promote the happiness of the human race?"

I shall trouble you with only one Epistle more, in which will be included *Bridgewater, Glastonbury, Wells, Frome, Stonehenge, and Salisbury*. Should these my rough and hasty Sketches of an interesting journey impart any degree of entertainment or instruction, the reflection will gratify

Yours, respectfully,

J. E.

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## THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

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Nov. 16. **T**HE *Pavilion*, a new opera, was performed here this evening, but with doubtful approbation. An edifice in the garden of the Caliph

Caliph of Bagdad, gives name to the piece, being the scene where the plot is laid. The whole is enriched with beautiful scenery and splendid decorations. The fable is taken from the Persian Tales, but it is entitled to no great praise. The music is to be admired for its tone and variety. Mr. Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Bland, and Miss De Camp exerted themselves with success. The company was large and elegant; the piece was received with a mixture of approbation and disapprobation. It is difficult to determine which preponderated. Its fate, however, will be soon ascertained.

### COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 1. A new comedy, called *MANAGEMENT*, from the prolific pen of REYNOLDS, was brought forward this evening, of which the following were the

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Lavish . . . . .	<i>Mr. Lewis</i>
Sir Harvey Sutherland . . . . .	<i>Mr. Pope</i>
Mist the Manager . . . . .	<i>Mr. Fawcett</i>
Wormy . . . . .	<i>Mr. Munden</i>
Alltrade . . . . .	<i>Mr. Farley</i>
Geoffrey . . . . .	<i>Mr. Davenport</i>
Stopgap . . . . .	<i>Mr. Simmons</i>
Juliana Sutherland . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Pope</i>
Mrs. Dazzle . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Davenport</i>
Chambermaid . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Lesence.</i>

The unhappiness of marriage is the basis of this play, and therefore presents us with a sufficient variety of incidents. *Sir Harvey Sutherland*, is a dissipated character—uses his wife extremely ill, which eventually occasions her death. He goes abroad, leaves behind him a daughter, who is badly treated by her relation, *Mrs. Dazzle*. *Sutherland*, however, returns, is angry

with his *daughter* for commiserating the fate of her mother; but they are prevented from coming to an explanation, and this is the chief *management* of the play. It is easily seen, therefore, that such a plot is capable of great variation, and the curiosity is both duly heightened and gratified. It is difficult to form a just idea of the fable, without beholding with our own eyes, the particular mode by which it is planned and accomplished.

*Mist* is the manager of a strolling company, and *All-trade* is a swindler of a vile description. They are both well depicted, and *Juliana*, the daughter of *Sutherland*, is a character which interests and pleases the spectator.

*Pope*, *Fawcett*, and *Lewis*, exerted themselves with success; nor were *Mrs. Pope* and *Mrs. Davenport* less strenuous in the performance of their parts.

*Lewis*, in *Captain Lavish*, exhibited a young man of fashion, professing and boasting of his economy, and recurring to that principle for arguments to justify a series of acts of the most unbounded prodigality. Thus he considered it the cheapest method always to travel with *four horses*, as he came sooner to his destination, and had less occasion to stop frequently on the road.

*Mist*, the *manager*, abounded with witticisms, and with the following curious declaration the house was much delighted: "That he always made it a point to get *drunk* whenever there was a *thin* house, because he then *saw double*!"

The house was crowded with the better sort of company, and the piece, though not faultless, was received throughout with almost unanimous approbation.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR NOVEMBER, 1799.

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*GORTHMUND.*

- “ **S**ONS of battle ! see the dewdrops  
“ Glitter in the thistle’s beard ;  
“ Phœbus shakes his golden tresses,  
“ O’er the misty heights of Sward.  
“ Sons of battle ! dangers threaten ;  
“ Short the respite sleep affords—  
“ Quit, O quit your mossy couches,  
“ Hasten to the strife of swords.  
“ Furious as the waves of Severn,  
“ Lo the Mercians press around !  
“ Grasp your javelins, strike your bucklers,  
“ Soon the foe shall bite the ground.  
“ Ere the star of ev’ning glimmer,  
“ Proudly great shall \* Reafan soar ;  
“ Ceas’d the conflict, Hela’s altar  
“ Shall be red with Saxon gore.”

\* Reafan, or the magic banner, contained the figure of a raven, the symbol of Hela, the God of Victory. Before a battle the Danes imagined they saw various movements in this bird ; if it clapped its wings, they thought their success would be inevitable ; but if it hung down its head, it was a sure presage of their defeat. The symbol of Woden, the Saxon god, was a dragon.



Hush'd was the song of bards. From tent to tent,  
 Loud as the awful voice of thunder, ran  
 An hollow murmur. Instant at the call,  
 Uprose the Danish host, and round their chief  
 (Gorthmund, the son of black-hair'd Ceowolf)  
 Impatient throng'd.—Ten thousand brazen helms  
 Gave their majestic plumage to the gale;  
 Their lances, cluster'd like the grove of firs  
 On Maindip's top, shone like the starry train,  
 That silent o'er the dark-stol'd brow of night  
 In pathless orbits wheel. Amidst the van,  
 Gorthmund, the mighty ruler, foremost march'd;  
 Tall as an oak in Arden's forest, slow  
 As are the minutes of impatience, strong  
 As mountains of the slain. In plates of steel  
 His limbs were cas'd; a tow'ring casque conceal'd  
 His jetty ringlets; on his visage sat  
 A frown of horror; his emblazon'd shield  
 Bore Hela's sacred symbol; from his side,  
 By golden links attach'd, a falchion hung,  
 Clotted with hostile gore. The next in rank  
 Was eagle-ey'd Ceaulin, he whose fire,  
 The great Lachollan, put to coward flight  
 Mæric's vast host, what time the sun, enthron'd  
 In noon-tide splendor, on a sudden veil'd  
 His glory in a robe of blood, and shades  
 Of night hung brooding o'er the deathful plain.  
 Others there were, inferior though in rank,  
 In valour equal; Centwin of the hill,  
 Swift as a falling meteor; Tenyan;  
 Ceormund sternly terrible, who led  
 A chosen band of archers to the fight;  
 Delward, the son of Hubba, and Cathégor,  
 Of the dark lake; heroes, whose glorious acts  
 "Would ask an hundred tongues to celebrate."

Thus marshall'd, o'er Denania's misty vale  
 The Danes their way pursue, then sudden halt,  
 Whilst Gorthmund thus address'd his brave compeers—  
 "Ye scowling warriors, whose big bosoms pant  
 "For the strong toil of battle! See ye not  
 "A dark cloud louring o'er yon mountain's brow!

" At noon a tempest will buist forth, and rain  
 " In swelling torrents fall. Yes, gallant Danes!  
 " A storm will rage, but a loud storm of war;  
 " A shower prone rushing, but a shower of blood:  
 " For o'er yon heights the mighty Segowald  
 " Approaches with his swarming legions, bred  
 " In Mercia's fruitful plains, and Sigebert  
 " On the right wing leads forth the Wessex bands.  
 " But be ye not dismay'd; here let us halt,  
 " Screen'd by this tufted wood, and wait th' attack;  
 " 'The god of vict'ry smiles upon our arms—  
 " Thrice hath the raven clapp'd his glossy wings;  
 " Thrice since this morn arose." Here ceas'd the chief:  
 Meanwhile the van of Segowald's firm troops,  
 Exulting reach'd the plain below; and now  
 In banner'd pomp the rampant dragon shone,  
 Full on the adverse host. Ah! beauteous scene,  
 How soon to close! Already his pale horse  
 Hath death bestrode; the silver shields are struck;  
 Loud twang'd the Mercian bows—instant the Danes  
 Return'd the charge, and showers of missile spears  
 Hurtled aloft. Now shield to shield they fought—  
 High rose the mounts of slain; Ceaulin rag'd  
 Like the gaunt wolf; down from his fissur'd helm  
 Spouted the life-blood, and ere long he fell  
 By Egward's well-aim'd falchion; cleft in twain.  
 Cathegor sought the mansion of his fires.  
 Fierce grew the conflict. Delward's sweeping arm  
 Hew'd many a Saxon down. Gorthmund, meanwhile,  
 Wades through a purple flood to where the king  
 Of Mercia, panting, cut a lane of death,  
 And strikes his reeking javelin through the heart  
 Of Segowald—he, stagg'ring, groan'd, and died.  
 But, hark, the shout of conquest! Lo, they fly!  
 The Saxons fly, and Gorthmund rash pursues  
 The dastard fugitives; reckless he, how soon  
 The fate of Segowald will be his own!  
 For ah! a whizzing shaft too well perform'd  
 Its errand, and transfix'd his brawny chest.  
 Stunn'd he recoil'd—the misty shades of death

Floating before his eyes—and with a smile  
Gave up the ghost !

A faithful band of Danes  
Their pointed bucklers o'er the breathless corse  
Suspended, whilst the minstrels from their harps,  
Deep ton'd, pour'd forth this plaintive dirge. " Behold,  
" Spirit of death, thy victory ! Behold,  
" Fit inmate for the yawning grave ;  
" Lo ! weltring in the dust, and cold,  
" The bravest of the brave !  
" Gorthmund ! inglorious lies  
" Thy plume, that rivall'd erst the dazzling snow ;  
" Clos'd are those eyes,  
" That erst flash'd terror on the foe ;  
" And crush'd the finewy arm, that laid the mighty  
" low !  
" Never more along the mountains  
" Shalt thou chase the tusked boar ;  
" Never shall thy glitt'ring anlace  
" Drink the brindled leopard's gore.  
" Oft some belated hunter, wand'ring near  
" The hallow'd precincts of thy tomb,  
" (What time the western promontory  
" Is ting'd with eve's departing glory.)  
" Bending in pensive sadness o'er his spear,  
" Shall muse on thee, whose ashes rest beneath  
" The grassy turf, whilst through the deepening gloom  
" The waving cypress boughs, funeral horrors breathe !"

*Lynn, Sept. 1799.*

W. CASE, JUN.

### LINES ON AUTUMN.

**B**ALMY zephyrs now are fled,  
Saffron leaves the groves bespread,  
Cold the gales at morn and eve,  
Tempests fierce old ocean heave,  
Nature's face is dark and drear,  
Humid is the atmosphere,  
Faintly is the landscape seen,  
Veil'd by fogs that intervene,

Uncnamell'd are the fields,  
 Odours sweet no flower yields,  
 Forests, half disrob'd appear,  
 Emblems of the dying year—  
 Hawthorn hedge-rows give delight,  
 Deck'd with berries red and bright,  
 Round the elms and oaks sublime,  
 Yet the blooming woodbines climb,  
 Ivy on her mould'ring tow'rs,  
 Lovely brooks adorn'd with flow'r's—  
 Brown the furrow'd fields we view,  
 Late where waving harvests grew,  
 'Neath the bristly stubble low  
 Clover grafs begins to grow,  
 Mountain torrents foaming fall,  
 Vapours in the vallies crawl.  
 Streams that noiseless wont to glide,  
 Spread their swollen waters wide,  
 Dark and cheerless is the day,  
 Skies undeck'd with azure gay—  
 Deign, O sun! to cheer the scene,  
 Now illume the tufted green;  
 Fling thy rays, O fling them wide,  
 On the vale and mountain's side,  
 Let me view its summit high,  
 Tow'ring to the lofty sky,  
 Crown'd with woods and splendid seats,  
 Where the wealthy cit retreats,  
 On its grassy slopes survey  
 Browzing sheep and lambkins gay,  
 Peasants whistling at their toil,  
 Ploughing up the fallow soil,  
 These the charms that flow from thee,  
 Never then be hid from me.  
 "Crowded cities" now allure,  
 Fraught, although, with funes impure;  
 Gay assemblies, concerts grand,  
 Plays, with joy, the heart expand;  
 Pleasure's wand, with magic pow'r,  
 Bliss imparts to ev'ry hour,

Blazing hearth's society,  
 Sparkling wine and harmony;  
 Banish sorrow, care, and strife,  
 Give felicity to life.  
 Then at AUTUMN why repine,  
 It can give us joys divine,  
 Morals fit, as forceful teach,  
 As the grave divines that preach;  
 Ripen'd fruit, that hang on high,  
 Teach that ev'ry thing must die;  
 Soon they blossom, soon decay,  
 We like them shall die away;  
 Chequer'd skies and changeful air  
 Shew that perfect bliss is rare;  
 Man, vicissitude must know,  
 While he grovels here below;  
 Lessons *these*, sage AUTUMN, give,  
 Hail! then autumn, honor'd live.

ELEANOR.

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TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT.

**T**O tell, my dear Mary, the whole of my grief,  
 An arduous task would appear;  
 But sorrow on earth, oh! how often our guest!  
 And how short-liv'd our happiness here!

But whence, my dear Charlotte, this sudden complaint,  
 Methought you was happy and gay;  
 With your own little room fitted up in such strain,  
 That nought could your comfort allay.

Indeed, my dear Mary, I thought so myself,  
 And much comfort and bliss did enjoy;  
 How precarious our comfort, how short liv'd our bliss,  
 Which death, cruel death, can destroy!

You know, my dear Mary, what love and esteem  
 I felt for my poor little cat;  
 Then, surely, a trifle 'twill not to you seem,  
 Nor think she can soon be forgot.

On Wednesday she sicken'd, I griev'd and was sad,  
To nurse her, in vain I essay'd ;  
For still she grew worse, and on Sunday so bad,  
For her death I most ardently pray'd.

Death came to her aid, and her breath she resign'd,  
And left me her aid to deplore ;  
For oh ! she was beautiful, gentle, and kind,  
But now I must see her no more.

At the end of the garden we made her a grave,  
And with lilacs entwin'd it around ;  
Where, free from all trouble and grief she is laid,  
And resteth within the cold ground.

C. B.

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### THE WISH.

**I**MMORTAL Gods, my prayers befriend,  
And to a suppliant maid attend ;  
Let not my days pass calm and still,  
But chequer them with good and ill ;  
And let my life for ever be,  
A mixture of variety ;  
For when misfortune well I know,  
I then shall feel for others' woe.  
Join'd to courage, knowledge, truth,  
Let honest virtue crown my youth ;  
Give me that pride which will be free,  
And scorns to crouch to tyranny ;  
My cheek ne'er know the blush of shame,  
And add to this a well-earn'd fame !  
Oh ! grant, ye gods, it be my lot,  
That when I'm dead I'm not forgot ;  
My first great wish is glorious fame !  
Let future ages know my name !  
To crown the whole, ye gods above !  
Let me not know *what 'tis to love !*

S.

*THE HUSBANDMAN.*

**Y**E pamper'd great, who proudly ride  
In gilded coaches, as ye glide  
Among the vulgar crew;  
Scorn not the man who tills the fields,  
Who reaps the fruits which autumn yields,  
That man's as good as you.

Tho' fortune adverse, for his home  
Has rais'd in state no splendid dome,  
Nor spread upon his board  
Delicious dainties—and his name,  
Unblazon'd in the rolls of fame,  
Is still among the crowd;

Yet calm content around his head,  
Will still her genial influence shed,  
He envies not your lot;  
When day declining, night returns,  
And on his hearth one faggot burns,  
He hastens to his cot.

His infants, sportive round the fire,  
In lisping accents greet their fire,  
(While each alike's his care);  
With wanton gamb'lings strive to please,  
And eager climb his honour'd knees,  
The envied kifs to share:

The greeting o'er—to rest he goes,  
Ambition breaks not his repose,  
Nor robs his soul of rest;  
For envy, hate, corroding care,  
The dire effects of fell despair,  
Are strangers to his breast.

Can all your wealth—can all your pow'r,  
Those glitt'ring playthings of an hour,  
Bring happiness like this?  
Can pompous titles and estates,  
The fleeting gifts of blinded fates,  
Be reckon'd equal blifs?

No ! hence ye vain delusive toys,  
 Ye poor, fantastic, short-liv'd joys,  
 Give me a conscience pure ;  
 Give me a mind content, serene,  
 No cloud of guilt to intervene,  
 My joys will still endure.

## PERNAL BEAUTIES,

OR

## RURAL FELICITY.

THE little warblers of the spring  
 Their sweet melodious accents raise;  
 They make the hills and dales to ring,  
 In warbling out their Maker's praise.

The black-bird, wood-lark, and the thrush,  
 Unite with those of feebler voice ;  
 Whose chaunts resound from bush to bush,  
 To rouse all nature to rejoice ;

Whilst nature seems to hear the sound,  
 Flowers, herbs, shrubs, trees, put forth their heads ;  
 To ask what have you, warblers, found  
 To make you sing; is winter fled?

" Sweet yes," the nightingale replies ;  
 " For I'm the harbinger of spring ;  
 " And to confirm the same," she cries,  
 " Hark ! don't you hear yon cuckoo sing ?"

Oh, joyful sound ! with one accord  
 They all embrace their welcome guest ;  
 Creation, and its earthly lord,  
 With second paradise are blest.

*Ruckings, Kent.*

JOHN FRANCIS,



## VERSES

WROTE ON A CALM SUMMER'S EVENING.

**W**IDE o'er the farther west the trembling beam  
 Sheds on departing day its latent gleam ;  
 Now slow and solemn, silver clad on high,  
 The young moon lifts her crescent in the sky ;  
 Around her orb how soft a radiance glows,  
 And O ! how sweet the soothing prospect shows.  
 Ah ! 'tis a sacred hour, a stilly scene,  
 And more than silence rules the wide serene ;  
 A mighty grandeur lifts my soaring thought,  
 With all the muses' inspiration fraught ;  
 Far in the world of fancy led, I rove,  
 My glowing sentiments new charms improve.  
 I wish beyond the nether world to soar,  
 I wish the source of being to explore ;  
 Fain would I fly from orient east to west,  
 Where earth on boundless ocean leans her breast—  
 Dive into chaos, reach that stern abode,  
 Where, clad in terror, rules the gloomy god ;  
 Thence, borne on rapid wing, direct my flight,  
 And view the shrines of uncreated light.  
 Such are the themes that ev'ning's charms infuse,  
 And such the effort of my artless muse.

JOHN JONES.

## THE VANITY OF LIFE.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

*We all do fade as a leaf.*

**S**EE the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and wither'd to the ground ;  
 Thus, to thoughtless mortals calling,  
 With a sad and solemn sound :

" Sons of Adam, once in Eden,  
 " Blighted when like us you fell ;  
 " Hear the lecture we are reading,  
 " 'Tis, alas ! the *truth* we tell.

- “ *Virgins!* much, too much presuming,  
 “ In your boasted white and red;  
 “ View *us late* in beauty blooming,  
 “ Number’d *now* among the dead.  
 “ *Gripping misers!* nightly waking,  
 “ See the end of all your care;  
 “ Fled on wings of our own making,  
 “ We have left our owners bare.  
 “ *Sons of honour!* fed on praises,  
 “ Flutt’ring high on fancied worth;  
 “ Lo! the fickle air that raises,  
 “ Brings us down to parent earth.  
 “ *Learned sophs!* in systems jaded,  
 “ Who for new ones daily call;  
 “ Cease, at length by us persuaded,  
 “ Every leaf must have a fall.  
 “ *Youths!* though yet no losses grieve you,  
 “ Gay in health and manly grace;  
 “ Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
 “ Summer gives to autumn place.  
 “ *Venerable Sires!* grown hoary,  
 “ Hither turn th’ unwilling eye;  
 “ Think amidst your falling glory,  
 “ Autumn tells a winter nigh.  
 “ Yearly in our course returning,  
 “ Messengers of shortest stay,  
 “ Thus we preach this truth unerring,  
 “ Heaven and earth shall pass away!  
 “ On the *Tree of life eternal*,  
 “ *Man!* let all *thy hopes* be staid;  
 “ Which alone, for ever vernal,  
 “ Bears a leaf which ne’er shall fade.”

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*LINES.*

INSCRIBED TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY  
IN BEACONSFIELD, ON HER SKILL ON THE  
PIANO-FORTE.

**A**S o'er each note of various sound  
Thy flying fingers lightly stray,  
The captive passions all around,  
Confess, sweet maid! thy potent sway.

Charm'd with thy strains, the raptur'd breast  
Delights to own thy soft controul :  
Elated now, and now deprest,  
Alternate flits the trembling soul.

Whate'er thou wilt, thou canst inspire ;  
By thee with hate, or love we glow,  
Now fiercely-breathing martial fire,  
Now melting with melodious woe.

But say, since nature gave thee charms  
With partial hand, too favour'd maid !  
Why, with the magic of those arms,  
Employ'st thou thus sweet music's aid ?

For know, thy music's pow'r as strong  
As beauty's empire o'er the mind ;  
And ev'n to each alone belong  
To charm and captivate mankind.

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## Literary Review.

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*The New Annual Register; or, General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1798. To which is prefixed, The History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of King Charles the Second. Robinsons. 10s. 6d.*

**T**HIS valuable Work is distributed into its usual compartments: British and Foreign History, Principal Occurrences, Public Papers, Biographical Anecdotes and Characters, Manners of Nations, Classical and Polite Criticism, Antiquities, Miscellaneous Papers, Poetry, Domestic and Foreign Literature. Each of these articles seems to have been selected and arranged with accuracy.

The utility of such an annual work is obvious: it collects into a convenient compass the most important part of our history, whether we regard ourselves either in a political or literary point of view. And it must be pleasing both to the gentleman and scholar to have it in their power to refer to a Volume where their curiosity receives an ample gratification.

The Introductory History of Knowledge is written with judgment and impartiality. It contains an account of the ROYAL SOCIETY, which certainly cannot fail of being interesting to Britons. We shall therefore introduce it to the notice of our readers without any further ceremony,

*The Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the ROYAL SOCIETY, in the reign of Charles the Second.*

“ The reign of Charles was inglorious in almost every instance; yet it was distinguished by the establishment of a society, which has been perhaps more respectable in its character, and more useful in its exertions than any similar institution in Europe. The humble origin \* of the Royal Society has been already noticed; but it belongs to this part of our undertaking to enter more fully into the detail.

“ To assert that the great proficiency in natural science, which has been the glory of the British nation, is to be wholly attributed to the exertions of this association, would be bold and hazardous! but it is certain that little progress had been previously made in that interesting branch of human knowledge. Except the solitary speculations of Bacon, little had hitherto been effected; but the recommendation of that great man, to refer every thing in physics to the severe test of direct experiment, cleared the path of science, and opened the way to real discoveries.

“ Alchemy had been a favourite study in the two preceding reigns. The theatre, which is, in general, “ a brief chronicle of the times,” and the best record of manners and national character, of national folly at least, attests this fact. Johnson’s *Alchemist* is read and acted, though the object of ridicule which is the foundation of the piece, is no longer interesting.

“ It is however matter of surprize, that industry, even without the aid of science, should have effected nothing. Not one useful discovery is recorded as rewarding the labours of the English alchemists, though their brethren on the continent contributed in no small degree to the improvement of practical chemistry.

“ Even mathematical science, for which the English philosophers have since been so justly celebrated, was, antecedent to the period of which we are treating, in no very flourishing state; but the age which produced the Royal Society was also distinguished by some excellent mathematicians; and Ough-

\* See our *History of Knowledge*, &c. under the *Usurpation*.

fred, Ward, and Wallis, led the way to Barrow, Newton, and Halley. Thus, though classical learning, theology, and metaphysics, had been cultivated with success in the preceding ages, the reign of Charles II. may be regarded as the dawn of English philosophy.

"The commencement of the Royal Society is referred by its historian Sprat to "some space after the end of the civil wars;" but more correct information affixes the date to the year 1645. At that time some ingenious and inquisitive men, among whom was the celebrated mathematician Dr. John Wallis, and the no less celebrated Dr. (afterwards bishop). Wilkins, agreed to meet weekly on a certain day, to converse on subjects of natural and experimental philosophy. The meetings were sometimes held at the apartments of Dr. Jonathan Goddard, a physician of some eminence, in Woodstreet, on account of his having an operator in his house for the purpose of grinding glasses for telescopes: sometimes at a house in Cheapside, and sometimes at Gresham-college. From these meetings, the great topics which at that period divided and distracted society, politics and theology, were excluded; and the sciences which chiefly engaged the attention of the society, were geometry, astronomy, anatomy, physics, chemistry, navigation, magnetism, and mechanics. This society was sometimes distinguished by the name of the Invisible or Philosophical College.

"The society in this infant state experienced something of the unsettled nature of the times; and about the year 1648 it was nearly dissolved by the removal of Dr. Wilkins, who was appointed Warden of Wadham-college; of Dr. Wallis, who was nominated Savilian professor of geometry; and of Dr. Goddard, who was made warden of Merton-college. Those who remained in London continued to meet as before, and the Oxford members joined them when they visited the metropolis. The meetings, however, were continued with more spirit, and, probably, more regularity at Oxford, "in Dr. Wilkins' lodgings (to use the words of Sprat) in Wadham-college, which was then the resort for virtuous and learned men." The university, as the same author informs us, had several men of eminence at that time attached to it in various offices and stations; and it was resorted to by others, whom the distresses of the times drove to take refuge from the din of arms,

arms, and the detestable contests of party and politics, in the quiet shades of that celebrated seminary. Their first object was, as it had been in London, to enjoy society in peace, to contribute to each other's mutual entertainment and instruction, and to avoid those unpleasant topics which spread only discord and calamity wherever they were agitated. The principal persons who formed this small but illustrious assembly, were Dr. Seth Ward, afterwards lord-bishop of Exeter, Mr. Boyle, sir William Petty, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Matthew Wren, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Willis, Dr. Christopher Wren, and Mr. Rooke.

" These meetings, however, were still little more than social or conversation parties. They had no rules or fixed method of proceeding; yet experimental science engaged more deeply their attention than speculation and conjecture. The folly of both of these was too apparent in the metaphysical writers of the day for wise men, such as constituted this little society, to engage themselves in. They were more commonly employed in experiments of chemistry and mechanics. Their instruments, however, were few; and their discoveries in chemistry seem to have been of little importance.

" In the year 1658, the society was dispersed from various causes, and its members were called to the exercise of different functions in different parts of the kingdom. The majority of them, however, had resorted to the metropolis; and here their meetings were resumed at Gresham-college, an institution at present shamefully abused, by being made a sinecure for idle and indeed merely nominal professors. They generally met at the Wednesday's and Thursday's lectures of Dr. Wren and Mr. Rooke, for such were the men who, at that period, occupied those stations. Here they were joined by several other eminent persons, among whom were the lords Brouncker and Brereton, sir Paul Neile, Mr. John Evelyn, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Slingsby, Dr. Timothy Clark, Dr. Ent, Mr. Balle, Mr. Hill, and Dr. Crone. The calamities of the times again dispersed our philosophers; and even the place of their meeting was, in the year 1659, converted into a barrack for soldiers.

" The meetings were resumed when the public affairs assumed a more quiet aspect after the restoration, and they were

joined

joined by a great number of persons eminent in every branch of science. The accession of new members obliged them now to think of adopting some regular mode of conducting their debates; and, in a private conversation, on the 28th of November, 1660, between lord Brouncker, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Bruce, sir Robert Moray, sir Paul Neile, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Petty, Mr. Balle, Mr. Wren, and Mr. Hill, the first idea was suggested of forming a regular college for the promotion of physico-mathematical and experimental science. As a preliminary to such a measure, a set of regulations were drawn up, simple and plain, adapted to the character of the men, and the frugal manners of the age. The meetings were to be continued weekly, at *three o'clock in the afternoon*, during term time, in Mr. Rooke's chamber at Gresham-college; and, in the vacation, at Mr. Balle's in the Temple. An admission *fine of ten shillings* was levied on each of the members, who also engaged to contribute, at the rate of *one shilling* a week, whether present or absent, towards the expences of the institution. A list of additional members was, at the same time, given in, among whom we find the names of sir Kenelme Digby, Mr. Evelyn, celebrated for his attention to the practical and philosophical part of botany, and Cowley the poet, who had been created a doctor of physic at Oxford in the year 1657.

"Thus the society continued to prosecute, with a most laudable zeal and industry, every branch of useful knowledge. The experiments, as Sprat informs us, were made by themselves, or at least repeated, whenever the results were communicated from a distance. It was at first determined not to increase the number of the members; and the stated number was fixed at fifty-five; but this order was afterwards judiciously rescinded. It was also resolved, that no person should be admitted to the society without a scrutiny, in which the candidates should have the votes of at least two-thirds of the members present, except such as were of or above the degree of a baron; and all such were to be admitted, at their desire, as supernumeraries, provided they conformed to the rules of the society. The same privilege was afterwards extended to the fellows of the College of Physicians, in consequence of the college indulging them with the use of their hall.



“ On the 5th of December, sir Robert Moray informed the society that the king had been made acquainted with the design of the meeting; that his majesty had signified his approbation, and was desirous of giving it encouragement. About the same time it was resolved, that the standing offices of the society should be three in number, a president or director, a treasurer, and a register—the former to be chosen monthly, and the two latter to continue in office for the space of a year. Two servants, with salaries, were also appointed, an amanuensis, and an operator.—The salary of the former was forty shillings *per annum*, and of the latter four pounds.

“ As a specimen of their proceedings in this infant state, it may not be unpleasant to the reader to mention that the subjects which chiefly engaged their attention at this period were a series of experiments on pendulums, by Dr. (afterwards sir Christopher) Wren; experiments for the improvement of shipping, under the direction of Dr. Petty, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Wilkins, and Dr. Wren; an experiment on the recoiling of guns, by lord Brouncker; and a series of queries were drawn up by the same nobleman, in conjunction with Mr. Boyle, and sent to Teneriffe, chiefly relating to experiments for measuring the height, and examining the atmosphere and climate of the Peak. His majesty, about the same time, sent two loadstones to be examined by the society; Dr. Goddard produced some chemical experiments on coloured fluids, produced from fluids nearly or altogether colourless; and Mr. Evelyn, some curious observations on the anatomy of trees, which were followed by a discourse of sir Kenelme Digby on the vegetation of plants.

“ The society, however, did not confine its attention to subjects of mere philosophy, but extended it to the arts and manufactures. Besides the experiments on shipping, already noticed, Dr. Petty produced a series of observations on the colthing-trade: experiments were also made on refining, japanning, gilding and other arts. Among other phenomena produced before the society, was a young man born deaf and dumb, and taught by the celebrated Wallis to speak plainly. The doctor, with some humour, describes this occupation, in a letter to Mr. Oldenburg.—“ I am now employed,” says he, “ upon another work, as hard, almost, as to

to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics. It is to teach a person dumb and deaf to speak, and to understand a language," &c.

"From this specimen of its proceedings, the reader will perceive that the society was not less diligent or flourishing previous to its incorporation, than it has been at any subsequent period. Some persons have in truth doubted, whether this circumstance has been, or not, of real service to the society; but it must be remembered, that though not of actual use, it may have been productive of eventual good. It served, probably, to preserve the unity of the society, and to prevent it from breaking into different clubs or assemblies. It also gave it some consequence in the eyes of the public, and of foreign nations; and possibly contributed at once to its respectability and permanence. The act of incorporation passed the great seal on the 15th of July 1662.—The only alteration of importance in the regulations of the society was, that the elections were made annual; William lord viscount Brouncker was appointed the first president; sir Robert Moray, Mr. Boyle, Mr. (afterwards lord) Brereton, sir Kenelme Digby, sir Paul Neile, Mr. H. Slingesby, sir William Petty, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Ent, Mr. Aerskine, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Christopher Wren, Mr. Balle, Mr. Matthew Wren, Mr. Evelyn, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Dudley Palmer, Mr. Oldenburg, were nominated of the council; and of these Mr. Balle was appointed treasurer, and Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Oldenburg the first secretaries. Such was the rise, progress, and establishment of this respectable society—We shall now return to give a short account of the state of science in its various branches at this period so propitious to the cause of philosophy in general.

"Among the mathematicians of the age, the first place is generally assigned to Dr. John Wallis. He was the son of a clergyman at Ashford in Kent, and was educated at Emmanuel college, Cambridge. He was chosen fellow of Queen's, in 1640, there being no vacancy in his own college, and about the same time entered into holy orders. He was eminent for having discovered the art of decyphering, and incurred some scandal after the restoration, for having decyphered the letters of king Charles, which were taken in the cabinet at Naseby.

In 1644 he acted as one of the secretaries to the assembly of divines at Westminster, and in 1649 was appointed Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford. While he continued in this station, he had a mathematical controversy with Mr. Hobbes, who, however, was but a weak antagonist, opposed to Wallis. His mathematical works were considered of so much importance to science, that in the year 1699 they were collected, and published in Latin, by the university of Oxford, in three volumes, folio, and dedicated to king William. He was not only eminent as a mathematician, but published some excellent works on language, the study of which led him from theory to undertake the arduous task of teaching the dumb to speak: of his services and reputation in the Royal Society we have already treated.

“ Next in reputation to Wallis was Dr. Seth Ward. He was born in Hertfordshire, and educated at Sidney-college, Cambridge; he was patronized warmly by Dr. Samuel Ward, then master of that college, though he was not related to him. On the commencement of the civil wars, Mr. Seth Ward voluntarily became an associate in the misfortunes of his friend, whom he accompanied to prison, and continued with him till his death; he was also ejected from his fellowship for refusing the covenant. After leaving college, he resided some time with the celebrated Oughtred, at Aldbury in Surry, where he prosecuted his mathematical studies with such success as laid the foundation of his future eminence. On the hopes of the royalist party being extinguished, Mr. Ward became more accommodating to the times, and from his great reputation as a mathematician he was appointed Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford, in the room of the celebrated Greaves, distinguished for his work on the Egyptian pyramids, who was ejected, but who had sufficient influence to recommend Mr. Ward to be his successor. Ward then entered himself of Wadham-college, from respect to Dr. Wilkins, who was the warden. After the restoration, he was successively appointed Bishop of Exeter and of Salisbury. As a divine, we have before spoken of him with commendation; as a mathematician, his excellence is still acknowledged. Mr. Oughtred says, he was the first man in Cambridge who expounded his *Clavis Mathematica*, which he republished,

republished, with additions, at the importunate desire of the author.

“ Besides these, we may mention, as men scarcely less eminent, the extraordinary bishop Wilkins, and sir Christopher Wren, of whose character we shall afterwards have occasion to treat, when we come to speak of an art which was peculiarly his own, and in which his reputation yet remains without a rival.

“ The same æra which produced the Royal Society was distinguished by the invention of an instrument which has been of great importance in natural and experimental philosophy, we mean the *air-pump*. It was the invention of the honourable Robert Boyle, who was assisted in perfecting the mechanical part of it by the ingenious Mr. Robert Hooke, so eminent afterwards for his microscopical experiments. Independent of this noble invention, there is, perhaps, not any name which deserves to stand higher in the records of English philosophy than that of Boyle.—He gave a new turn to the researches of chemistry, and directed it, from the absurdities of the alchemists, to the views and purposes of sound philosophy. His experiments on air laid the foundation for that system which is now generally received with respect to the general properties of that, and indeed of all other elastic fluids. The soundness of his judgment rendered him superior to all the tinsel of false philosophy.—He was as adverse to the jargon of Aristotle as to the reveries of the alchemists, and defined that fashionable philosophy as “ having in it more of words than of things, promising much, and performing little.”

“ His observations on colours were useful preliminaries to that beautiful system which was afterwards perfected by the genius of Newton. There was, in short, scarcely an interesting topic of natural philosophy which did not engage the attention of this indefatigable enquirer, and scarcely any which he did not improve. His tracts in defence of the Christian religion are not the least valuable of his writings; and, indeed, in every respect, his whole life was devoted to the glory of God, and the benefit and instruction of his fellow-creatures. He may, with justice, be regarded as the father of modern philosophy.

“ After the name of Boyle we may mention that of sir Kenelm Digby—

“ Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise.”

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“ A

“ A man of a genius as active, and of acquirements as universal almost as those which are ascribed to the famous Pico, prince of Mirandola. His philosophy was not, however, the cool and temperate reasoning of Boyle.—It was mingled too much with imagination, and his superstitious zeal in favour of his “ Sympathetic Powder,” which was to be a cure for almost all diseases, has fixed a blot on his character, which has rendered his philosophical publications less objects of general attention than they deserve.

“ Sir William Petty is chiefly known for his great and acknowledged skill in political arithmetic; yet, even this was one of the least of his accomplishments. Perhaps no man, not excepting the late Dr. Franklin, ever possessed a mind so happily adapted to practical and useful science; and, indeed, he was not only one of the most extraordinary men of his age, but that Britain ever produced. Like the man, whom, in modern times, he most resembled, Franklin, he was the son of a plain tradesman, and was born at Rumsey in Hampshire. At a very early age he displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics; but after his grammar education, and some subsequent instruction at the university of Caen in Normandy, he was appointed to a situation in the navy.—But before he had arrived at the age of twenty, having saved about sixty pounds, upon the strength of this sum he set out to travel for his improvement; and after spending three years abroad, and maintaining all the time his younger brother, such was his great œconomy and industry, that he returned to England with ten pounds more than he took with him. About this time he invented an instrument for double writing, by which the operator was enabled to produce an accurate copy of a manuscript, while in the act of writing the original. This instrument has since been more successfully employed in the art of drawing and designing. After this, he removed to Oxford, and in 1649 was created a doctor of physic. He was soon after appointed physician to the army, and was also physician to three successive lord-lieutenants of Ireland. This profession, however, he afterwards abandoned, and, on the division of the forfeited estates in Ireland, was appointed to take the surveys, which he did with singular accuracy, and gained considerable property by his services on this occasion. After the restoration, he was in considerable favour with government,

received the honour of knighthood, and was a member both in the English and Irish parliaments.—The object which most engaged his attention at this period was, how to improve the arts of ship-building and navigation; and he constructed a vessel to sail against wind and tide. To enumerate his various experiments and discoveries would occupy more of the volume than we usually appropriate to this division of our work. He was one of the founders and one of the most active members of the Royal Society; and yet, while so much of his time was devoted to science, his private business was more than most men would be able to conduct: it consisted in the management of a large estate, both in lands and buildings, in working of mines, and a considerable trade in lead, iron, and fish. His labours were crowned with extraordinary success.—He died at the age of sixty-five, possessed of immense property, and was the founder of a noble family, in which genius as well as patriotism seems to be hereditary.

“ Among the philosophers of this age we may class most of those who have been already noticed as the founders of the Royal Society, particularly bishop Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke, the friend and assistant of the illustrious Boyle.

“ It may, perhaps, be information to those of the present day, who assume a name, of the real import of which they are essentially ignorant, that these *real philosophers* were Christians. Their learning was united with its natural concomitant, modesty. They did not apologize for vice and impiety, because they loved to practise them; they did not cavil at the Scriptures, while ignorant of the very languages in which these scriptures were composed; or deny the God of Nature, while they were totally unacquainted with all Nature's operations. Their philosophy was not rhapsody and wild conjecture; it was the philosophy of fact and experiment. Their labours were directed to the welfare of society, and not to its undoing; they were the friends of religion, of order and good government, because they were the friends of virtue and of truth\*.

\* Sprat's History of the Royal Society; Birch's History of the same; Rapin's History of England; Biographia Brit.; Biographical Dict. &c. &c.

Thus

Thus we find that the *Royal Society* was established by the most learned men of the age, and that their labours are intended to scrutinize and lay open the wonders of creation. The same great object should still engage our attention; the progress of science amongst us should be always a matter of rejoicing—we are thereby freed from the terrors of superstition—feel an ardent curiosity gratified, and become assimilated to that great Being, by whose power and wisdom all things were formed. Knowledge, steadily acquired, and properly improved, constitutes the glory and dignity of the intelligent creation.

The above account of the *Royal Society*, will enable the young reader rationally to interpret the three famous initials F. R. S. *Fellow of the Royal Society*, by which the names of the learned are often decorated.

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*The Utility of Religious Associations, A Sermon preached before an Association of Ministers at Chalfont, St. Giles, in the County of Bucks. By Hugh Worthington. Published by Request. Printed by G. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane. Price 4d. or 3s. 6d. per Dozen.*

IT is usual for the Dissenters of different denominations to hold, among themselves, these associations, where the explication and enforcement of an appointed subject become particularly useful and impressive. The utility of such assemblies is here fully explained and ably recommended.

Among many other advantages resulting from these associations, the ingenious author thus states the following benefit with energy and effect—"These services," says he, "bring together members of different churches, and thus tend to diminish bigotry and to promote brotherly love and a Christian temper. That these objects are desirable, every enlightened follower

“follower of the blessed Jesus must allow, for next to  
 “absolute vice, there is nothing more dishonourable to  
 “our creed, more displeasing to our Master, more ruin-  
 “ous to the Church of God on earth, or more un-  
 “suitable to the spirit, employment, and felicity of  
 “heaven, than—BIGOTRY.”

*A Chronological Table on a new Plan, comprising Articles of an Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Nature, for Daily Use; to which are subjoined an Explanation of the several Subdivisions of Time; the Origin of the Names of the Days of the Weeks and Months of the Year; an Account of the Correspondence of the latter with the New French Calendar, and a Copious Index to the Work, designed for the Use of Young Ladies. By William Butler, Teacher of Writing, Accounts, and Geography, in Ladies Schools and in Private Families. Second Edition, enlarged. 5s. Dilly.*

**A**N immense number of events stands inscribed upon the ample scroll of *history*, which it is the province of **CHRONOLOGY** to arrange and concentrate, for the purposes of instruction. Hence its unspeakable utility; and we ought to feel obliged to every individual whose efforts are directed to the improvement of this important branch of learning.

Mr. Butler has here selected some of the most interesting events of modern history; and arranged them according to the days of the year on which they happened. This is an excellent mode of impressing the memory, and must prove highly beneficial to the young mind. We add **JANUARY** by way of specimen:

“**JANUARY.**

**JAN.**

**1, 1067.** William the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster. He was born at Falaise, and buried at Caen,

**VOL. VIII.**

**D d**

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## JAN.

- now in the department of Calvados, France. See battle of Hastings, Arith. Quest.
- 1515. Expired Lewis XII. King of France, in the 53d year of his age, to the extreme regret of the French nation, who, sensible of his tender concern for their welfare, gave him, with one voice, the honourable appellation of *father of his people*. See October 9, 1514.
  - 1651. Charles II. was crowned at Scone, Perthshire, Scotland.
  - 2, 17. Ovid, one of the finest poets of the Augustan age, expired at Tomi, near Varna, on the western coast of the Black Sea, whither he had been banished by the Emperor Augustus, but for what reason it is not now known. His poetical talents have justly ranked him among the first of Roman poets, but his works have a very immoral tendency. Ovid's death is said to have happened on the same day with that of Livy, the celebrated Roman historian, who was born at Padua, 59 years, B. C.
  - 3, 107 B. C. Cicero, one of the greatest orators, statesmen, and philosophers of antiquity, was born. See December 7, 43 B. C.
  - 1670. Died General Monk, Duke of Albermarle, a principal instrument in restoring Charles II. after he had been an exile almost nine years.
  - 4, 1568. Died Roger Ascham, who had been Latin secretary and tutor in the learned languages to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was much lamented. He was born near Northallerton in Yorkshire, about the year 1515.
  - 1712. Prince Eugene, of Savoy, arrived in England. On his audience of leave, March 13, 1712, Queen Anne presented him with a sword, valued at 5000l. He had rendered eminent services to the country in conjunction with the Duke of Marlborough.
  - 1724. Philip V. King of Spain, resigned his crown to his son, and retired to his palace of St. Ildefonso. It is somewhat remarkable, that in less than 80 years four sovereigns abdicated their thrones; namely, Christiana, Queen of Sweden, in 1654; Casimir, King of Poland, in 1667; Philip, King of Spain, in 1724; and Amadeus,

## JAN.

- deus, King of Sardinia, in 1730. See also January 16, 1556.
- 5, 1783. Onore, in the East-Indies, taken by the English, with a most terrible carnage.
- 6, 1536. Queen Catharine of Arragon, the divorced wife of the tyrant Henry VIII. died at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire. The acute and comprehensive critic, Dr. Johnson, in his remarks upon the tragedy of Henry VIII. says, that the meek sorrows and virtuous distresses of this queen have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare, he subjoins, comes in and goes out with Catharine. Some state her death to have happened on the 8th of January. She was interred at Peterborough.
- 1539. Henry VIII. was married to Anne of Cleves; a fine duchy in the circle of Westphalia, Germany.
- 7, 1558. Calais surrendered to the French, after it had been in the possession of the English above 210 years.
- 1785. Mr. Blanchard, accompanied by Dr. Jeffries, went from Dover to the forest of Guienes, near Calais, in France, in an air balloon, in about two hours. In consequence of this aerial voyage the late King of France presented Mr. Blanchard with 12,000 livres, and granted him a pension of 1200 livres a year.
- 8, 1536. See January 6, 1536.
- 10, 1644-5. Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, was beheaded on Tower-Hill, in the 71st year of his age, for high-treason, not proved against him; but he fell a sacrifice to party-violence and his own high-church sentiments, which induced him to attempt a general uniformity in religion, or rather to impose the doctrine, discipline; and hierarchy of the church of England, on the three kingdoms. He was a native of Reading in Berkshire.
- 1698. Gave birth to the celebrated and unfortunate poet, Richard Savage, who died in a jail at Bristol, 1743; an eminent instance of the uselessness and insignificancy of knowledge, wit, and genius, without prudence and a proper regard to the common maxims.

## JAN.

- of life. For an account of his sufferings, through the unnatural cruelty of his mother, the countess of Macclesfield, we refer our young readers to Mr. Jones's New Biographical Dictionary.
- 11, 1698. Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy or Russia, came to England and remained incognito. He improved himself here in the art of ship-building, and King William presented him with one of his royal yachts.
- 1753. Sir Hans Sloane, baronet, died at his house at Chelsea. He was first physician to George the Second, and many years president of the Royal Society. His immense collection of books, manuscripts, and curious productions of nature and art, now form a most valuable part of the British Museum. Sir Hans was a native of Ireland.
- 13, 1790. Monastic establishments were suppressed in France. Protestants have always been accustomed to consider monastic institutions as the haunts of ignorance and superstition, where the proud priest and lazy monk fattened upon the riches of the land. It must, however, be admitted, that though we have now reason enough to rejoice that they are fallen, they have, nevertheless, in their day, been made subservient to some useful purposes. See *Miscell. Pieces*, by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld.
- 14, 1792. Died Joseph Jackson, a letter-founder of distinguished eminence, with whose types Mr. Bensley prints the splendid edition of the Bible now publishing by Mr. Macklin.
- 14, 1794. Died, in the 65th year of his age, Dr. Edward Harwood, an eminent dissenting minister and excellent classical scholar, whose learned works are well known, some of them having gone through many editions. His "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament" is a very valuable performance.
- 15, 1559. Queen Elizabeth was crowned at Westminster.
- 1779. David Garrick, an illustrious actor, called the English Roscius, expired. Roscius, the famous Roman comedian, flourished about 50 years B. C. He was

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- was contemporary with Æsop, the fabulist, and Cicero, the orator.
- 1795. The Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Provinces, and his family, in consequence of the successes of the French, were obliged to leave the Hague, and effect their escape to England, where they arrived on the 21st of the same month. They sailed from Helvoetsluys and landed at Harwich.
- 16, 1556. The Emperor Charles V. after a long and turbulent reign, resigned the crown of Spain, and other dominions, to his son Philip, reserving nothing for himself but an annual pension of 100,000 crowns; and chose for the place of his retreat, St. Juste, near Placentia in Spain. See January 4, 1724.
- 1780. Admiral Rodney destroyed several Spanish ships, near St. Vincent's Cape, Portugal. This celebrated naval commander, who immortalized his name by numerous public services, died in 1792, aged 74.
- 1794. Expired, Edward Gibbon, Esq. author of a celebrated work, entitled, "An History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," great part of which was written at Lausanne, in Switzerland. Mr. Gibbon was born at Putney, in Surrey, 1737.
- 17, 1792. Died George Horne, bishop of Norwich, whose "Sermons" and "Commentary on the Psalms" are highly esteemed.
- 18, 1719. Died Sir Samuel Garth, an excellent poet and physician, and author of a most admirable satire, called "The Dispensary."
- 1732. The birth-day of the late King of Poland. See Feb. 11, 1798.
- 19, 1728. Died William Congreve, a celebrated dramatic writer and poet, author of several comedies and poems, and of the tragedy of the "Mourning Bride." He was descended of an ancient family in Staffordshire, and born in 1672.
- 1730. The Czar Peter II died of the small-pox, in the 15th year of his age, and the 3d of his reign. He was the grandson of Peter the Great.

## JAN.

20, 1790. The far-famed philanthropist, Howard, died at Cherfon, the capital of New Russia. He was a native of Hackney. A brief account of this "patriot of the world," is given in the Author's Arithmetical Questions.

21, 1793. Louis XVI. King of the French, was beheaded at Paris. This unfortunate monarch was born in 1754; succeeded his grandfather, Louis XV. in 1774, and was crowned, at Rheims in 1775.

The 21st of the month is said to have been singularly ominous to Louis XVI.; April 21, 1770, he was married\*; June 21, 1770, at a fête, given in consequence of his marriage, a vast number of persons were trampled to death; June 21, 1792, he escaped from Paris, to Varennes; Sept. 21, 1792, royalty was abolished in France; and January 21, 1793, he was executed between eleven and twelve in the morning.

22, 1561. Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban's, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of James I. one of the greatest and most universal geniuses that any age or country has produced, was born at York-House in the Strand. See April 9, 1626.

23, 1570. The Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland during the minority of James VI. was shot at Linlithgow, by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, who, after the battle of Langside-hill, in 1568, had been condemned to death as a rebel, but, at the powerful intercession of Knox, the Reformer, obtained a pardon. Part of his estate was, however, bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before the next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged on the regent. The assassin escaped to France.

\* Some state the marriage to have taken place on the 19th of April, 1770.

Historians

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Historians are much divided concerning the character of Murray; but it is generally admitted, that his administration was extremely popular; and he was long and affectionately remembered among the commons, by the name of the Good Regent.

23, 1766. Expired, at Bethnal-Green, William Caſlon, universally eſteemed a firſt-rate artiſt in the art of letter-founding, his foundery in Chiſwell-ſtreet having been one of the moſt capital in this, and equal to any in foreign countries. He was born in 1692, in that part of the town of Hales-Owen, which is ſituated in Shropſhire.

24, 76. The Emperor Adrian was born at Rome. In a viſit to Britain he built the famous wall which ſtill bears his name. It extended from the Solway Frith to the river Tyne, where Newcaſtle now ſtands. The deſign of it was to ſecure the Romans from the incuſſions of the Caledonians. Adrian died at Baizæ, in the 63d year of his age, having reigned 21 years. The Latin verſes he addreſſed to his ſoul have been tranſlated by Pope. See the Ency. Brit. Art. Adrian, and Pope's works.

Baizæ was a city of Campania near the ſea, famous for its delightful ſituation and baths, where many of the Roman ſenators had villas.

No bay with pleaſant Baizæ can compare,

HORACE.

— 1793. The King of Pruſſia, contrary to all the principles of national juſtice, took poſſeſſion of the city of Thorn. This was the birth-place of that eminent aſtronomer Copernicus, in 1472; he died in 1543.

28, 1547. Died, after a life diſtinguiſhed by caprice, violence, and tyranny, Henry VIII. He had reigned 37 years and 9 months.

— 1725. Peter the Great expired, at Petersburgh, in the 53d year of his age, and 29th of his reign. This monarch gave a new face to the Ruſſian empire; he rendered it at once formidable and flouriſhing, by diſciplining his troops, by creating a powerful navy, by perfecting the education of the young nobility, by eſ-

tabliſhing

JAN.

tablishing manufactures, giving vigour to commerce, and encouraging arts and sciences; in short, he gave his empire an influence and importance which it never enjoyed before his time. His character is well delineated in Thomson's Winter.

30, 1649. Charles I. was decollated at Whitehall. See Arith. Quest.

31, 1796. The French Princess Maria Theresa, daughter of Louis XVI. arrived at Vienna."

We recommend this ingenious work to masters of schools and heads of families; because by its assistance they can, with ease, store the minds of young people with useful information. Indeed, to persons of every description, it will prove an acceptable present, since it furnishes materials for rational conversation.

Mr. Butler is already, known, by his *Engraved Introduction to Arithmetic*, his *Arithmetical Questions*, his *Geographical and Biographical Exercises*, and his *Exercises on the Globes*—all of which are well adapted to answer the ends for which they are intended. Such industry in behalf of the rising generation, is entitled to a suitable reward.

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*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, in the Years 1798 and 1799. By the Right Reverend Beilby, Lord Bishop of that Diocese. Cadell.*

**T**HIS Charge contains many things worthy of attention; particularly from those individuals to whom it was originally addressed.

We were more especially pleased with the remarks on infidelity—on the value of the scriptures—and on the importance of a proper temper and conduct in the ministerial profession. "A wicked and profligate clergyman," says his Lordship, "is a monster in nature,  
of

of which I will not suppose the existence. Even a gay and trifling one is a character totally inconsistent with the sanctity and dignity of the ministerial office." We wish this remark should receive due attention from *every* denomination. The success of religion in the world depends in a great measure on the *peaceableness* and *purity* of the manners of the clergy in every department of their profession.

*The Annual Anthology, Volume the First, 1799.* Longman and Rees.

WE understand that Mr. *Southey* is the Editor of this collection of original poetry, and that it is intended that two such volumes should be published every year. We have only to say, that whilst the contents present a great variety, most of the pieces are deserving the palm of approbation.

We shall afford the reader several specimens, from the perusal of which he will have it in his power to form his own judgment.

*Youth and Age* are thus happily described in a few stanzas:

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

" WITH cheerful step the traveller  
Pursues his early way,  
When first the dimly-dawning east  
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,  
He hastens up the height,  
And all he sees and all he hears,  
But only give delight.

And if the mist retiring slow,  
Roll round its wavy white,  
He thinks the morning vapours hide  
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds  
Departs the fading day,  
How wearily the traveller  
Pursues his evening way!



Then sorely o'er the craggy road  
 His painful footsteps creep,  
 And slow with many a feeble pause,  
 He labours up the steep.  
 And if the mists of night close round,  
 They fill his soul with fear;  
 He dreads some unseen precipice,  
 Some hidden danger near.  
 So cheerfully does youth begin  
 Life's pleasant morning stage;  
 Alas! the evening traveller feels  
 The fears of wary age!

An *Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco*, and the *Filbert*, are  
 no unpleasing specimens of serious humour.

### ELEGY

#### ON A QUID OF TOBACCO.

" IT lay before me on the close-graz'd grafs,  
 Beside my path, an old Tobacco Quid:  
 And shall I by the mute adviser pass  
 Without one serious thought? now Heaven forbid!  
 Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there,  
 Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire,  
 One who for wife and children takes no care,  
 But sits and tipples by the alehouse fire.  
 Ah! luckless was the day he learnt to chew!  
 Embryo of ills the quid that pleas'd him first!  
 Thirsty from that unhappy quid he grew,  
 Then to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.  
 So great events from causes small arise,  
 The forest oak was once an acorn seed?  
 And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies,  
 Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.  
 Let not temptation, mortal, ere come nigh!  
 Suspect some ambush in the parsley hid!  
 From the first kits of love, ye maidens, fly!  
 Ye youths, avoid the first Tobacco Quid!

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou veteran chaw,  
 And better thoughts my musings should engage,  
 That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,  
 The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffered fortune's hardest knocks,  
 Poor, and with pone to tend on his grey hairs,  
 Yet has a friend in his tobacco-box,  
 And whilst he rolls his quid, forgets his cares.

Even so it is with human happiness,  
 Each seeks his own according to his whim;  
 One toils for wealth, one fame alone can biefs,  
 One asks a quid, a quid is all to him.

O veteran chaw, thy fibres savoury strong,  
 Whilst ought remain'd to chew thy master chew'd,  
 Then cast thee here when all thy juice was gone,  
 Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude!

A happy man, O cast-off quid, is he  
 Who, like as thou, has comforted the poor;  
 Happy his age, who knows himself like thee,  
 Thou didst thy duty, man can do no more.

THEODERIT.

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 THE FILBERT.

"Nay, gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,  
 There is a maggot there,—it is his house—  
 His castle—oh commit not burglary!  
 Strip him not naked, 'tis his clothes, his shell,  
 His bones, the very armour of his life,  
 And thou shalt do no murder Nicholas!  
 It were an easy thing to crack that nut,  
 Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,  
 So easily may all things be destroyed!  
 But 'tis not in the power of mortal man  
 To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.  
 There were two great men once amused themselves  
 With watching maggots run their wriggling race  
 And wagering on their speed; but Nick, to us  
 It were no sport to see the pampered worm  
 Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,  
 Like to some Barber's leather powder bag

Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers  
 Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.  
 Enough of dangers and of enemies  
 Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordained,  
 Increase not thou the number! him the Mouse  
 Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence,  
 May from his native tenement eject;  
 Him may the Nut-hatch piercing with strong bill  
 Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard  
 The Squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.  
 Man also hath his dangers and his foes  
 As this poor Maggot hath, and when I muse  
 Upon the aches, anxieties and fears,  
 The Maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks  
 It were a happy metamorphosis  
 To be enkernelled thus: never to hear  
 Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,  
 Kings, Jacobins and Tax-commissioners,  
 To feel no motion but the wind that shook  
 The Filbert Tree, and rock'd me to my rest;  
 And in the middle of such exquisite food  
 To live luxurious! the perfection this  
 Of snugness! it were to unite at once  
 Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss,  
 And Stoic independence of mankind.

THEODERIT.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to *Acasto* for his suggestions, but do not deem them improvements. We shall wish, however, for every additional biographical information which can be communicated to us. The *Essay* sent to us by *Acasto* shall be inserted, but his other contributions do not suit us. *Sincerity* and *Riches* shall have a place in a future number. The letter addressed to *Muly* is not sufficiently interesting to the public.

Sonnets to the *Owl*, and to a *Young Oak*, meet our approbation. The *Tales* in our possession shall be inserted when we know to what length they are to be extended. No pieces should reach beyond a volume, in which Four Numbers are included. The *Essay on Time*, *Farewell to Summer*, *W. Templeton's* and other favours, are under consideration.





*William Hayley Esq*

*Published by H. D. Symonds, 20, Paternoster Row, Jan<sup>r</sup> 1. 1800*

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THE  
*MONTHLY VISITOR.*

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DECEMBER, 1799.

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SKETCH  
OF  
*WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.*

**A** Superior talent for poetry has been the subject of admiration in every age and nation of the world. Such are its charms—such its influence in softening and harmonizing the passions of mankind. Greece, Rome, and Britain have, in their turns, confessed its power and bowed at its shrine: Indeed, among the ancients, it was pronounced of divine origin, and chiefly devoted to the praises of the gods and heroes, who were equally consigned over to the honours of immortality! The reader, therefore, will be pleased with the sketch of a modern poet, who has, by his performances, conciliated to himself no inconsiderable share of public approbation.

**WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.** was born at Chichester, in the year 1745; his father being son of the Dean of Chichester, and his mother the daughter of Colonel Yates, member of parliament for that city. His family, therefore, was respectable on both sides; and he, no doubt, enjoyed the advantages with which his connections must have furnished him. His father dying

in his infancy, he was left to the care of a mother, who paid every proper attention to his early years.

It was MR. HAYLEY's misfortune, however, to enjoy an infirm state of health, and by this circumstance his studies were not unfrequently interrupted. It produced those chasms in his improvement which are, sometimes, indifferently filled up, even by succeeding efforts of industry. By the aid of a domestic tutor, the subject of our Memoir overcame this disadvantage, and became fitted for Eton School, whence he went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Here he soon manifested his predilection for the tuneful art, and was the author of various little pieces, which indicated his future celebrity. *An Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, which appeared in a Cambridge collection, is to be ranked among his earlier productions. We have never seen it, and therefore cannot give any particular account of it. But its being admitted into that selection, and having been frequently the subject of conversation in the polite circles of the day, prove that it was not wholly devoid of that merit by which his other pieces have been characterized.

Upon his quitting of Cambridge, MR. HAYLEY did not throw himself into the arms of an inglorious indolence, or squander away his time in the wretched haunts of dissipation. He devoted himself to study with an intenseness which deserves great praise; for no understanding can be eminently enlightened without assiduous cultivation. Through the want of proper attention the best soil may prove unproductive, and covered with weeds and briars, it excites our deepest commiseration. Such was not the mind of our Poet. He stored his mind with those valuable kinds of learning which were best calculated to draw forth the energy of his powers. The Greek and Latin poets were made familiar to him by constant and reiterated perusal. The French and Italian productions were also studied with  
great

great care and attention. Nor did he forget his own poets, Cowley, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, &c. into the spirit and design of whose writings he fully entered. Such a course of study must have powerfully enriched his mind, and enabled him to call in the aid of others on any subject in which his pen might be engaged. Here was the happy union of genius and industry.

Having married in 1769, MR. HAYLEY retired to his seat of *Eartham*, about seven miles from Chichester. The writer of this article visited the spot in 1794, and was much pleased with it. Though, on a small scale, yet it embraces a pleasing variety of walks, and can boast an extensive sweep of prospect. Its elegant proprietor has evidently bestowed much attention upon it, and every part of it is marked by an engaging rusticity.

In this retirement MR. HAYLEY has devoted himself to the muses, and the fruits of his application have, at different times, been laid before the public. In 1785 he collected his various pieces together in *six* volumes. We shall take a brief survey of them.

Volume the *first* contains his *Poetical Essay on Painting*, together with a few *Miscellanies*. His essay is addressed to that celebrated artist Mr. Romney; and the departments of this delightful art are sketched with beauty and accuracy. The conclusion recommends SHAKESPEARE and MILTON as affording fit subjects for the pencil, in these energetic lines:

“ Far nobler guides their better aid supply :  
When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye  
Presents that magic glass, whose ample round  
Reflects each figure in creation's bound,  
Ald pours, in floods of supernatural light,  
Fancy's bright beings on the charmed sight ;  
This chief enchanter of the willing breast,  
Will teach *thee* all the magic he possesseth.  
Plac'd in his circle, mark, in colours true,  
Each brilliant being that he calls to view :



Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,  
 His weir'd sister or his fairy sprite;  
 Boldly o'er-leaping, in the great design,  
 The bounds of nature with a guide divine.  
 Let MILTON's self, conductor of thy way,  
 Lead thy congenial spirit to pourtray,  
 In colours like his verse, sublimely strong,  
 The scenes that blaze in his immortal song.  
 See MICHAEL, drawn by many a skilful hand,  
 As suits the leader of the seraph-band!  
 But oh! how poor the prostrate SATAN lies,  
 With bestial form debas'd and goatish eyes!  
 How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate,  
 Fearless, though fallen, and in ruin great!  
 Let thy bold pencil more sublimely true,  
 Present his arch-apostate to our view;  
 In worthier semblance of infernal pow'r,  
 And proudly standing like a stately tow'r;  
 While his infernal mandate bids awake  
 His legions, slumbering on the burning lake.  
 Or paint him falling from the realms of bliss,  
 Hurl'd in combustion to the deep abyfs!  
 In light terrific let the flash display  
 His pride still proof against Almighty sway:  
 Tho' vanquish'd yet immortal, let his eye  
 The lightning's blaze, the thunder's boit defy,  
 And, still with looks of execration, dare  
 To face the horrors of the last despair.  
 To these great lords of fancy's wide domain,  
 That o'er the human soul unquestion'd reign;  
 To *their* superior guidance be consign'd  
 Thy rival pencil and congenial mind!"

Of the *Miscellaneous Pieces*, the *Ode inscribed to John Howard, Esq.* presents us with these exquisite lines in praise of Benevolence:

Sweet is the joy when science flings  
 Her light on philosophic thought;  
 When genius, with keen ardour, springs  
 To clasp the lovely truth he fought:

Sweet

Sweet is the joy when rapture's fire  
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre ;  
 When *liberty* and *virtue* roll  
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,  
 That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

Sweet the delight when the gall'd heart  
 Feels consolation's lenient hand ;  
 Bind up the wound from fortune's dart,  
 With friendship's life-supporting hand !  
 And sweeter still, and far above  
 These fainter joys, when purest love  
 The soul his willing captive keeps !  
 When he in bliss the melting spirit steeps,  
 Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he  
 weeps !

But not the brightest joy which arts  
 In floods of mental light bestow ;  
 Nor what friendship's zeal imparts,  
 Blest antidote of bitterest woe !  
 Nor those that love's sweet hours dispense,  
 Can *equal* the extatic sense,  
 When, swelling to a fond excess,  
 The grateful praises of reliev'd distress  
 Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of BOUNTY  
 blefs !

Nor shall we omit to introduce, in this place, the following little piece, in which there is much playful pleasantry. We must, however, beg the young reader to recollect, that Mr. Gibbon was the author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, that the *Eagle* was borne in the *Roman* standard, and that this noble animal was the *bird of Jove*.

A CARD OF INVITATION TO MR. GIBBON, AT  
 BRIGHTELMSTONE, 1781.

An English sparrow, pert and free,  
 Who chirps beneath his native tree,

E c 3

Hearing

Hearing the Roman Eagle's near,  
 And feeling more respect than fear;  
 Thus, with united love and awe,  
 Invites him to his shed of straw.  
 Tho' he's but a twittering sparrow,  
 The field he hops in rather narrow;  
 When nobler plumes attract his view,  
 He ever pays them homage due;  
 And looks with reverential wonder  
 On him whose talons bear the thunder.  
 Nor could the jack-daws e'er inveigle  
 His voice to vilify the eagle;  
 Tho' issuing from those holy tow'rs,  
 In which they build their warmest bow'rs;  
 Their sovereign's haunt they slyly search,  
 In hopes to find him on his perch;  
 (For PINDAR says, beside his God,  
 The thunder-bearing bird will nod)  
 Then peeping round his still retreat,  
 They pick from underneath his feet  
 Some molted feather he lets fall,  
 And swear he cannot fly at all.  
 Lord of the sky! whose pounce can tear  
 These croakers that infest the air,  
 Trust him the Sparrow loves to sing  
 The praise of thy Imperial wing!  
 He thinks thou'lt deem him on his word  
 An honest, tho' familiar bird;  
 And hopes thou soon wilt condescend  
 To look upon thy little friend;  
 That he may boast around his grove,  
 A visit from the—BIRD OF JOVE."

The *second* volume includes *his Essay on History, in Three Epistles to Edward Gibbon, Esq.* which was made public in 1780, and met with liberal approbation. HISTORIANS, ancient and modern, are here delineated with a masterly hand—RAPIN and HUME are thus well described:

Nor shalt thou want, *RAPIN*, thy well-earn'd praise,  
 The sage *POLYBIUS* thou, of modern days !  
 Thy sword, thy pen, have both thy name endear'd,  
*This* join'd our arms, and *that* our story clear'd :  
 Thy foreign hand discharg'd the historian's trust,  
 Unsway'd by party and to freedom just.  
 To letter'd fame we own thy just pretence,  
 From patient labour and from candid sense.  
 Yet public favour, ever hard to fix,  
 Flew from thy page as heavy and prolix :  
 For, soon emerging from the sophist's school,  
 With spirit eager, and with judgment cool ;  
 With subtle skill to steal upon applause,  
 And give false vigour to the weaker cause ;  
 To paint a specious scene with nicest art,  
 Retouch the whole and varnish every part ;  
 Graceful in style, in argument acute,  
 Master of every trick in keen dispute !  
 With these strong powers to form a winning tale,  
 And hide deceit in moderation's veil ;  
 High on the pinnacle of fashion plac'd,  
*HUME* shone the idol of historic taste.  
 Already pierc'd by freedom's searching rays,  
 The waxen fabric of his fame decays.  
 Think not, keen spirit ! that these hands presume  
 To tear each leaf of laurel from thy tomb.  
 These hands ! which, if a heart of human frame  
 Could stoop to harbour that ungenerous aim,  
 Would shield thy grave, and give, with guardian care,  
 Each type of eloquence to flourish there !  
 But public love commands the painful task  
 From the pretended sage to strip the mask ;  
 When his false tongue, averse to *FREEDOM*'s cause,  
 Profanes the spirit of her ancient laws.  
 As Asia's soothing opiate drugs by stealth  
 Shake ev'ry slacken'd nerve, and sap the health ;  
 Thy writings thus, with noxious charms refin'd,  
 Seeming to soothe its ills, unnerve the mind ;  
 While the keen cunning of thy hand pretends  
 To strike alone at party's abject ends—

Our

Our hearts more free from faction's weeds we feel,  
 But they have lost the *flower of patriot zeal* !  
 Wild as thy feeble metaphysic page,  
 Thy history rambles into sceptic rage :  
 Whose giddy and fantastic dreams abuse  
 A HAMPDEN's virtue and a SHAKESPEARE's muse."

MR. HAYLEY's next performance occupying the *third* volume, is—*An Essay on Epic Poetry*, in Five Epistles to the Reverend MR. MASON, where he sketches, in a very pleasing manner, the charms of genuine poetry. We must not trace him through all his meanderings. But we cannot deny a place to his delineation of MILTON, our favourite poet :

" Apart, and on a sacred hill retir'd,  
 Beyond all mortal inspiration fir'd,  
 The mighty MILTON sits—an host around  
 Of list'ning angels guard the holy ground ;  
 Amaz'd, they see a human form aspire  
 To grasp, with daring hand, a seraph's lyre,  
 Inly irradiate with celestial beams,  
 Attempt those high, those soul-subduing themes,  
 (Which humbler denizens of heaven decline)  
 And celebrate, with sanctity divine,  
 The starry field, from warring angels won,  
 And God triumphant in his victor son !  
 Nor less the wonder and the sweet delight,  
 His milder scenes and softer notes excite ;  
 When, at his bidding, Eden's blooming grove  
 Breathes the rich sweets of innocence and love.  
 With such pure joy as our forefather knew,  
 When Raphael, heav'nly guest, first met his view,  
 And our glad fire, within his blissful bow'r,  
 Drank the pure converse of th' ethereal power ;  
 Round the blest bard his raptur'd audience throng,  
 And feel their souls imparadis'd in song !"

The *fourth* volume of MR. HAYLEY's works is entirely filled with *notes* on the preceding essay. Indeed *notes* are affixed of considerable length to *each* of his *Essays*, replete with information. They shew a very

very general acquaintance with books, and a thorough knowledge of his subject. The mere collection of them evinces a constant and persevering industry.

Volume the *fifth* contains that beautiful little poem, *Triumphs of Temper*, which has undergone several editions, and has attained a great and deserved popularity. It is written in imitation of *Pope's Rape of the Lock*; and, according to a modern critic, the Poet has "caught something of the gloomy grandeur of Dante, as well as the wilder fancy of Spenser." We have read it with pleasure, and were charmed with its plan and tendency. A young lady, of the name of SERENA, is delineated as passing through various *trials*, almost peculiar to the condition of the fair sex, over which she obtains a final and complete victory. Her residence with her father and aunt, is, in many respects, uncomfortable; but thence she is at last removed and made happy in the arms of a GOOD HUSBAND, by whom her merits are discerned and her patient virtues rewarded. The whole poem is distributed into *Six Cantos*, and parts might be pointed out of superior elegance and beauty. Many moral hints are also scattered, by which the female mind cannot fail of being delighted and improved.

The entire design of the poem is thus ingeniously summed up in the concluding paragraph:

"As the keen sailor, whom his daring soul  
Has drawn, too venturous, near the freezing pole;  
Who, having slighted caution's tame advice,  
Seems wedg'd within imperious worlds of ice;  
If from each chilling form of peril free,  
At length he reach the unencumber'd sea,  
With joy superior to his transient pain,  
Rushes, exulting, o'er th' expansive main;  
Such strong delight SERENA's bosom shar'd,  
When sweet reflection to her heart declar'd,  
That all the *trials* of her fate were past,  
And love's decisive plaudit seal'd the last.

Her

Her airy guard prepares the softest down  
 From peace's wing to line the nuptial crown ;  
 Her smiles accelerate the bridal morn,  
 And clear her votary's path from every thorn.  
 On the quick match the prude's keen censures fall,  
 Blind to the heav'nly power that guided all ;  
 But mild SERENA scorn'd the prudish play,  
 To wound warm love with frivolous delay ;  
 Nature's chaste child, not affectation's slave,  
 The heart she meant to give, she *frankly* gave.  
 Thro' her glad fire no gouty humours run,  
 Jocund he glories in his destin'd son.  
 PENELOPE herself no longer seen,  
 In the sour semblance of tormenting spleen,  
 Buys for her niece the robes of nuptial state,  
 Nor scolds the mercer once thro' all the long debate.  
 For quick dispatch, the honest man of law,  
 Toils half the night the legal ties to draw ;  
 At length th' enraptur'd youth, all forms complete,  
 Bears his sweet bride to his paternal seat.  
 On a fair lawn the cheerful mansion stood,  
 And high behind it rose a circling wood.  
 As the blest lord of this extensive reign,  
 Led his dear partner thro' her new domain ;  
 With fond surprize SERENA soon descri'd  
 A temple, rais'd to her ethereal guide.  
 Its ornaments she view'd with tender awe,  
 Their fashion such as she in vision saw ;  
 For the kind youth her grateful smile to gain,  
 Had, from her clear description, deck'd the fane ;  
 Joyful he cried, to his angelic wife,  
 " Be this kind pow'r the worship of our life !"  
 He spoke, and led her to the inmost shrine,  
 Here link'd, in rosy bands, two votaries shine ;  
 The pencil had imparted life to each,  
 With energy that seem'd beyond its reach.  
 First stood *Connubial love*, a manly youth,  
 Whose bright eye spake the ardent vows of truth ;  
*Friendship*, sweet smiling, fill'd the second place,  
 In all the softer charms of virgin grace ;

Their

Their meeting arms a mystic tablet raise,  
 Deck'd with *these* lines—the MORAL of my lays;  
 "VIRTUE's an ingot of Peruvian gold,  
 SENSE the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold;  
 But TEMPER's image must their use create,  
 And give *these precious metals* STERLING WEIGHT."

The *sixth* and last volume furnishes us with *tragedies* and *comedies*, some of the latter being written in rhyme, which peculiarity did not receive general approbation. It was done chiefly by way of experiment, but rather failed of its effect. They shew, however, the great activity of the author's mind, combined with an unremitting industry. The names of these pieces are *Happy Prescription*, *Two Connoisseurs*, *Mausoleum*, all COMEDIES—*Marcella* and *Lord Ruffel*, TRAGEDIES.

It only remains that we mention two of MR. HAYLEY's *prose* productions, which have been much read and admired.

The *History of Old Maids* is usually ascribed to this ingenious writer, and contains a fund of entertainment. The defects and virtues of the venerable sisterhood, are detailed with great humour, and are calculated to excite our risibility. Various characters are drawn with a masterly hand, which are to be found in real life. For our own part, we sympathize with the aged maidens, and wish them well through the remaining stages of their existence. We mean not to apologize for their infirmities; but we are persuaded that they suffer much unmerited obloquy. Among them individuals are to be found who adorn humanity.

The *Life of Milton* is, we believe, MR. HAYLEY's last production, and this production alone would have handed down his name to posterity. The events of the great Poet's life are detailed with ease and perspicuity. The brutal accusations of Johnson are repelled with spirit and ability. The reflections with

which



which the narrative is interspersed, are ingenious and useful. We dare pronounce that no impartial individual can rise from the perusal of this volume, without feeling an additional esteem and reverence for the subject of this Memoir. The biographer has performed an arduous task, and is entitled to the thanks of the British nation. We speak with confidence; for we have lately read the work more than once with increasing satisfaction.

MR. HAYLEY still resides at his beloved seat of *Eartham*, and has occasionally a cottage near Bognor, a few miles distant, at the sea-side, for the sake of a son, who is in a very infirm state of health. We heartily wish his restoration; and may the amiable parent live for many years to come, enjoying every personal blessing, and continuing his well-directed efforts towards the instruction and entertainment of mankind!

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### THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXIV.]

#### THOMSON'S POEM TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON:

Shall the great soul of NEWTON quit this earth  
To mingle with his stars, and every muse,  
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight  
Of honours due to his illustrious name?  
But what can man? Ev'n now the sons of light,  
In strains high warbled, to seraphic lyre,  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss!  
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels; for with you  
Ethereal flames! ambitious I aspire,  
In nature's general symphony to join.

THOMSON.

THE muse of THOMSON having faithfully delineated the *Seasons*, celebrated the charms of rational *Liberty*, and pourtrayed the languors of *Indolence*, here recounts the praises of Sir Isaac Newton,

that wonderful man, who may at once be denominated the pride and ornament of our island! He was born in Lincolnshire; and died in 1727, at an advanced period of life. The eulogies poured forth at his decease were not a few, both in prose and poetry. Our favourite bard, however, has evidently borne away the palm in this honourable contest; he touched the lyre, on this occasion, with a masterly hand, and excites a high degree of our admiration.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON has been justly entitled *Princeps Philosophorum*—the Prince of Modern Philosophers. His patient investigations, laborious researches, and extensive discoveries, are the subject of our astonishment. Into almost every department both of mathematics and natural philosophy, he introduced many considerable improvements. The natural comprehensiveness of his mind, joined to an unwearied spirit of enquiry, enabled him to bring a wider range of objects within the sphere of his observation. Towering beyond the usual excursion of his species, he travelled through the immensity of space with comparative ease and rapidity. By his superior qualifications, he shook off the prejudices of former times, and laid his soul open to the extent and grandeur of his subject. He, indeed, rose above the cloudy atmosphere which common mortals inhale, and escaping the thick fogs of sense and passion, reached to a most extraordinary extent of speculation, embracing within his mighty grasp the wonders of creation!

The discoveries of SIR ISAAC NEWTON were arranged and illustrated by the celebrated mathematician Mr. Maclaurin, who thus brought them down to ordinary capacities. It is also said that Thomson procured an analysis of these discoveries from a friend, and then threw them into his enchanting verse. Perhaps there never was a poem of equal size, in which the principles of the Newtonian philosophy are so briefly detailed, and yet so beautifully illustrated. The dryness of speculation vanishes, and the topic presents itself to

our powers of vision, decked with the variegated colours of the rainbow !

In our motto the poet opens the subject of his eulogy with an animation which shews that his soul was apprised of the task he had undertaken. Having avowed his determination to join, even with the *angels*, in the celebration of their theme, he thus strikingly proceeds :

And what *new* wonders can you shew your guest !  
 Who, while on this dim spot where mortals toil,  
 Clouded in dust from motion's simple laws,  
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence  
 Wide-working thro' this universal frame !  
 Have ye not listened while he bound the suns  
 And planets to their spheres ! th' unequal task  
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd  
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd  
 The pride of schools, before their course was known  
 Full in its causes and effects to him,  
 All-piercing sage ! who sat not down and dream'd  
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
 Of specious words and tyranny of names ;  
 But bidding his *amazing* mind attend,  
 And with heroic patience, years on years  
 Deep searching, saw at last the system dawn  
 And shine, of all his race, on HIM alone !

The pleasures which the philosopher must have experienced on the contemplation of his vast discoveries, are thus expressively described :

What were *his* raptures then ! how pure ! how strong ;  
 And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,  
 By his diminish'd ; but the pride of boys  
 In some small fray victorious ! when instead  
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth, usurp'd  
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds  
 Of cruelty and blood, NATURE herself,  
 Stood all-subdu'd by him, and open laid  
 Her ev'ry latent glory to his view !

THOMSON

THOMSON then mentions the *planetary system* rolling successively around the orb of day with silent, but not unimpressive dignity: the Poet therefore naturally breaks out in the following sublime strain:

O unprofuse magnificence divine,  
A wisdom truly perfect! thus to call  
From a few causes such a scheme of things,  
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
An universe complete! and O belov'd  
Of heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye  
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd  
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame!

The discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton are then touched upon, particularly his doctrines respecting the wandering of *comets*—the vibrations of *sound*, and the seven primary *colours* into which all the inferior dyes are resolved. This latter subject the Poet sketches with his usual delicacy—

Ev'n light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,  
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day,  
And, from the whit'ning undistinguish'd blaze,  
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind,  
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
Of parent colours. First the flaming *red*  
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny *orange* next;  
And next delicious *yellow*; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all refreshing *green*:  
Then the pure *blue*, that swells autumnal skies,  
Ethereal play'd, and then of sadder hue  
Emerg'd the deepen'd *indigo*, as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost,  
While the last gleamings of refracted light  
Dy'd in the fainting *violet* away.  
*These*, when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,  
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow,  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.

Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,  
And myriads still remain ; infinite resource  
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new !

Sir Isaac employed his great powers on the abstruse and dry subject of *chronology* ; even this topic, most unpromising to poetry, is thus poetically delineated :

The noiseless tide of time all bearing down  
To vast ETERNITY's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stemm'd alone, and to the source (involv'd  
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd  
His lights at equal distances, to guide  
HISTORIAN—wilder'd on his darksome way.

The Poet, however, in the enumeration of NEWTON's labours, seems to bend beneath the weight of his subject, and justly asks :

But who can number up *his* labours ! who  
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few  
Of the deep studying race can stretch their *minds*  
To what he knew ? in fancy's lighter thought  
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

The devotion and private virtues of our philosopher are next celebrated in appropriate strains ; and then he puts this pertinent question to the infidel :

And you, ye hopeless glomy-minded tribe !  
You, who unconscious of those nobler flights,  
That reach, impatient at immortal life,  
Against the prime endearing privilege  
Of being, dare contend.—Say, can a *soul*  
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,  
And then *for ever* lost in vacant air ?

This reflection naturally rouses the inspiration of the muse, and gives birth to the following spirited passage, worthy of THOMSON :

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
 Solemn, as when some awful change is come,  
 Sound thro' the world, " 'Tis done—the measure's full,  
 And I resign my charge!" Ye mouldering stones,  
 That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud  
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd,  
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
 The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,  
 Down to the dust! What grandeur can ye boast,  
 While NEWTON lifts his column to the skies  
 Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop  
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
 Cut off, the joyous youth and darling child,  
*These* are the tombs that claim the tender tear  
 And elegiac song: But NEWTON calls  
 For other notes of gratulation high,  
 That *now* HE wanders thro' those endless worlds  
 HE here so well descry'd, and wondering talks,  
 And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

The Poet then concludes in an admonitory tone,  
 suitable to the gravity and dignity of the subject, still  
 keeping in view his beloved NEWTON.

O BRITAIN's boast! whether with angels thou  
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest'd  
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;  
 Or, whether mounted on cherubic wing,  
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs  
 Comparing things with things in rapture lost,  
 And grateful adoration for that light  
 So plenteous rais'd into thy mind below,  
 From light himself; Oh! look with pity down  
 On human kind, a frail erroneous race!  
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world!  
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
 And be her GENIUS call'd; her studies raise,  
 Correct her manners and inspire her YOUTH:  
 For tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought *thee* forth,  
 And glories in *thy* name; she points *thee* out  
 To all her sons, and bids them eye *thy* star;

While in expectance of the **SECOND** life,  
When time shall be no more, *thy* sacred dust  
Sleeps with her **KINGS** and *dignifies* the scene !

Whenever the writer of this essay beholds Westminster Abbey, these latter lines spontaneously present themselves to his mind in their characteristic beauty. The allusion indeed is worthy of our Bard, who has treated every part of his sublime theme with an elevated propriety.

Nor will the reader be now displeased with a few concluding reflections, warranted by the sober nature of our subject, and suggested by the close of the **EXPIRING YEAR**.

To survey the poetical productions of past times, hath been the peculiar province of our Reflector. We must, therefore, remember, that the individuals to whose talents we are so much indebted, have been long ago removed from this sphere of being. Their race is run, their period of action is finished. But it is our chief consolation that the virtuous and enlightened mind shall flourish in a more perfect state of existence beyond the tomb. However mysterious may be the mode of our translation thither, or however difficult our conceptions of the subject, yet of its *truth* we are assured by the voice of reason and revelation. How exhilarating is the prospect ! how calculated to urge us on in our mental and moral improvement ! The clouds which hover over this frail and feverish state of being, are thus in a measure dissipated, and breaking through the gloom occasioned by the incessant lapse of time, we anticipate with delight and supreme satisfaction the sunshine of **ETERNAL DAY** !

## GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXVI.]

**C**LAUDE Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Lewis XIV. on the occasion. The Monarch at once felt the delicacy of the Poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the *one thousand* crowns, which were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,  
 This, *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be ;  
 But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,  
 Of your majesty's income the total I cast,  
 All counted (I've still the remembrance quite clear,)  
 Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year*;  
 Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in your pow'r,  
 Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour*;  
 To answer the calls of my present distress,  
 Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,  
 May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,  
 Of your time *fifteen minutes*, before I expire.

A, B, C, D.

## CURIOUS PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS a multiplicity of dangers have often occurred by damage of outrageous accidents by fire: We, whose names are here underwritten, have thought proper that the necessity of an engine ought by us, for the better extinguishing of which aforesaid *outrageous accidents of Almighty God*, may unto us happen, to make a rate to gather alms and benevolence for the better propagating of which good instrument.

NUTTING, Mayor.

This was issued some years ago by a Mayor of  
 Cambridge,



Cambridge, in consequence of the frequency of fires, and no engine being in the town.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF POLAND.

His Majesty, who was always an enemy to superfluity, clearly evinced this disposition in the following instance. A shoemaker being recommended to this monarch before he left Warsaw, actually made his appearance in a suit of embroidered velvet. The King, till he was better informed, mistook the son of Crispin for one of the grandees of the kingdom, but discovering his error, dismissed him with this reproof—“*That if his shoemaker wore velvet, it would require some consideration on his part, to think of some external distinction between them.*”

#### WISDOM IN A MONARCH AND IN A SUBJECT.

JAMES the First, in one of his addresses to his parliament, curiously remarks—“That wisdom in a *subject* is as inferior to wisdom in a MONARCH, as the glittering of a nail in a horse’s shoe is to the splendour of a star in the firmament !” This brilliant speech was, no doubt, a proof of his Majesty’s *modesty*.

#### ECONOMY. TWO ANECDOTES.

LADY Hardwicke, the Lady of the Chancellor, loved money as well as he did, and what he *got* she saved. The purse in which the great seal is carried, is of very extensive embroidery, and was provided, during his time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal-bearer’s profit; for she annually retained them herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state rooms at Wimple. So many of them were saved, that at length she had enough to *hang the state room and make curtains for the bed!*

THIS same Lady Hardwicke was equally provident for the table. Sometimes it was necessary to give a dinner, but for *fish* she did not chuse to give *money*. Venison was accordingly sent up on such occasions from the park at Wimple, and this she took in her carriage to a fishmonger's at Temple Bar, exchanging it for the dainties required by her *extravagant company*.

#### ONE WAY TO WIPE OFF A DEBT.

A fire happening at a public house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, "I am sorry for that," said he, "because I have a long score upon it which I shall never be able to pay."

#### ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.

A pawnbroker being upon his death-bed, the priest who attended him, held up a silver crucifix. The poor dying man, *forgetful of his Jesus*, fixing his eyes upon it, cried out in a faint tone, "I cannot lend much upon it."

#### EXPEDITION REWARDED.

LEWIS the Fourteenth, who loved a concise style, met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest, who was riding post; and ordering him to stop, asked hastily—"Whence come you?—Where are you going?—What do you want?"—The other, who perfectly well knew the King's disposition, instantly replied—"From Bruges—to Paris—A benefice!"—"You shall have it," replied the King, and in a few days presented him with a valuable living.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT GRAY.

Taunton bare him, London bred him,  
Piety train'd him, virtue led him,

Earth

Earth enrich'd him, heav'n possess'd him,  
 Taunton bless'd him, London press'd him,  
 This thankful town, that mindful city,  
 Share his piety and pity,  
 What he gave, and how he gave it,  
 Ask the poor and you shall have it.  
 Gentle reader, may heav'n strike  
 Thy tender heart to do the like;  
 And now thy eyes have read this story,  
 Give *him* the praise and *God* the glory.

*Sturry.*

K.

#### PETRARCH'S IDEA OF BOOKS.

FEW persons know the value of books better than *Petrarch*. His friends having written him several apologies for not visiting him, in which they declaimed against his love of solitude, as unnatural to a human being, and reproached him on his unsocial mode of life; *Petrarch* smiled at their messages, and made the following excellent remarks: "*These people* consider the pleasures of the world as their supreme good, and not to be renounced. But *I* have friends of a different description, whose society is far more agreeable to me. They are of all countries, and of all ages; they are distinguished in war, in politics, and in the sciences. It is very easy to see them, they are always at my service. I call for their company, or send them away whenever I please; they are never troublesome, and immediately answer all my questions. Some relate the events of ages past, others reveal the secrets of nature; *these* teach me how to live in comfort, *those* how to die in quiet. *These* drive away every care and increase my gaiety by the brilliancy of their wit, whilst others harden my heart against suffering, show me how to restrain my desires, and enable me to depend on myself alone. In return for all these services, they only require of me a chamber, in one corner of my mansion, where they may repose in peace."

## SERPENT CHARMERS.

[From Sonnini's Travels.]

THE race of Psylli, the people who flattered themselves with possessing the quality of setting serpents at defiance, charming them, making them follow them at their call, and curing their bites, still exists in Egypt. There is a sect called *Saadis*, from the name of their founder, a saint highly venerated by the Mahometans in this country. This *Saadi* had an uncle, a great man in Syria. Being sent one day for a bundle of sticks, when he had cut his faggot from the shrubs that grow in the wilderness, he was at a loss for a band. After much search to no purpose, he bethought himself of tying together a few serpents, and with this living cord he bound up his sticks. The uncle, delighted with his nephew's ingenuity, said to him: "go about your business; you may now be left to yourself, for you know more than I." Immediately on this, the learned youth set out upon his travels, charming serpents by his wonderful and supernatural skill, and had a great number of disciples, to whom he communicated his talent. His tomb is near Damascus, and is filled with serpents and other venomous creatures, among which you may lie down and sleep, without the least danger.

Such is the superstitious origin of a very numerous sect in Egypt, every individual of which inherits the art of its founder. Every year they celebrate his festival, in a manner suitable to their institution. They walk in procession through the streets, each holding in his hand a living serpent, which he bites, gnaws and swallows piecemeal, with frightful grimaces and contortions. This festival, however, which I had wished to see, is celebrated in the summer; and I was extremely desirous of a close examination of one of those serpent-eaters. For this purpose Mr. Forneri and I took the same steps as we had done in the business of the circumcision, and a *saadi* came to my apartment, accom-

panied by a priest of his sect. The priest carried in his bosom a large serpent of a dusky green and copper colour, which he was continually handling; and after having recited a prayer, he delivered it to the *saadi*. I observed, that the teeth of the reptile had been extracted; it was, however, very lively.

With a vigorous hand, the *saadi* seized the serpent, which twisted itself round his naked arm. He began to appear agitated; his countenance was discomposed; his eyes rolled; he uttered terrible cries, bit the animal in the head, and tore off a morsel, which we saw him chew and swallow. On this his agitation became convulsive; his howlings were redoubled, his limbs writhed, his countenance assumed the features of madness, and his mouth, distended by terrible grimaces, was all in a foam. Every now and then he devoured a fresh morsel of the reptile. Three men endeavoured to hold him, but he dragged them all three round the chamber. His arms were thrown about with violence on all sides, and struck every thing within their reach. Eager to avoid him, Mr. Forneri and I were obliged sometimes to cling to the wall, to let him pass, and escape his blows. We could have wished the madman far away. At length the priest took the serpent from him; but his madness and convulsions did not cease immediately; he bit his hands, and his fury continued. The priest then grasped him in his arms, passed his hand gently down his back, lifted him from the ground, and recited some prayers. By degrees his agitation diminished, and subsided into a state of complete lassitude, in which he remained a few moments.

The Turks, who were present at this ridiculous and disgusting ceremony, were firmly persuaded of the reality of this religious fury: and it is very certain, that, whether it were reality, or imposture, it is impossible to see the transports of rage and madness exhibited in a more striking manner, or have before your eyes a man in a state more calculated to inspire terror.

The great number of these serpent-eaters has led some to believe, and in particular Dr. Shaw, that they feed upon these reptiles. According to this English traveller, there are more than four thousand persons, in Cairo and its environs, who live wholly on serpents \*. This, however, is a mistake. Serpents make no dish at the tables of the *saadis*; and though in their ceremonies they devour a few raw and alive, they by no means use them as food. In Egypt these men are much respected; but they are only laughed at by the Turks in other parts of the Ottoman empire.

I had an opportunity of conversing with a sheik, or priest, of this sect, who was a man of great candour; for, while he assured me that several of them had an extraordinary power over serpents, he confessed, that he had not the least claim to it, but, on the contrary, was much afraid of them. From this priest I learned a few particulars, which I shall relate. That they may have serpents always ready when wanted, they keep them in their houses: but they take the precaution, to extract their teeth. If any person be bitten by a serpent, he runs to a *saadi*, who says a few words over the wound, scarifies the part with a razor, and, after having filled his mouth with lemon-juice, sucks out the blood repeatedly. These men cure likewise the *serpent's breath*, a name which they give to certain inflammatory pustules, to which those who sleep in the open air with any part of the body uncovered are liable, and which they pretend are occasioned by the pestilential breath of a serpent. The remedy they employ is ceruse mixed with oil of *sensamum*. With this liniment they rub the pustules, never failing at the same time to mumble out certain words, without which no application would have any effect. Such is the lot of human kind, that there is not a people in the universe, of whose history many pages are not occupied by superstition.

\* Shaw's Travels, vol. ii.

*AN EXTRACT.*

## INSIGHT INTO FUTURITY—WHETHER CONDUCTIVE TO OUR HAPPINESS OR NOT?

**I**T requires but little reflection to be assured, that anticipation is the most grievous bane of happiness with which we have to struggle. Day after day we dwell upon some melancholy subject—add some new horror to the sombre cast of the mind, till distraction and despair usurp all its faculties; and were it not that it is uncertain, whether the evils which we deplore will overtake us or not—were we not consoled by the possibility that we may escape them, life would, ere long, become absolutely insupportable.

It may be doubted, whether there be a mind which, in the outset of life, is capable of bearing at once all that weight of disappointment and misfortune, which will chasten it and attest its virtues before it rises to its reward. Coming along in gradual succession, trials call forth energy after energy—exercise gives vigour to infirmity, and enables it, at length, to subdue difficulties under which it would, formerly, have sunk down: but were the whole tempest of adversity to break at once upon the astonished mind, it would overwhelm the firmest fortitude, and the world become one vast hospital of desperation. It will be said, perhaps, that if we foresaw all the evils of life, we should foresee their antidote also, and that the pleasures which await us, would compensate for the pains; and as far as evil is the result of our own folly, it may hold good. Seeing the tendency of our own conduct, we may undoubtedly obviate and correct it—But what shall we say of the evils which arise from the vices of others? Would my knowledge of futurity inspire the unfeeling with tenderness, and screen my bosom from the wounds which they inflict? would it arrest ambition in its mad career

of

of glory, sheath the bloody sword of war, and heal the thousand wounds which it has inflicted? certainly not. Here then I am left a prey to all the horrors of apprehension, without even the broken reed of bare possibility on which to rest myself. I look forward to perhaps a few days only—I see the friend of my bosom slain—a father, a brother driven from his country, loaded with the chains of captivity—our cottage burnt, myself a wanderer, imploring the ungrateful boon of charity, and dwell upon the picture until my brain scorches and fury maddens in my veins; had I been suffered to move along in happy ignorance, I might have enjoyed the society of those I love, until the ill-fated moment of separation arrived. I might have gone on twining the woodbine and the jessamine around our porch, and sung in all the consciousness of innocence; but, compelled to look into the dark volume of futurity—to count hour after hour, as bringing me nearer and nearer to the point at which my soul shudders—every day ceases then to be a day of happiness, and all the pleasures of life become vapid and tasteless, bringing me nearer and nearer to the moment which tears the fond arm from those I love—which turns me adrift upon the world—exposed to poverty—the contumely of the proud—the insults of the base—the woodbine would blossom in vain for me, and the sweet scent of my eglantine have no charms for me. Under such circumstances, ignorance of futurity is certainly infinitely preferable to an insight into it, and the tenderness of the Almighty is much more striking in the order of things which obtains, than in that for which we frequently sigh.

W. H.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

## OBJECTIONS

TO

MR. MUDFORD'S ESSAY ON MARRIAGE.

SIR,

AS the object of your work is to amuse and instruct the heart, to check errors that tend to mislead, and distribute truth that must infallibly elevate it, you will not condemn this little offering of mine, since it springs from the respect I bear my fellow creatures.

In your publication you gave us, "An Essay on Marriage, by W. Mudford." I differ from him very much, and, as a subscriber, I conceive myself equally entitled to your indulgence. I therefore request, that you will suffer me to oppose a few simple observations to his "Army of hard words;" and whether the victory be *his* or *mine*, I leave to the judgment of your candid readers.

In the first part he recommends that, "*If a man finds his foibles counterbalance his virtues, he should withhold from marriage.*" "*Should we not,*" says he, "*keep them to ourselves, rather than load them on the weaknesses of another?*" I am astonished Mr. Mudford does not know, that nothing so soon eradicates the harsh nature of man, as the society of an amiable woman. She does, indeed, unload him of his vices; but instead of buckling them on herself, she expels them with the charms of her virtue; her example serving as a continual check to his licentiousness, till in the end he finds himself a fit companion for the perfection that at first awed him.

Next he says—"We ought to enquire within ourselves, whether we are able to bear the petty cares that attend the state." Perhaps Mr. Mudford is a single man. Let me ask him then, if his state is exempt from cares? does he not find them as oppressive as a

noisy

noisy infant or a chattering wife? And I believe the case is very rare, when life becomes so insupportable as to drive a man from his home, and make him view, with "*the jaundiced eye of envy, the whole human race.*" Let me ask, how many such gloomy husbands have come within the speculation of Mr. Mudford?

He next declares against early marriages, and would frighten youth from a licenced consummation of their happiness; he is there most impolitic, for his advice tends to decrease the population of his country, of which he is, no doubt, a friend; besides which, he differs from some of the first men who have treated on the subject, amongst whom are Swift, and Goldsmith, and Franklin.

He observes that, "*For a man to marry his servant is an insult to the human species.*" Perhaps he does not admit, that a servant forms a part of that species; or if so, how can it be disgraced? Since it is but one part elevating another. For, the master, whom we will allow (for the sake of Mr. Mudford) to be the nobler being, does not descend from his own exalted height, but only lifts another to his honours; it is an amiable act, and worthy of a benign soul; and in what superior sphere, in the scale of existence, does Mr. Mudford triumph that he should presume to reprobate it?

"*Let not the learned,*" says he, "*marry with the ignorant.*" Where is his philanthropy? I thought it the propensity of a good heart to delight in unveiling the cloud of ignorance, and to display to the expanding sensibility of human nature, the radiance of truth and knowledge?

But where are his powers of *ratiocination*, when he affirms, with such unrivalled modesty, that "*It is an undoubted fact, that that man is wise who acts conformably to his own feelings.*" The man who destroys the loveliest works of heaven—INNOCENCE and VIRTUE, and the man who murders his father, are both

actuated by their *own feelings*. Will Mr. Mudford call those men wise?—He does not! for, spite of the erring reason of his brain, his heart must acknowledge that VIRTUE and WISDOM are the same. But what that learned axiom has to do with the subject, I leave for him to explain; the following appears to me equally inexplicable.

*“Let a man,”* says he, *“be banished to perpetual slavery, he will by progressive approximation to misery become so hardened, that the very idea of happiness will be expelled from his mind, and he will cease to think of it as a desirable object.”*

He must cease then to be miserable, (let me inform Mr. Mudford) or there must be happiness in his slavery, the object only is changed; wild and extravagant as the hypothesis may appear, he must allow the last, if he admits the first; for a sigh in misery indicates an idea of happiness, of which a man can never think without desiring to possess it; and, without comparison, woe would not impress us with a sigh, nor would joy exhilarate us to a smile.—The man then in banishment must cease to be miserable if he ceases to desire happiness.

Mr. Mudford's Essay abounds with a number of other propositions equally as curious as the above; and I do confess (let him triumph) that I dare not attack them, they tower so much above my comprehension.

They seem to me “As two grains of wheat hid under two bushels of chaff; we shall search all day before we find them, and when we do, they are not worth the search.”

WILLIAM TEMPLETON.

### SHOWER OF GOSSAMERS.

[From White's Natural History of Selborne.]

ON September 21, 1741, being intent on field diversions, I rose before day-break; when I came into the inclosures, I found the *gubbles* and clover grounds

grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully, that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting nets, drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked, that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their fore feet. As the morning advanced the sun became bright and warm, and the day turned out one of those most lovely ones, which no season but the autumn produces; cloudless, calm, serene, and worthy the south of France itself.

About nine an appearance, very unusual, began to demand our attention; a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing without any interruption till the close of day. These webs were not single filmy threads, floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes or rags; some near an inch broad and five or six long. On every side, as the observer turned his eyes, might he behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars as they turned their sides towards the sun. Neither before nor after was any shower observed; but on this day the flakes hung in the trees and hedges so thick, that a diligent person might have gathered baskets full.

## MANNER OF WHIPPING

AMONG

### THE ANTIËNT JEWS.

**T**HIS punishment was not to exceed forty stripes, and therefore the whip, with which it was to be inflicted, being made of three thongs, and each blow giving three stripes; they never laid on any criminal more than thirteen blows. Because thirteen of those

those blows made thirty-nine stripes, and to add *another blow*, would' have been a transgression of the law, by adding two stripes over and above forty.

*See Prideaux's Connections,  
Part II. Book V.*

### INTERESTING LETTER,

WRITTEN BY COLUMBUS, THE CELEBRATED  
DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

[*From Edwards's History of the West Indies.*]

THERE is (says Mr. Edwards) preserved among the journals of the honourable council in Jamaica, a very old volume in manuscript, consisting of diaries and reports of governors, which relate chiefly to the proceedings of the army, and other transactions, in the first settlement of the colony. In this book is to be found the translation of a *letter to the King of Spain*, said to be written by COLUMBUS during his confinement on this island. As it appears to me to bear marks of authenticity, I shall present it to my readers. It was written, probably, about eight months after the departure of his messenger, Diego Mendez, who had attempted to reach Hispaniola in an Indian canoe. Hearing nothing from him in that interval, COLUMBUS seems to have relinquished every hope of relief, and to have written this letter in an hour of despondency, not as having any probable means of sending it to Spain; but on the idea that it would be found *after his death*. It is as follows:

*A Letter from CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, in Jamaica, to King Ferdinand.*

Jamaica, 1504.

"Diego Mendez, and the papers I sent by him, will shew your Highness what rich mines of gold I have discovered in Veraqua, and how I intended to have

left my brother at the river Belin, if the judgments of heaven, and the greatest misfortunes in the world, had not prevented it. However, it is sufficient that your Highness, and your successors, will have the glory and advantage of all; and that the full discovery and settlement are reserved for happier persons than the unfortunate Columbus. If God be so merciful to me, as to conduct Mendez to Spain, I doubt not but he will convince your Highness, and my great Mistress, that this will not only be a *Castile* and *Leon*; but a discovery of a world of subjects, lands, and wealth, greater than man's unbounded fancy could ever comprehend, or avarice itself covet; but neither he, this paper, nor the tongue of mortal man, can express the anguish and afflictions of my body and mind, nor the misery and dangers of my son, brother, and friends! Already have we been confined ten months in this place, lodged on the open decks of our ships, that are run on shore and lashed together; those of my men that were in health, have mutinied under the Porras's of Seville; my friends, that were faithful, are mostly sick and dying; we have consumed the Indians' provisions, so that they abandon us. All, therefore, are like to perish by hunger, and these miseries are accompanied with so many aggravating circumstances, that render me the most wretched object of misfortune this world shall ever see; as if the displeasure of heaven seconded the envy of Spain, and would punish, as criminal, those undertakings and discoveries which former ages would have acknowledged as great and meritorious actions! Good heaven, and you holy saints that dwell in it, let the King, Don Ferdinand, and my illustrious mistress, Donna Isabella, know that my zeal for their service and interest hath brought me thus low; for it is impossible to live and have afflictions equal to mine! I see, and with horror apprehend my own, and for my sake, my unfortunate and deserving people's destruction. Alas! piety and justice have retired to their habita-

tion,

tions above ; and it is a crime to have undertaken and performed too much ! As my misery makes my life a burthen to myself, so far the empty title of vice-roy and admiral render me obnoxious to the hatred of the Spanish nation. It is visible that all methods are adopted to cut the thread that is breaking ; for I am in my old age oppressed with insupportable pains of the gout, and am now languishing and expiring with that and other infirmities, among savages, where I have neither medicines nor provisions for the body—priest nor sacrament for the soul. My men in a state of revolt—my brother, my son, and those that are faithful, sick, starving, and dying ; the Indians have abandoned us, and the governor of St. Domingo has sent rather to see if I am dead, than to succour us, or carry me alive hence ; for his boat neither delivered a letter nor spoke with us, nor would receive any letter from us, so I conclude your Highness's officers intend that here my voyages and life should terminate. O blessed Mother of God ! that compassionates the miserable and oppressed, why did not cruel Bovadilla kill me, when he robbed me and my brother of our dearly purchased gold, and sent us to Spain, without trial, crime, or shadow of misconduct ? These chains are all the treasures I have, and *they shall be buried with me, if I chance to have a coffin or grave ; for I would have the remembrance of so unjust an action perish with me, and, for the glory of the Spanish name, be eternally forgotten.* Let it not bring a farther infamy on the Castilian name ; nor let ages to come, know there were any wretches so vile in this, that think to recommend themselves to your Majesty, by destroying the unfortunate and miserable CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, not for his crimes, but for his services in discovering and giving Spain a NEW WORLD ! As it was heaven itself that inspired and conducted me to it ! the heavens will weep for me, and shew pity ! Let the earth, and every soul in it, that loves justice and mercy, weep for me ! And you,

O glorified saints of God, that know my innocence and see my sufferings here, have mercy ! for though this present age is envious and obdurate, surely those that are to come will pity me, when they are told that CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, with his own fortune, ran the hazard of his own and brother's life and with little or no expence to the crown of Spain, in ten years and four voyages, rendered greater services than ever mortal man did to prince or kingdom, yet was left to perish, without being charged with the least crime, in poverty and misery—all but his chains being taken from him, so that he who gave Spain *another world*, had neither safety in it, nor yet a cottage for himself nor his wretched family. But should heaven still persecute me, and seem displeased with what I have done, as if the discovery of this new world may be fatal to the old ; and, as a punishment, bring my life to a period in this miserable place ; yet do you, good angels, you that succour the oppressed and innocent, bring this paper to my great mistress. She knows how much I have done, and will believe what I have suffered for her glory and service ; and will be so just and pious as not to let the children of him that has brought to Spain such immense riches, and added to it vast and unknown kingdoms and empire, want bread, or subsist only on alms. She, if she lives, will consider that cruelty and ingratitude will bring down the wrath of heaven ; so that the wealth I have discovered shall be the means of stirring up all mankind to revenge and rapine, and the Spanish nation suffer hereafter for what envious, malicious, ungrateful people do now \*.

\* COLUMBUS was cleared from the above accusation, of which he so bitterly and justly complains. He died in Spain 1506.—Edit.



*THE ASSES OF EGYPT.*

[From Sonnini's Travels.]

**I**F the horses of Egypt claim distinction by their beauty and valuable qualities, the asses of the same country are not less remarkable. It is indisputable, that the hottest and driest climates are most favourable to horses, since those of Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, stand foremost in beauty and vigour. Asses, likewise, of a species nearly related to them, attain the greatest excellence of figure and qualities in the same climates, which appear to be natural to them. In proportion to their distance from these they degenerate, so that those of northern countries lose all resemblance to those of the south. If this degeneration be not so perceptible with regard to horses, very fine ones being to be found in the north, it is because Europeans have changed the nature of these animals in their country, by procuring mares and stallions from abroad, forming studs, crossing breeds, and lavishing the minutest attentions upon them, while they have not only been careless respecting the breed of their asses, but have degraded it by almost total neglect and unmerited contempt. Badly fed, still worse attended, oppressed by heavy burdens, and ill-treated by blows, the ass of our country is unquestionably a wretched slave. Degraded as low as possible, he serves only the meanest of men, for whom he performs every thing his impaired condition will allow. His name is become that of dullness and stupidity. Yet he is docile, gentle, patient, and temperate to excess. Did neither the horse nor the ox exist in our country, he would be held there in the highest estimation. But this is not the only instance where modest and useful simplicity, placed by the side of more brilliant and active qualities, has been rewarded by ingratitude, and excited derision.

How different this sorry and degraded animal from the asses of Egypt and Arabia, which, as well as the horses of those countries, are superior to any in the universe! Some are to be found there of great height; and these are most valued and esteemed, occasionally selling at a higher price than even horses themselves. Still, whatever be their height, their head is well placed, their eyes are brisk, and their body is plump. They have elegance in their attitudes, gracefulness in their movements, and nobleness and almost haughtiness in their carriage. Their foot is sure, their step is light, and their paces quick, brisk, and easy. In short, they are very pleasing to ride. All travellers have praised this fine species of animal. Peter della Vale, who paraded his pride a long time in the East, relates, that the people there do not scruple to ride upon asses, that they trot wonderfully, and that he has been ready to die with laughing at the sight\*. For my part I was greatly surprised at it. In Egypt, people not only ride on asses without hesitation, but, as I have already observed, they were the only animals on which Christians of any country were allowed to appear in the capital. The Mahometan merchants, and the most opulent of the inhabitants, used them likewise: and carriages being unknown in this country, ladies of the highest rank, even the wives of the beys themselves, had no other equipages.

I once happened to meet the whole *haram* of a bey, taking an airing in the environs of Cairo. An equivocal figure, an eunuch with a mean and ferocious countenance, preceded the ladies on a fine horse, covered with gold, silver, and embroidery. The ladies were mounted on asses of the highest price. The bridles of these animals glittered with silver and gold, and a magnificent piece of tapestry covering the saddle and crupper reached down to the ground. It is to be presumed,

\* Voyages, tome i. p. 142.

that the ladies were not deficient in charms : but they were masqued with thick veils, and bundled up, as it were, in pieces of stuffs, which did not allow either the face or even figure to be seen, and exhibited nothing but a shapeless mass. Such meetings had nothing in them very pleasant to an European : he was not only obliged to alight in token of respect, but he must also take care to avoid, I will not say looking the ladies in the face, for this was invisible, but even looking at them ; the most he could do being to eye them askance as they passed. If he ventured beyond this, it would have afforded a pretence for an *avanie*, or been attended with consequences still worse.

The asses of Egypt have at least as much vigour as beauty. They readily perform the longest journeys. More hardy than the horses, and less difficult with regard to the quality or quantity of their food, they are preferred for long journeys across the desert. Most of the Mussulman pilgrims use them for the long and laborious journey to Mecca ; and the chiefs of the Nubian caravans, which are sixty days in passing immense solitudes, ride upon asses, that do not appear fatigued when they arrive in Egypt.

The crust of their hoofs is defended by thin and light shoes. The saddles they wear are shaped like pack-saddles, rounded, and heightened by a pad softly stuffed, on which the rider sits much farther back than on a horse. The stirrups, which are shaped nearly like ours, have only a single flat bar at bottom, the breadth of three fingers. Men ride without any housings ; but for women a piece of tapestry, more or less rich, and sometimes reaching to the ground, is laid over this saddle. The asses are bridled in the same manner as the horses. In the principal streets of Cairo, and in the squares, they stand for hire ready bridled and saddled, being the hackney coaches of this city. The person who lets them accompanies his ass, running behind to goad him on, and cry out to those who walk on foot to

make way. When on a journey, the rider himself carries in his hand a little stick pointed with iron, with which he pricks his beast on the withers.

. When the rider alights, he has no occasion to tie up his ass. He merely pulls the rein of the bridle tight, and passes it over a ring on the fore part of the saddle, which, confining the head of the beast, is sufficient to make him remain patiently in his place.

Though the Arabs do not take quite so much pains to preserve the breed of their asses, as they do for promoting the excellence of their horses, it may be said with truth, that asses are no where attended with so much care as in Egypt and Arabia. They are regularly rubbed down and washed : which renders their coat smooth, soft, and glossy : and their food is the same as that of horses, commonly consisting of chopped straw, barley, and small beans.

To add to the species of useful animals, or, which is the same thing, to improve them so as to render them more useful, is to increase the advantages of public and private economy. If, without remitting our attentions to the horse, we deigned to pay a little regard to the ass, though placed by nature second in the scale, we could not fail to be gainers. For the attainment of this useful object, it would be necessary to cross the breed. Arabian or Egyptian males would improve the offspring of our females in strength and beauty ; and these, by repeated crossings, would produce with time and care an excellent breed of animals, suited to the majority in point of expense, and not destitute of pleasing qualities.

The handsomest asses seen at Cairo come from Upper Egypt and Nubia. On ascending the Nile, the influence of climate on these animals is perceptible, they being of the greatest beauty in Saïd, while toward the Delta they are inferior in all respects. So true it is, that they owe their excellencies to great heat and extreme drought. In countries, which, though very hot,

are at the same time wet, they are but indifferent : for in India, and even the southernmost parts of the peninsula, which are nearer to the equator, but likewise more humid, than Arabia, Nubia, and Thebais, the asses are small, dull, weak, and ill-shaped \*.

From the excellent qualities of the Egyptian asses, it is not to be wondered that they have been objects of luxury. The opulent vied in keeping asses of the highest price. To the Europeans settled at Cairo, this was an indemnification for the restraint from riding on horseback, to which they were condemned. But this species of luxury attracted the attention of government in 1779. It was deemed indecorous, that foreign merchants, abominated on account of their religion, should ride upon animals superior even to those kept for the wives of the beys themselves. This was sufficient to bring upon the European merchants a forced contribution, an *avanie* of four or five hundred thousand franks, which they were obliged to pay, for having kept fine asses.

In the east, these were at all times among the number of animals most valued. They formed part of the wealth of the ancient patriarchs, as they still do of the herds of the wandering nations in the same countries. The Egyptians alone abominated them. To them they were the execrated emblem of the evil genius of Typhon, of that giant monster with a hundred heads, and a hundred mouths vomiting flame, the son of Earth and Tartarus, who had dared to wage war with the gods, and had at last been cut to pieces by Osiris, one of the deities of Egypt. The inhabitants of Coptos in particular, so publicly declared their inveterate anti-

\* Such at least is the assertion of the author of *Essais Philosophiques sur les Mœurs de divers Animaux étrangers*, pages 240 et 246.—Pliny had observed, that the ass was not fond of cold countries, *ipsum animal frigoris maxime impatiens*. Hist. Nat. lib. viii. cap. 43.

pathy to these animals, as to throw them down from the summit of a rock ; and the people of Bufiris and Lycopolis carried their superstition so far as to refrain from blowing the trumpet, because, in their opinion, its sound resembled the braying of an ass\* !

## CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR,

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's  
Calendar of Nature.*

## CALENDAR OF NATURE.

### DECEMBER.

Oh winter ! ruler of th' inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with fleet-like ashes fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age—thy forehead wrapt in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way,  
I love thee all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art.

COWPER'S TASK.

1. **T**HIS month, in general, the most unpleasant in the whole year. 2. Vapours, clouds and storms, form almost the only vicissitudes of weather ; thus, according to Shakespeare—" The rain and wind

\* See the Dissertation sur Typhon, par l'Abbé Banier, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, tome iii. page 116.

beat dark December." 3. Every change now melancholy, advancing to universal gloom and desolation :

No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
 No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,  
 Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,  
 Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

SCOTT.

4. Wild quadrupeds and amphibious animals retire to their winter quarters, which they seldom quit till the return of spring. 5. Some lay up no stores of provisions, and therefore become entirely torpid, till the warm weather restores them, and their food along with them ; thus the frog, lizard, badger, hedge-hog, and bat, all of whom feed on insects or vegetables. 6. Dormice lie torpid the greater part of the winter, though laying up some food, they, on a warm day, revive, eat it, and then relapse into their former condition. 7. Squirrels, water-rats, and field-mice, provide large stores of provision ; not known to be torpid, but, probably, sleep more at this time than in summer. 8. Cold is the immediate cause of torpidity in animals. 9. A frog immersed in water at thirty-two degrees, or the freezing point, becomes torpid in a few moments, and the application of a warmth of 50 degrees, will restore it to activity. 10. The only vegetables now flourishing, are mosses and lichens, or liver-worts ; thus offering their fructification to the botanist, when the rest of nature is dead to him. 11. Mosses of little use in commerce, domestic economy, or as food for either man or beast. 12. Lichens, some useful ; viz. one sort, consisting of white flexible branches, the sole subsistence of the deer in Lapland ; and also the Iceland lichen, used when *fresh*, medicinally, as a purgative, but when *dried*, a substitute for bread to the inhabitants of the arctic regions. 13. Many kinds used as dying drugs, especially a grey one, found in the Canary Islands, esteemed for its purple dye, fugitive, but extremely beautiful,

tiful, and used for giving a lustre to silks. 14. Lichens likewise serviceable in the economy of nature, forming, upon barren places, a stratum of vegetable mould for the support of larger and more useful plants. 15. A castle or edifice deserted and ruined, soon becomes covered with lichens, deriving their nourishment from the air and rain, these decaying, turn into mould between the crevices, into which fall the winged seeds of ash and sycamore, these seeds expanding and enlarging in time, split into pieces and overthrow the most massy towers. 16. On the 21st of December is the *winter solstice*, or shortest day, the sun being something less than eight hours above the horizon, even in the southern parts of this island. 17. Frost and snow now generally begin to set in for the rest of the winter. 18. The farmer having little to do out of doors, attends to the feeding and management of his cattle, and various matters of household economy. 19. The festival of CHRISTMAS seasonably cheers this comfortless period. 20. Great preparations for it in the country, and plenty of rustic dainties provided for its celebration, according to the rites of ancient hospitality. 21. The *old year* steals away unlamented, and scarcely perceived. 22. The NEW YEAR begins with lengthening days and brighter skies, inspiring fresh hopes and pleasing expectations:

————— These naked shoots,  
 Barren as lances, among which the wind  
 Makes wintry music sighing as it goes,  
 Shall put their graceful foilage on again;  
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,  
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.  
 Then each in its peculiar honours clad,  
 Shall publish, even to the distant eye,  
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich  
 In streaming gold; syring or iv'ry pure;  
 The scented and the scentless rose; this red,  
 And of an humbler growth; the other tall;  
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom

Of



Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,  
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
 That the wind severs from the broken wave.  
 Althea, with the purple eye—the broom,  
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd  
 Her blossoms and luxuriance, above all  
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf  
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more  
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.  
 THESE *have* been, and THESE *shall* be in their day;  
 And all this uniform uncolour'd scene  
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
 And flush into VARIETY again!

COWPER'S TASK.

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AN  
 EXCURSION INTO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,  
 DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1799.  
 IN  
 FOUR LETTERS TO A FRIEND.  
 BY THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

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LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

A GREEABLE to my promise, I hasten to give you an account of the remaining portion of my tour, and hope you will not find this my *last* epistle, wholly destitute of entertainment and instruction.

The day I left Taunton I rose at an early hour, and being favoured with the horse of a friend, made a short excursion into the country. It was a most beautiful morning; the sun steadily mounting to reach his meridian height, flung his rays with a moderate intenseness

over the surrounding landscape. Nature presented herself to me in a most endearing aspect, and almost every object I beheld, impressed me with sensations of delight. Indeed the charms of a fine morning are indescribable :

For, who the melodies of MORN can tell?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,  
 The lowing herd, the shepherd's simple bell,  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried,  
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide,  
 The clamorous horn, along the cliffs above,  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide,  
 The hum of bees and linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove !  
 The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark,  
 Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings,  
 The whistling ploughman stalks a-field, and hark !  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings,  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;  
 Slow tolls the village clock the dreary hour,  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings,  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tour.

The purport of this excursion was to pay a friendly visit to a venerable widow, who resided at a village within a few miles of Taunton, the situation of which was peculiarly retired and impressive. Her only son had, a few months ago, emigrated to America ; being induced, by a flattering prospect of independence, to quit his native country. She shewed me the letter which she had lately received from him, containing the pleasing information of his safe arrival at New York. The latter part of the letter glowed with the tenderest emanations of duty and affection ; aiming, especially, to impress on the mind of his aged parent this consolatory truth, that though the wide Atlantic rolled waves between them, yet, in the course of *every* twenty-four hours, the SAME SUN sheds his kindly rays on their different habitations ! This simple illustration

illustration, dictated by the warmth of his filial feelings, did honour to his heart. But alas ! *he* is now no more ! The melancholy intelligence has been since received of the decease of this excellent young man, on the 22d of August last, at Philadelphia. He was cut off in *three* days by the yellow fever, that scourge of the Western Continent. From this disorder at *New York*, he had actually fled, and was on his way to join a friend in Kentucky, after whose society, to use his own forcible expressions, "his soul hungered and thirsted." Well did Mr. Burke exclaim, on an occasion of sudden mortality—"What shadows are we, and what shadows are we pursuing !" The virtues of GEORGE WICHE will not be forgotten among the circle of his friends, by whom his modest and unassuming worth was justly appreciated. Be this paragraph sacred to his memory !

Upon my return to Taunton, the stage coach was soon ready, and my friend and I set off for Wells. We regretted the shortness of our stay in this pleasant town, but we remained long enough to witness their affectionate hospitality.

In two hours we arrived at BRIDGEWATER, a seaport, not far from the Bristol Channel, whence a spring-tide flows twenty-two feet at the key, and comes in with so much turbulence, that it is called a *raging boar* by the inhabitants.

Its church has a lofty spire, from which there must be an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. Hither the Duke of Monmouth, together with Lord Grey, and other of his officers, ascended to view the situation of the King's troops on the very day before the fatal battle of Sedgemoor. Thus used the unhappy Trojans, from the walls of Troy, to survey the Grecian forces, by whom they were afterwards defeated and overthrown. The iron bridge which is to be seen here, and which is similar to that in Colebrooke Dale, is a real curiosity. In 1724 the Duke of Chandos built a street in this town, with a range of convenient ware-

houses. The town suffered severely in the civil wars, and at last surrendered to the artful and overpowering Cromwell. In 1685 the Duke of Monmouth lodged in its castle, was proclaimed King there, and even touched many persons for the king's evil. It is impossible not to smile at this useless superstition. Even the great Dr. Johnson was, in his childhood, touched for it by Queen Anne, though he could not boast of its healing efficacy. All that he used to say about it was, that he was the last upon whom the good Queen tried the experiment, and that he just remembered his being introduced to an old lady in a black satin hood, finely dressed and bespangled with jewels ! Bridgewater carries on a trade of some extent with Bristol, Wales, and Cornwall. It had also a foreign trade, chiefly to Portugal and Newfoundland.

In its river Parret, near its confluence with the Tone, is the small island of *Athelney*, whither the immortal Alfred fled from the Danes, and where happened the merry incident of the herdsman and his wife, who employed the monarch in baking a cake ! This little story is wrought by Mrs. Barbauld, in her *Evenings at Home*, into a pleasing drama, well calculated to entertain and delight the youthful imagination. Alfred afterwards made the herdsman Bishop of Winchester, and built a monastery here, the foundations of which were discovered 1674. Among other subterraneous remains of this building, were found the bases of church pillars, consisting of wrought free-stone, with coloured tiles, and other things of the same kind ; and soon afterwards near this island, was found a sort of medal or picture of St. Cuthbert, with a Saxon inscription, which imported that it was made by order of King Alfred. It appears by its form to have hung by a string, and it is conjectured that the King wore it either as an amulet, or in veneration of St. Cuthbert, who is said to have appeared to him in his troubles, and assured him of the victories which he afterwards obtained.

A little beyond Bridgewater, to the right of the road which leads to Wells, lies the village of Sedgemoor, near which the Duke of Monmouth, and his adherents, were completely routed. The battle was fought July 6, 1685. The following interesting particulars are worthy of being preserved.

“ The approach of the King’s forces, under the command of the Earl of Feversham, was first discovered by Mr. William Sparke, a farmer of Chedzoy, who was at that time on the tower, and by the assistance of a glass saw them coming down Sedgemoor. One Richard Godfrey, of the same parish, was immediately dispatched to Weston Zoyland, to take a nearer observation, who, having informed himself of their strength, and the order of their encampment, ran to Bridgewater to apprise the Duke. A consultation being held, it was determined to assault the royal camp in the dead of the night. Accordingly on Sunday, July the 5th, a little before midnight, the Duke’s party marched out of Bridgewater, taking Godfrey with them for a guide, who conducted them through a private lane at Bradney (known at this day by the name of *War Lane*,) and passing under Peasy-farm, brought them, at length, into North Moor, directly in the rear of the King’s army. Unluckily for the Duke, at this juncture, a pistol was fired by some person unknown, which alarming the enemy, they soon put themselves in a posture to receive the attack.

“ The action began on Monday morning, between one and two of the clock, and continued near an hour and a half. Sixteen only of the King’s soldiers were killed (as appears from a memorandum, entered at the time, in the parish register at Weston) five of whom were buried in Weston Church, and eleven in Weston church-yard. Above one hundred were wounded, and among them Louis Chevalier de Misere, a French gentleman, who died of his wounds, and lies buried in the church of Middlezoy. On the part of the Duke three hundred were killed

killed in the field of battle, and five hundred taken prisoners, of whom seventy-nine were wounded. They were all confined in Weston church, where five of them died of their wounds. About five hundred more were taken prisoners in the pursuit, and upwards of five hundred were apprehended afterwards by the civil officers and others.

“Immediately after the battle, the Earl of Feverham ordered twenty-two of the prisoners to be hanged on the spot, *four* of whom were hanged in chains. The fate of one man in particular is too extraordinary to be passed over. This person, who was remarkably swift of foot, was prevailed upon, on condition of being *pardoned*, to entertain the general with an instance of his agility. Accordingly having stripped himself naked, a halter was put round his neck, and the opposite end of it was fastened to the neck of a horse. They started at a place called Buffex-rhine, and ran from thence to Brintsfield bridge, a distance somewhat exceeding half a-mile; and though the horse went at full speed, the man kept pace with him the whole way. But, notwithstanding this exertion of his ability, and the terms of the agreement, the inhuman general ordered him to be hanged with the rest\*.

“The barbarity of the soldiers, who were employed in burying the slain, was yet greater. Several unfortunate men of the Duke’s party, who lay wounded on the field, were thrown into the earth with the dead; and some endeavouring, with the little strength they had left, to crawl out of their graves were prevented by the unfeeling soldiers, who dispatched them with their spades!”

\* Alluding to the barbarities practised by the Earl of Feverham, towards his prisoners, Mr. Grainger remarks, “His uncle, the famous *Marshal Turenne*, who knew and practised every part of generalship, never treated his prisoners in this manner.” Toulmin’s History of Taunton.

Upon reading this horrible account of Sedgemoor battle, and its attendant cruelties, emotions of grief must arise within our breast. On such occasions we may well exclaim with a modern poet :

— — Spirit of death,  
That through the ranks of WAR do'st range unseen !  
O God of battles ! when shall slaughter cease,  
And man awake from this strange dream of life ?  
Will not the tears of pity and the cries  
Of countless orphans, and the shrieks of death,  
Relentless power ! nor even the suppliant look  
Of mildly beaming mercy, stay *thine* arm ?  
It were a sight that would high heav'n rejoice,  
If the *proud victor*, in the awful hour  
Of widely wasting war, and with the wreath  
Of glory crown'd, amid the loud acclaim  
Of warlike soldiery, flush'd with crimson pride  
Of conquest—o'er the *dying* and the *dead*,  
If haply HE should cast one pitying look,  
Drop his red sword, and weep the work of death !

WAR is in itself one of the greatest maladies that can afflict mankind. It is indeed that tremendous evil which Providence employs to punish guilty nations, when inferior chastisements have failed in their salutary operation. In its train follows a scene of congregated horrors. Nor is any individual able to form an adequate judgment of its mischiefs, except he has been an eye-witness to its devastations. The late Mr. Mason (a respectable clergyman of the church of England) has most justly furnished us with the following picture of its effects ; it is death personified as a warrior :

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,  
That shook the earth with thundering tread ;  
'Twas *death* !—in haste  
The Warrior past :  
High tower'd his helmed head ;  
I mark'd his mail ; I mark'd his shield ;

I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,  
 I saw his giant arm the faulchion wield;  
 Wide wav'd his bickering blade and fir'd the angry air!

Defensive war alone, indeed, can be justified by the dictates of reason or the precepts of Revelation. The Quakers, a most respectable body of people, are, however, of opinion, that *no war* will admit of a satisfactory vindication. They contend that their religion solemnly prohibits every species of destruction. Certain it is, that the doctrines of Christ are of a most pacific tendency; that those persons who have imbibed most of their spirit, are least inclined to contention, and, finally, the prophecies assure us, that when *revelation* shall have attained to its full efficacy on the human race, **WAR SHALL BE NO MORE!** In the mean time we must lament the bloody contests with which the world is filled; nor can we help admiring Miss More's beautiful lines:

————— O blind to think  
 That cruel WAR can please the Prince of Peace!  
 HE who erects his altar in the heart,  
 Abhors the sacrifice of human blood,  
 And all the false devotion of that zeal,  
 Which massacres the world he died to save.

PERCY.

Nor must I quit this almost boundless subject, without communicating to you the following anecdote, related by a very modern traveller—"I visited," says he, "with interest and attention, the plain where the famous battle was fought between the Czar Peter the Great, and Charles of Sweden. The mound still remains that was built with the *bodies of the slain!* On being dug into, it exhibits an awful *melange* of the skeletons of men and horses, with the iron heels of boots, rusty spears, and broken weapons."

This account accords with a curious passage to be found in the *first Georgic* of VIRGIL, which shews



that such spectacles are by no means peculiar to modern times :

Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro  
 Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,  
 Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes  
 Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

The labouring peasant with the crooked share,  
 Turning the glebe, shall plough up javlins, furr'd  
 With eating rust ; and with the pond'rous rakes  
 Clash against empty helmets ; and admire  
 Big manly bones, digg'd from their open'd graves !

TRAPP.

In the year 1789, I myself went over the *Plains of Culloden*, near Inverness, where the rebels were defeated with great slaughter, by the Duke of Cumberland, April 16, 1746. Though near *fifty* years had elapsed since that period, yet the spot where the slain were interred was perfectly distinguishable from the rest of the moor by its sunken state and extraordinary fertility ! I picked up half a skull, which was found just beneath the surface of the ground, and brought it with me to England, as a relic of that memorable day. By this victory the hopes of an unrelenting enemy were extinguished, and the blessings both of liberty and of the Protestant religion, secured to us and to our posterity.

For this digression I make no apology—an hatred of war and the love of peace, are indissolubly connected with the comfort and happiness of mankind.

Passing on from Bridgewater towards Wells, a lovely prospect opened to us on the left, which might be pronounced almost unrivalled for its charming variety. Part of Somersetshire, the Bristol Channel studded by the two little islands called the Holmes, and in the further part of the landscape the mountains of Wales, rose to view in rich and grand succession. The counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth were distinctly discerned

in the skirts of the horizon—the latter of which, containing the place of my birth (*natale solum*) gave rise to pleasing sensations. I involuntarily thought of many dear relatives and friends, encircled by their native hills, and enjoying the honest gains of their peaceful industry. The whole group of objects now engaging the attention, constituted no ordinary scene, and was contemplated by us with no common emotions. The union of land and water enters into a highly beautiful landscape—here we beheld them in perfection.

We soon reached the ancient town of Glastonbury. Here are the fine ruins of an abbey, once called the *Mother of all Saints*, which justly attract the attention of the traveller. It is pretended that the bodies of Joseph of Arimathea, of King Arthur, and of King Edward the Confessor, were buried here, for the place was distinguished in the earliest periods of our history. At present the town is large and well built, containing two parish churches. On a steep hill near this place, stands a very ancient tower, commonly called *Glastonbury Tor*, commanding an extensive prospect, and serving as a land-mark for seamen. Its history is involved in profound obscurity. Upon the summit of this *Tor* the last Abbot of this famous place was hung by the order of that cruel despot Henry the Eighth, for not acknowledging his supremacy.

The hill was also remarkable for the *holy thorn*, which was said, in former times, to blossom yearly on Christmas-day. The story is, that it sprung from St. Joseph of Arimathea's staff, stuck by him in the ground. It would discompose the most serious gravity to read what Hearne, Broughton, and Camden, have written on this curious subject. Dr. James Montague, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in King James the First's days, was so wonderfully taken with the *holy thorn*, that he thought a branch of it a present worthy the acceptance of the then Queen Anne, King James's consort. Natural historians have since discovered, that

this marvellous tree is only a particular deviation from the common standard of its species. Thus does Science, by her divine influence, put to flight the dreams of superstition.

A few miles onward, we came to the small, but neat city of WELLS, which, together with Bath, forms a joint bishopric. It is situated at the bottom of the Mendip Hills, and derives its name from the great number of springs that are in and about it. The cathedral is a fine piece of architecture; the front of this gothic structure, which has been built upwards of 500 years, is much admired for its imagery and carved stone work. It has also a most curiously painted window. The palace of the bishop, fortified with walls and a moat, is reckoned the handsomest in the kingdom. Here the pious Bishop Ken and his lady were killed in their bed, by the palace falling in during the great storm of 1703, which did immense damage in different parts of the country. The city abounds with public charities.

Not far from Wells, on the south side of the Mendip Hills, is a remarkable cave, known by the name of *Okely Hole*. The entrance to this cave is parallel to the horizon, at the bottom of a rock 180 feet high, and over the rock is a steep mountain, the top of which is thought to be a mile above the bottom of the rock. At the entrance into the cave, there is a deep descent of 50 or 60 feet; the cave itself is about 200 feet in length, in some parts 50 or 60 broad, and the greatest height is 50 feet, though, in some places, the roof is not above four or five feet from the bottom. There are several partial divisions of it, which the imaginations of some people have distinguished into a kitchen, a hall, a dancing room, a cellar, and other apartments. Water, of a petrifying quality, constantly drops from the roof, and forming a variety of stony figures, fancy has improved them into resemblances of old women, dogs, bells, organs, and other things. The echo of any noise within this cavern is so strong, that a large stone dropped

ped on the rocky bottom of the cave, sounds with a noise as loud as the report of a cannon. At the extremity of the cave there issues a stream of water sufficient to drive a mill, and passing with rapidity and noise the whole length of the cavern, it bursts out through the rock near the entrance into the valley.

We now took a post chaise, and crossed the country to *Frome*. We saw *Shepton Mallet* on the right, a clothing town, for which it is peculiarly fitted by the rivulets with which it is surrounded. We also passed by the little retired village of *Nunny*, where a dismantled castle, of some extent, tells the sad tale of former times. Ruins indeed, of every kind, form an awful spectacle, and to a mind disposed to moralize, suggest many melancholy reflections. The evening sun shone strongly on these battered towers, and reminded me of that tremendous dissolution in which all terrestrial things shall be finally involved. It is not unworthy of observation, that a celebrated female author, speaking of insanity, pronounces the most terrific of *ruins* to be that of the human soul. "What," says she, "is the view of the fallen column, the mouldering arch, of the most exquisite workmanship, when compared with the living memento of the fragility, the instability, and the wild luxuriancy of noxious passions? Enthusiasm turned adrift, like some rich stream overflowing its banks, rushes forward with destructive velocity, inspiring a sublime concentration of thought. These are the *ravages* over which humanity must ever mournfully ponder with a degree of anguish, not excited by crumbling marble or cankering brass, unfaithful to the trust of monumental fame. It is not over the decaying productions of the mind, embodied with the happiest art, we grieve most bitterly. The view of what has been done by man, produces a melancholy yet aggrandizing scene of what remains to be achieved by human intellect; but a *mental convulsion*, which like the devastation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of

thought

thought and imagination into confusion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully ask on what ground *we* ourselves stand."

We reached *Frome*, a large manufacturing town, whose streets are marked by great irregularities. The clothing business is carried on to a vast extent, and about fifty years ago it supplied all England with wire cards for carding wool. Here is no more than one church, with a ring of six good bells; but several meeting houses, two of which, the Presbyterian and Baptist, are built of freestone, and are deemed as handsome and as spacious as any meeting houses in England. In the former lie the remains of the ingenious Mrs. Rowe, author of *Letters from the Dead to the Living*—her writings are still much read and admired.

We next set off for *Warminster*, a little populous town, which formerly enjoyed great privileges. It is now principally famous for its corn and malt, carrying on in each of these articles the greatest trade of any town in the West of England.

In travelling this road, a curious phenomenon is seen at some distance, being in the county of Berkshire. This is the rude figure of a *White Horse*, which takes up near an acre of ground, on the side of a green hill, whose soil is formed of chalk. A horse is known to have been the Saxon standard, and some have supposed that this figure was made by Hengist, one of the Saxon Kings. But Mr. Wise, the author of a letter on this subject to Dr. Mead, published 1738, brings several arguments to shew that it was made by the order of Alfred, in the reign of his brother Ethelred, as a monument of his victory over the Danes, in 871, near Ashen or Ashbury Park, at present one of the seats of Lord Craven, and at a little distance from the hill. Others have supposed it to have been partly the effect of accident, and partly the work of shepherds, who, observing a rude figure, somewhat resembling a horse, as there are in the veins of wood and stone many figures

figures that resemble trees, caves, and other objects, reduced it by degrees to a more regular figure. But, however this be, it has been the custom immemorial, for the neighbouring peasants to assemble on a certain day, about Midsummer, and clear away the weeds from this *white horse*, and trim the edges to preserve its colour and shape : after which the evening is spent in mirth and festivity.

We now posted forwards to *Salisbury Plains*, those immense downs, where the stranger, without a guide, would be soon bewildered. We drove to the spot where stands *Stonehenge*, the most wonderful curiosity in the kingdom. Here quitting the carriage, we gazed for some time at the immense pile with silent astonishment. Whence these vast stones were brought hither ? what could have been the mode of conveyance ? and to what purposes the structure was originally appropriated, are queries not easily resolved. Every effect must have an adequate cause—hence the great learning and ingenuity employed by learned men on the subject.

The following *sketch* of *STONEHENGE* affords a just idea of it :

“ This celebrated piece of antiquity has been, for many ages, and still is, the admiration of those who view it. Various conjectures have been formed, as to the authors, and the use of it ; however, as Dr. Stukely has examined it with greater accuracy than others, his account is therefore to be more relied on. Inigo Jones surveyed it many years before the Doctor, and drew up a handsome account of it, making it a Roman temple of the Tuscan order. We shall give an abstract of both, beginning with Jones’s and leave it with the reader to judge for himself.

Within a trench, about thirty-feet broad, and on a rising ground, are placed huge stones in three circles, one within another, in the figure of a crown. From the plain it has three entrances, the most considerable lying north-east ; on each of which were raised, on the

side of the trench, two stones gate-wise ; parallel whereunto, on the inside, were two others of less proportion. The outward circle is about an hundred feet diameter ; the stones of it very large ; four yards in height, two in breadth, and one in thickness. Two yards and a half within this circle, is a range of lesser stones. Three yards further is the principal part of the work, called the cell, of an irregular figure, made up of two rows of stones ; the upright ones in height are twenty feet, in breadth two yards, and in thickness one yard. These are coupled at top by large transom stones, like architraves, which are seven feet long, and about three and a half thick. Within this was also another range of lesser pyramidal stones, of about six feet in height ; and in the inmost part of the cell, Mr. Jones observed a stone lying towards the east, four feet broad and sixteen long, supposed to be the altar-stone.

When Dr. Stukely came to view Stonehenge, he could not find the number of stones mentioned by others. This may be true ; for many people are silly enough to look on the stones as factitious, and often break off large pieces to prove it : this, and the industry of country-people in carrying them away for building, has greatly diminished their number : notwithstanding all the injuries Stonehenge has received, the Doctor beheld it with rapture ; the greatness of the contour, the dark parts of the ponderous imposts over one's head, the chasms of sky between the jambs of the cell, the odd construction of the whole, and the magnitude of every part, strike you, says he, into an extatic reverie, which none can describe, and they only can be sensible of, that feel it. He thus determines the measure used in this work. Take a staff ten feet four inches and three quarters long, divide it into six equal parts, these are palms, the original measure. The founder's intention was to form a circle, whose diameter was to be sixty cubits. Accordingly each stone was to be four cubits broad, and each interval two

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cubits. Now thirty times four cubits is twice sixty, and thirty times two cubits is sixty ; so that thrice sixty cubits completes a circle, whose diameter is sixty cubits. Thus a stone and an interval, in the outward circle, make three squares, two allotted to the stone ; one to the interval. This general design may be seen in the seven stones now remaining at the grand entrance. The stones of the outward circle are four cubits broad, two thick, and nine high ; on the top of every two of them, are placed head-stones, as imposts or cornices : These imposts are six cubits long, two broad, and one and a half high ; the uprights diminish a little every way, so as at the top to be but three cubits and a half broad, whereby the imposts project over the uprights, both within and without. In its perfection, the outward circle consisted of sixty stones, viz. thirty uprights, and thirty imposts ; of these seventeen uprights are left standing, eleven contiguous to the grand entrance, and five imposts upon them ; another upright leans on a stone of the inner circle. There are six more lying on the ground, whole, or in pieces ; there is but one impost more in its proper place, and but two more lying on the ground ; so that twenty-two are carried away by rude and sacrilegious hands. Five cubits inwards, there is another circle of lesser stones. The stones of this are truly parallelograms ; their proportion is two cubits broad, one thick, and four and a half high, and were forty in number. But nineteen are left, eleven standing in situ ; the walk between these two circles is three hundred paces in circumference.

Having passed the second circle, you behold the cell, or adytum, which is an ellipsis. It is composed of trilithons, two uprights, and one impost ; they are five in number, and still remain. Each trilithon stands independent of its neighbour ; they also diminish to the top, which take off from their weight. The tenons, or mortoises, are particularly formed, being about ten inches and a half in diameter, and resembling half an egg, rather than



an hemisphere, and so effectually keep both uprights and imposts from luxations. Lord Winchelsea and the Doctor took a walk upon one of these trilithons, but it was thought a frightful situation.

The whole number of stones is thus computed: the great oval consisted of ten uprights, the inner, with the altar, of twenty, the great circle, of thirty, the inner, of forty. These, with five imposts of the great oval, thirty of the great circle, and some more broken and scattered, completed the temple, making in all one hundred and forty stones. In the reign of Henry VIII. a tin tablet was found here, inscribed with strange characters: this was lost, which, if understood, might have discovered something very curious.

Dr. Stukely observed, half a mile north of Stonehenge, and across the valley, a hippodrome, or horse-course; it is included between two ditches, running parallel east and west; they are three hundred and fifty feet asunder: it is one hundred thousand feet long. The barrows round this monument are numerous, and remarkable, being generally bell fashion; yet is there great variety in their diameters, and their manner of composition. These were single sepulchres, as appeared from many that were opened. On the west side of one was an entire segment, made from center to circumference; it was good earth quite through, except a coat of chalk of about two feet thick, covering it quite over, under the turf. Hence appears the manner of making those barrows, which was to dig up the turf for a great ways round, till the barrow was brought to its intended bulk; then with the chalk dug out of the surrounding ditch they powdered it all over. At the center was found a skeleton perfect, of a reasonable size, and with the head lying northward. On opening a double barrow, the composition was thus; after the turf was taken off, there appeared a layer of chalk, and then fine garden mould. About three feet below the surface, was a layer of flints, humouring the convexity of

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of the barrow : this being a foot thick, rested on a layer of soft mould, in which was inclosed an urn, full of bones. The urn was of unbaked clay, of a dark reddish colour, and crumbled into pieces. It had been rudely wrought, with small mouldings round the verge, and other circular channels on the outside. The bones had been burnt ; the collar-bone, and one side of the under jaw, were entire ; there was a large quantity of female ornaments mixt with the bones, as beads of divers colours, many of them amber, with holes to string them ; and many of the button sort were covered with metal."

It may be proper just to remark, that *Stonehenge* has since undergone an alteration in its appearance, part of it having, about three years ago, fell to the earth. We saw and conversed with some shepherd boys, who were loitering around the immense pile, and from whom we learnt that the fall occasioned a violent concussion of the ground. This must have been expected, and excited, to persons in its vicinity, no small astonishment.

Dr. Warton has, in the following sonnet, ingeniously interwoven the sentiments of the learned on this subject.

#### WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle !  
 Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore  
 To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,  
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,  
 T'entomb his Britons, slain by Hengist's guile :  
 Or Druid priests, sprinkl'd with human gore ;  
 Taught, 'mid thy massy maze, their mystic lore :  
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,  
 To victory's idol vast an unhewn shrine,  
 Rear'd the rude heap : or, in thy hallow'd round,  
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;  
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd ;  
 Studious to trace thy wond'rous origin,  
 We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

These ruins are, in their appearance, peculiarly solemn, and their isolated situation in the midst of the plains, heightens the melancholy sensations with which they are contemplated. This idea is taken up with success in the following lines, which will please you.

### STONEHENGE.

BY THE LATE ROBERT LOVELL.

Was it a spirit on yon shapeless pile?  
 It wore, methought, an hoary Druid's form,  
 Musing on ancient days! the dying storm  
 Moan'd in his lifted locks; thou night! the while  
 Dost listen to his sad harp's wild complaint,  
 Mother of shadows! as to thee he pours  
 The broken strain, and plaintively deplores  
 The fall of Druid fame! Hark! murmurs faint  
 Breathe on the wavy air! and now more loud  
 Swells the deep dirge, accustom'd to complain  
 Of holy rites unpaid, and of the crowd,  
 Whose careless steps these sacred haunts profane,  
 O'er the wild plain the hurrying tempest flies,  
 And 'mid the storm unheard—the song of sorrow  
 dies!

I have dwelt the longer on this curious phenomenon, because it is on all hands confessed to be the most interesting relic of antiquity, by which Britain stands distinguished. Its form, situation, and history, are calculated to generate the profoundest impressions.

Driving along, about six miles over these dreary plains, we soon reached the neat and pleasant city of SALISBURY. It lies in a vale, and is of considerable extent. The streets are, in general, spacious, and built at right angles. The Avon runs through them in canals, lined with brick, and this distribution of water forms a singular appearance. It has also been remarked, that no stream runs through that part of the city inhabited by the butchers, and, consequently, where it was most wanted. There are no vaults in the churches,

nor cellars any where to be found in the town, the soil being so moist, that the water rises up in graves dug in the cathedral. Here is a spacious market-place, in which stands a fine town-house. The manufactures of the place are cloths of various kinds, and cutlery of almost every description. Besides the cathedral, there are, in this city, three other churches and three charity schools, in which 170 children are taught and clothed. It has, likewise, an hospital or college, founded 1683, by Bishop Ward, for ten widows of poor clergymen. This does honour to his memory.

The cathedral of Salisbury demands special attention. It was founded 1219 by Bishop Poor, who removed hither from Old Sarum, upon which the greatest part of the citizens of that place followed him. The structure is reckoned the most elegant and regular gothic building in the kingdom. It is in the form of a lantern, with a beautified spire of free-stone, in the middle of it, 410 feet high, being the tallest in England. According to this computation, it is twice the height of the monument. The windows of the church are said to be as many as the days in the year; nor can an account of all its ornaments be here expected. The monuments were numerous; but my attention was chiefly fixed on a neat marble slab, erected to the memory of the late *James Harris Esq.* author of *The Hermes* (declared by Bishop Lowth to be the most beautiful and perfect example of analysis, that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle) it was decorated by a medallion head, and a neat classical inscription. He was a most studious man—has thrown much light on the philological parts of learning, and was usually denominated the *Philosopher of Salisbury*. He was the father of the present Lord Malmesbury, whose diplomatic merits are generally known and admired. We saw also a stone monument, representing a little boy habited in *episcopal* robes, a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand. This, which was buried under

the seats near the pulpit, was taken from thence and placed in the north part of the nave, where it now lies, defended by iron cross bars. Mr. Gregory, prebendary of Winterborne Earles, after a good deal of trouble in searching old statues and M.SS. we are told, found that the *children* of the choir anciently elected a *chorister bishop* on St. Nicholas's day; from that to Innocent's day he was dressed in pontifical robes; his fellows were prebends, and they performed every service, except the mass, which the real bishop, dean, and prebends, usually did. They made processions, sung part of the mass, and, so careful was the church that no interruption nor press should incommode them, that, by a statute of Sarum, it was pronounced excommunication for any to do so. If the *choral bishop* died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with an answerable pomp and sadness: he was buried as all other bishops, in his ornaments. It is certain, therefore, that this stone monument belongs to a *choral bishop* dying within the month, and may be deemed a real curiosity. Nor must I quit the cathedral, without noticing its beautiful window, on which, after the design of *West*, has been painted in glowing colours our Saviour's Resurrection. The countenance and attitude of the Messiah are finely expressive of that grand event. We behold him starting from amidst the darkness and oblivion of the tomb

With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes!

WATTS.

This church has a fine cloister, and a chapter-house of a singular form. It is an octagon of 150 feet in circumference, and yet the roof bears all upon one small pillar, in the centre, so much too weak in appearance for the support of such a prodigious weight, that the building is, on this account, thought to be one of the greatest curiosities in England.

*Old Sarum* stands at the distance of one mile north of Salisbury ; it is as ancient as the old Britons. The inhabitants labouring under inconveniences for the want of water, and on account of the bleakness of the air to which the height of their situation exposed them, removed to the new city. Old Sarum is now reduced to a single farm house, yet it still sends two members to parliament!

The beautiful seats of *Wilton*, *Fonthill*, and *Wardour*, all of them not far distant from Salisbury, must be passed over in silence, having had no time for their inspection. A particular sketch of them, however, may be found in various publications.

It was my wish also to have visited the ancient city of Winchester, were it only to have contemplated the spot in the cathedral, where lie interred the remains of the venerable and excellent ISAAC WALTON, whose *Complete Angler* has amused many of my vacant hours. His *Biography* likewise of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderfon, is peculiarly valuable on account of the simplicity and benevolence with which it is written. Mr. Zouch, a respectable clergyman of the church of England, has lately published an handsome edition, in quarto, of these *lives*, accompanied with notes by way of illustration. WALTON died in 1683, upwards of ninety years of age, *coming to his grave like a shock of corn in its full season*. Serve God and be cheerful, was the principle on which this good man uniformly acted. His memory I revere, and his virtues are deserving of my imitation. In *all* his religious sentiments, indeed, I do not acquiesce ; but no difference of opinion shall ever induce me to think less favourably of that moral worth by which he was eminently distinguished, and which predominates in a less or greater degree through *all* the denominations of the Christian world.

My friend and I now seriously set our faces homeward; taking the stage for London, we first came to the little town of *Stockbridge*, a borough which Sir Richard Steele formerly represented in parliament. A curious incident is related respecting his being chosen at this place. He carried his election by sticking a large apple full of guineas, and declaring it should be the prize of that man whose wife should be the first brought to bed after that day nine months. This merry offer procured him the interest of all the ladies, who, it is said, commemorate Sir Richard's bounty to this day, and once made a vigorous effort to procure a standing order of the corporation, that no man should ever be received as a candidate, who did not offer himself on the same terms. The town has some good inns, and is thought to contain the best wheelwrights and carpenters in the country.

The other towns, *Basingstoke*, *Bagshot*, *Egham*, *Staines*, and *Hounslow*, through which we passed, have been already described in my *first* letter, and, therefore, shall only notice our approach to the Metropolis, the glory of our island, and the wonder of the world.

The nearer we drew to London, we observed that the roads were more frequented, and every thing indicated an air of bustle and confusion. The continual travelling to and from the capital, is a matter of just astonishment. It is thought to contain a MILLION of inhabitants, which is the number of persons said to have occupied the whole island at the time of its invasion by Julius Cæsar, about fifty years before the birth of Christ. The entrance at *Hyde Park Corner* is grand, and worthy of a great city. Its cluster of lighted lamps makes a vivid impression on the eye, in a winter's evening, and on his return to the metropolis, announces to the weary traveller the approaching termination of his journey. Its soothing effect cannot be easily imagined but by those who have actually felt it.

To

To conclude this little *Tour*, in the language of an ingenious writer: "I have long observed and much enjoyed the felicity of being a Briton. GREAT BRITAIN is the finest country in the world, and the God of Nature hath stored it with every thing that can make its inhabitants happy. Its insular situation, the extent and figure of its coasts, the islands that surround it; its springs, waters, and navigable rivers; its timbers, fruits, herbs, corn, and all other productions of its luxuriant soil; its immense treasures of earths, salts, fossils, minerals, stone, marble, and fuel; its animals, wild and tame flocks, herds, hives, dairies, poultry, fisheries, decoys; the stately horse and the hardy ass, all ministering to the subsistence and pleasure of its inhabitants; the stature, genius, fecundity, and longevity of its natives; the temperature of its climate; in one word, the *natural* advantages of Great Britain render it, upon the whole, the most beautiful and desirable country in the world. The whole is a rich present, which the bounty of Providence has bestowed upon us. I have observed also, with the utmost pleasure, the art and industry of my countrymen assisting nature. Agriculture, architecture, navigation, commerce, literature, arts, sciences in endless varieties, give grace and elegance to this lovely island. Who can behold cities full of inhabitants, artists, and manufacturers, employed in thousands; shops thronged with customers, warehouses full of stores and goods, markets and fairs exposing plenty at our doors; roads, rivers, fields, villages, mines, and sea-ports, all alive; I ask who can behold all these in his own native spot, and not exclaim—*may my Country flourish to the end of time!*"

You have now, my dear sir, in your possession, the sketch of my *Excursion into the West*, in which I have endeavoured to combine a degree of entertainment and instruction. The success of the *attempt* is left to the decision of your candid and superior judgment. The tour itself, indeed, highly pleased me; but it would



require an uncommon portion of presumption for me, to suppose, that the perusal of this faint delineation of it can have imparted a proportionable gratification.

Persuaded that, in the middle station of life, virtue and happiness are best secured ; I feel, my good friend, no particular desire of quitting it. That my ability, however, for doing of good, might be extended ; that my collection of books might be enlarged, and that I might have it in my power to devote a few months of every year to an excursion into the country, are the three reasons why I have sometimes wished myself in the possession of wealth. Worldly substance can, by no means, be pronounced incompatible with real worth ; and though it increases our accountability, yet, properly employed, becomes the most distinguished of earthly blessings. It widens the sphere of utility, by rendering us the more extensively useful to society.

I remain, my dear sir, with every sentiment of respect,

Yours, very sincerely,

J. EVANS.

Hoxton Square,  
December 12, 1799.

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ON THE  
PLEASURE AND ADVANTAGE  
OF  
EARLY RISING.

*Diliculo surgere saluberrimum est.*

How foolish they who lengthen night,  
And slumber in the morning light ;  
How sweet, at early morning's rise,  
To view the glories of the skies.

ARMSTRONG.

EARLY rising is one of those agreeable habits that carry their rewards with them. It is a pleasure of which every one that enjoys health can participate ;

pate ; and, while it gives us enjoyment, will both conduce to the health of the body, and furnish time for the improvement of the mind.

Physicians allow six hours sleep to be sufficient for any one, and declare that a larger portion, though indeed it may be necessary, in some particular case, dulls the spirits, weakens the mind, and enervates the whole frame. Though sleep, when moderately indulged, is "Nature's kind restorer," yet, prolonged to an undue length, instead of being beneficial, is, on the contrary, extremely injurious to health.

Naturalists however say, that he who is engaged in hard study, requires more sleep than him who toils at the plough or thrashes in the barn ; and there have been many instances of this true, though extraordinary assertion.

Early rising is not only beneficial, as it keeps us from our beds, and prevents the numerous ill effects of over-much sleep ; but as it also furnishes time for exercise and morning walks. The air is then more pure and salubrious, and it is then only we can enjoy the pleasure of seeing the resplendent sun "arise and tip the mountains with his golden beams," a sight of the beauty of which, those only who have witnessed it can form a just conception. This delightful scene is finely described by Dryden, in his *Palamon and Arcite*. Book II.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,  
Saluted in her song the morning gray ;  
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,  
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous fight ;  
He, with his tepid rays, the rose renews,  
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews.

The beautiful views and enchanting prospects with which the face of nature is variegated and adorned, can be seen at a much greater advantage before the air is obscured by the vapours and smoke which are drawn up by the heat of the day.

As in a scorching summer every thing seems refreshed after a shower of gentle rain, so it is in the morning, the herbs and flowers which appeared to be withered and exhausted by the heat of the preceding day, are both refreshed and beautified by the cooling dew of the night.

The time which early rising procures, makes it highly desirable to those who are engaged in business ; it is so much gained, which those who do not practise it must inevitably lose. The tradesman can, in the morning, settle his accounts, and put his affairs in order before he is disturbed by the hurry and labour of the day.

So it is with regard to the student, he not only, like the man of business, gains time for application ; but, like him also, that time is, more than any other, adapted to it. *Aurora musis amica.* The mind and imagination are more fitted for deep thought and the exertions of genius, after refreshing sleep, and in the quiet solitude of the morning, than when distracted by the noise and bustle of the day.

Early rising has been, heretofore, recommended by the ancient sages and philosophers ; it is often inculcated in the Proverbs of Solomon, and its good effects have been exemplified by the practice of many wise and learned men.

Let us then remember time stops for no one, but that we ought wisely to improve what we have, and to lengthen out our portion by redeeming it from sleep.

Having thus briefly sketched out some of the advantages of a habit of early rising, I shall conclude this essay with an extract on the subject from Thomson :

Falsely luxurious will not man awake,  
And, springing from the bed of sloth,  
Enjoy the cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song ?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half

The fleeting moments of too short a life—  
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!  
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
 Wilder'd and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams;  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than nature craves, when every muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

*Colyton,*

W. B.

*August 20, 1799.*

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE.

DEC. 13. **P**IZARRO was this evening introduced to the public with its splendid decorations and engaging attractions. A few alterations have been made for the better, and the piece was received with reiterated plaudits of approbation. Kemble in *Rolla*, Barrymore in *Pizarro*, and Mrs. Siddons in *Elvira*, acquitted themselves well. Nor must we omit to notice Miss Biggs, in the character of *Cora*, who is deserving of particular praise. She undertook this part instead of Mrs. Jordan, who is confined. The whole passed off with the same distinguished *eclat* which was bestowed upon it on former occasions. Our opinion of this popular play we have already given our readers; we shall, therefore, only add, that this piece, though not perfect, yet, upon the whole, merits well the approbation with which it has been honoured.

### COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 30. A new comedy, entitled the *Wise Man of the East*, was performed here this evening, made up of the following characters:

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Clarensforth . . . . .	<i>Mr. Munden</i>
Edward, his Son . . . . .	<i>Mr. Lewis</i>
Metland . . . . .	<i>Mr. Murray</i>
Charles, his Son . . . . .	<i>Mr. H. Johnston</i>
Bankwell . . . . .	<i>Mr. Davenport</i>
Attorney . . . . .	<i>Mr. Waddy</i>
Lady Mary Diamond . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Davenport</i>
Mrs. Metland . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Johnson</i>
Rachael Starch . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Mattocks</i>
Ruth . . . . .	<i>Mrs. H. Johnston</i>
Ellen Metland . . . . .	<i>Miss Murray.</i>

The scene is laid in London, where Clarensforth, a rich merchant, avails himself of a report of his death to assume the dress and character of an Indian Magus, or *Wise Man of the East*. In this disguise he watches over the conduct of *Edward*, a libertine son, now in the possession of his fortune. In the course of this arduous duty, he meets with *Lady Diamond*, who, keeping a faro table, forms a plan to cheat *Edward* of his fortune at play. *Mr. and Mrs. Metland*, his particulaz friends, are reduced to poverty by their losses, sustained in consequence of his supposed death; and *Ellen* their daughter, designed by Clarensforth for his son's wife, but who, in her reduced state, becomes the servant of *Lady Mary Diamond*, is carried off by *Edward*, who, ignorant of her family, attempts to seduce her. These scenes produce several interviews between Clarensforth and his son, which naturally abound with moral instruction. The *denouement* consists in her restoration to her family by the kind offices of the *Wise Man of the East*, who, throwing off his disguise, avows himself to his friends, and, with respect to *Edward*, effects a reconciliation. There is also a scene of a Quaker family, which, not meeting with approbation, has been since judiciously altered.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*  
FOR DECEMBER, 1799.

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THE  
*COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.*

[From Southey's Poems.]

**A**ND wherefore do the POOR complain?  
The RICH MAN ask'd of me;  
Come walk abroad with me, I said,  
And I will answer thee.

'Twas ev'ning, and the frozen streets  
Were cheerless to behold;  
And we were wrapt and coated well,  
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were few and white;  
I ask'd him what he did abroad  
In that cold winter's night:

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,  
But at home no fire had he;  
And therefore he had come abroad  
To ask for—charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begg'd loud and bold;  
I ask'd her what she did abroad,  
When the wind it blew so cold;

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick a-bed ;  
And therefore was it she was sent,  
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone, to rest ;  
She had a baby at her back,  
And another at her breast ;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there,  
When the wind it was so chill ;  
She turn'd her head, and bade the child,  
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us that her husband serv'd,  
A soldier far away ;  
And therefore to her parish, she  
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose,  
And sunken was her eye ;  
Who, with the wanton's hollow voice,  
Address'd the passers by ;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt,  
That could her heart allure ;  
To shame, disease, and late remorse ?  
She answer'd she was *poor*.

I turn'd me to the RICH MAN then,  
For silently stood he ;  
You ask'd me why the POOR complain ?  
And *these* have answer'd thee \*.

\* Whoever reads this beautiful little piece cannot, we hope, easily forget the *poor* at this inclement season of the year.—Editor.

LINES

*On the much lamented Death of MR. GEORGE WICHE, who, in the Thirty-first Year of his Age, was cut off by the Yellow Fever, August 23, 1799, at Philadelphia, being on his Way to join a beloved Friend in Kentucky.*

**N**O hero of the ocean, field, or gown,  
We mourn. Our worthy friend sought not the  
wealth  
And noisy fame, which, at the price of blood,  
Or conscience, some acquire. *He*, throughout  
His active course in social manner  
Taught—justice, mercy, and humility;  
But found not in the multitude his kind.  
*He* journey'd—*thirsting* for his distant friend,  
His kindred soul; when lo! on speedy wing  
Brought down, some FRIEND CELESTIAL caught him!  
THOMAS WICHE.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ. BY ANTI-PINDAR.

**P**RAY, PETER PINDAR, hold your roar,  
Your scandal hurts not HANNAH MORE;  
Nor yet the prelate, whom you'd drub,  
With hand profane and great hubbub.  
*Secundum artem*, make a pill,  
And, as of old, employ your skill;  
Think that a puke, or, nauseous stuff,  
May bring you money quite enough;  
But do not laugh and play the fool,  
For simpletons to take your rule;  
Catch and turn a sordid penny,  
At the cost of tagtails funny;  
Will your scoff elude all shame,  
And with success the best defame?



The muses blush, when you would say,  
 That she emits no lucid ray ;  
 That genius, through some deviation,  
 Owns her not as a relation :  
 Now PETER, how shall folk be mute ?  
 Behold your muse a prostitute.  
 I know you think her wond'rous fine,  
 Altho' a leering concubine ;  
 Explore the bottom of her hill,  
 What once she was that she is still—  
 An infidel, in deep disguise,  
 And from her lips come winged lies.  
 Oh ! the charming, sprightly PETER,  
 You are reckon'd safe in satyr ;  
 But let me warn you of her woe,  
 When you a fair one would undo ;  
 " Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,  
 " 'Till all the dæmon starts up from the toad."

BROWN.

### FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

**F**AREWELL to summer's fruitful reign,  
 Its pleasing beauties are all fled ;  
 Zephyrs no more sport o'er the plain,  
 Nor wanton on the turf's bed.  
 Farewell, ye flowers, whose varied bloom  
 Did once delight the roving eye ;  
 Whose fragrance did the air perfume,  
 Ye, now unheeded, wither'd lie.

Farewell, ye fields, where golden grain  
 Repaid the sturdy ploughman's care ;  
 Farewell, ye groves, where each fond swain,  
 With pleasure leads the blooming fair.  
 In verdure ye no more appear,  
 With plenty ye no longer wave ;  
 No more, ye groves, your foilage bear,  
 Nor nature's smiling liv'ry have.

Ye songsters of the wood, adieu,  
 No more your cheerful notes we hear,  
 Farewell the walk, the pleasing view,  
 Your beauties now no more appear;  
 But whistling winds drive o'er the heath,  
 And scatter devastation rude,  
 And Boreas, with his freezing breath,  
 Asserts his pow'r on ev'ry side.

*Pontefract,  
 November 14th, 1799.*

HENRICUS.

THE PHILOSOPHER ADDRESSING THE SUN IN  
 SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE.

**T**HOU eye, that distant worlds survey,  
 Oh! tell us what thy beams display;  
 Yea, all the secrets thou hast found  
 In globes that thee encircle round?  
 Of what compos'd, and how sustain'd,  
 Or natives what, and how they're fram'd;  
 Or how they live, on what exist,  
 In what they dwell, and how they rest?  
 Their passions what, and sex declare,  
 And what their great achievements are?  
 Their blessings what, in great or small,  
 Confin'd to some, or free for all?  
 Say what their laws, and how they're made,  
 If they are broke, or strict obey'd;  
 And if their natives all are free,  
 From sin, pain, death, and misery!  
 Then our requests shall have an end,  
 And never more to thee ascend!

THE REPLY.

ALAS, vain man! wast thou to know the whole  
 That I discern in globes that round me roll,  
 It would make thee appear like filthy dust,  
 Compar'd to worlds so glorious and august;

Whose peaceful climes in sweet harmonious lays,  
 Conspire to join in concord, love, and praise!  
 Therefore raise not thyself, but humbly fall  
 Before thy Maker, who is Lord of all;  
 And ask no more of globes, their natives what  
 And formed how—to *thee* it matters not,  
 Their grand employ, their food and raiment too,  
 Are not to be reveal'd in time to *you*;  
 Their dwellings what, and where, and how they  
     rest,  
 Are things too curious for *thee* to request;  
 Or what their passion, sex, or skill to *thee*,  
 Or blessings what, though great or small they be;  
 Neither their laws nor great commands were made,  
 For *thee* to know, nor be by *thee* obey'd.

*Ruckinge, Kent.*

J. FRANCIS.

### LINES

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH DAY, BY A LOVER.

**U**NSKILL'D in song, whose aid shall I implore,  
 That I may celebrate, in worthy strains,  
 This happy day; returning now, with health  
 To you, on whom my soul hath long been fix'd  
 In all the fondness of sincerest love?

Thee let me hail, Great Parent of mankind!  
 Thou everlasting Source of Life and Joy!  
 O! let thy goodness be my grateful theme,  
 And teach me how to praise, what thou hast sav'd,  
 And still preserv'st, a precious bloom of life;  
 Dearest to me, of all thy earthly gifts!  
 Unite our hearts in love to thee supreme!  
 Our sweetest friendship with thy blessing crown!  
 Give us to make the truest estimate  
 Of life on earth! and, as our years revolve,  
 (Number'd out as thou see'st best) advance us  
 Nearer unto thyself, in all those graces  
 Which, here, yield peace, and ripen souls for heav'n!

*Maidstone.*

J. W.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A SHRUBBERY.

**Y**E nymphs who haunt this shady grove,  
 Tell me, have ye seen my love!  
 Ye tow'ring pines, ye verdant laurels, say,  
 Has my Cleora pass'd this way?  
 'Tis silence all, how irksome to the breast  
 Is anxious expectation! Come, my muse,  
 The balm of peace diffuse,  
 And give thy votary's troubled bosom rest.  
 Strike in Cleora's praise the string,  
 Say she is fairer than the fairest flower  
 That graces yonder bower,  
 And bid the warbling lark attend to hear her sing.  
 Mark how affection brightens in her eye,  
 Her ear with every grace refin'd;  
 But chief the cultivated mind,  
 Which gives to outward charms stability.  
 The murmurs tell the pleasing tale,  
 While echo o'er the passing gale  
 Throws all around  
 The sweetly modulated sound—  
 And hark! how many rustic lays  
 Join the full chorus of her praise;  
 'Tis heartfelt gratitude inspires the song,  
 And wakes to harmony each artless tongue.  
 But see! the lovely girl appears,  
 And, as the rising orb of day,  
 Scatters each gathering mist away,  
 She dissipates my anxious fears.  
 How swift the moments dart along,  
 When I can Cleora meet,  
 And enjoy her converse sweet;  
 Farewell, my muse, adieu delusive song.

## LINES

*From a Husband to his Wife on the Seventh Anniversary of their Wedding. The Husband was at this Time absent from Home, and in search of a Country Retirement.*

**Y**E spirits of connubial bliss !  
Now hear a husband's prayer ;  
And, on your downy wings a kiss  
To dear Eliza bear.

'Tis fraught with tenderness and love,  
With love for seven years tried ;  
And warm as that which Edwin gave,  
When first he kiss'd his *bride*.

Gentle spirits, light as air,  
Softly to her pillow creep ;  
And with a train of pleasing dreams,  
Delight Eliza's sleep.

Before her place a lovely scene,  
Array'd with rural pride ;  
Where groves and meadows spread their green,  
And silver currents glide.

Let lofty mountains bound the view,  
And seem to prop the skies ;  
Save where at distance, deeply blue,  
The placid ocean lies.

Let not a ripple curl the deep,  
Bid all the winds be still ;  
And every moment of her sleep  
With peaceful pictures fill.

Now on the hill, now in the vale,  
Her Edwin may she trace ;  
Or see him on the cliffs inhale  
The ocean's healthy breeze

Then paint, Eliza, to herself,  
Seven years a happy bride ;  
And let her see how love can bear  
Her steps to Edwin's side.

Her graceful form darts o'er the beach,  
Array'd in snowy vest ;  
And, spreading wide her beauteous arms,  
She clasps him to her breast.

The dear embrace, with equal love,  
The happy husband gives ;  
While every look assures his wife,  
'Tis now indeed he lives.

Conduct her, then, ye friendly powers,  
Along a shady lane ;  
Till, on a gentle slope she sees  
A cottage, neat and plain.

Perhaps no sliding sash may give  
The light of day to pass ;  
But humble lead, in humble squares,  
Divides the shining glass.

Close to the door the moss-clad rose  
With fragrant blush may grow ;  
And round the windows, creeping vines  
And honey-suckles blow.

Perhaps some dwellings may be near,  
Of large, or humble size ;  
Or we, perchance, may only see  
The distant chimnies rise.

A town or hamlet just in sight,  
May various wants supply ;  
And o'er the trees the church's spire  
May catch the roving eye.

From thence the Sabbath's chiming bells  
Will sound along the vale ;  
And bid us celebrate His praise,  
Whose mercies never fail.

And though we bend not *there* the knee,  
Yet to th' Eternal King,  
Beneath some humble roof may we  
Our weekly homage bring.

"This," whisper in my charmer's ear,  
"This is thy humble lot ;  
"But health and innocence appear  
"The guardians of the cot.

Then tell her what she'll joy to learn,  
Though pomp is never seen ;  
That quiet spreads his wings *without*,  
And comfort dwells *within*.

Thus, dear Eliza, does the muse,  
Grateful, the past review ;  
And fondly try to sketch the bliss,  
Still in reserve for you.

Accept, my soul's far better part,  
The feeble thanks I pay ;  
And still allow my throbbing heart  
To bless my *bridal day*.

Seven happy years have o'er us roll'd,  
What gratitude we owe  
To Him, who made them years of gold,  
And bade us pleasure know.

Have I been sick, Eliza's arms  
Have propp'd my weary head !  
Have I been well, Eliza's charms  
To new delights have led.

Around us *seven* dear children rise,  
Seven props on which to rest ;  
Eliza, say—what can we wish,  
To make us still more blest ?

The *hill*, the *storm*, we both have known,  
A *calm* we both comprize ;  
And joy that in the *vale* of life,  
Our future duty lies.

if so, with gratitude and love,  
 We'll to the vale retire :  
 And teach our children, with ourselves,  
 To bless the Heav'nly Sire.  
 The God who fed us all our day,  
 Shall have our ev'ning songs ;  
 That charming theme, our Maker's praise,  
 Shall often fill our tongues.  
 The best instructions we can give,  
 Our offspring shall attend ;  
 Nor shall they ever want in us  
 The sympathising friend.  
 We'll warn them that the world is vain,  
 And teach them truth to prize :  
 But will not blacken what we blame,  
 Nor what is good disguise.  
 This we'll impress, that God *is good*,  
 And while in duty's way,  
 His helping hand, whate'er our lot,  
 Will hold us every day.  
 Thus will we teach, thus will we live,  
 While life is to us giv'n ;  
 And when the hour of death draws nigh,  
 Look up, and hope for heav'n.

*Sidbury Vale.*

E. B.

### SONNET TO THE MOON.

**S**WEET is thy reign, mild regent of the night,  
 When thou, enthron'd, on cloudless skies art seen,  
 Where'er thy radiance falls, the vallies green,  
 And groves, and meads, and rivers give delight.  
 And dimly's seen the far-off hills and spire  
 Of city proud—Whilst silence reigns ;  
 Save ever and anon when Philomel complains  
 In pensive lay.—Now science fair retires,



The brilliant, wide, celestial scene to view;  
 With ardent, curious mind, and eagle eye,  
 To mark th' erratic planet's course on high,  
 Heedless of chilling gales and steamy dew;  
 And virtue, fearless, roams with soul refin'd,  
 But, drear and ebon shades, best suit the guilty mind.

J. S.

AN  
 ADDRESS TO VIRTUE,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

COME thou dear majestic form,  
 VIRTUE fair! my bosom warm;  
 Guide my footsteps by thy ray,  
 To eternal scenes of day;  
 May thy precepts be my care,  
 Ever pure and ever fair;  
 By thee directed I shall rise  
 To joys unknown, above the skies;  
 By thee assisted, I shall find,  
 A soft composure in my mind;  
 A never failing source of joy,  
 Which earthly things cannot destroy:  
 Descend, thou goddess, heav'n-born truth!  
 And guide my inexperienc'd youth,  
 A spark of thy celestial ray  
 Shall drive my gloomy fears away;  
 Thy beauteous lamp my feet shall guide,  
 And bear me up against the tide  
 Of all my foes, combin'd in one,  
 For none can overthrow thy throne;  
 Thy promises are EVER sure,  
 Thyself FOR EVER shall endure;  
 While angel seraphs sound thy praise,  
 Encircled in celestial rays;  
 In their employment I shall join,  
 And celebrate thy name divine;  
 Through scenes of joy FOR EVER I live,  
 And all my work be praise and love.

Suffex.

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L. H.

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## Literary Review.

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*Public Characters of 1799-1800.* Hurst. 9s. in boards.

THE former volume of this work, entitled *British Characters*, has been already noticed by us; and we now bring forward this publication in connection with it. The biography of *living* characters is attended with considerable difficulties, and we felt them in the perusal of the production before us. To reprobate their vices would be unsafe, and to praise their virtues would subject the writer to the suspicion of adulation. There are some sketches in this collection extravagantly panegyric, particularly that of *Mr. Godwin*, who, according to this account, may be deemed the paragon of perfection! Surely it is not possible for human credulity to be thus abused. Eccentricity and irreligion are *not* the objects of *our* admiration. We must be excused—the *new light* has not yet poured upon us its sovereign conviction.

The characters delineated are, Earl St. Vincent, Sheridan, Erskine, Dr. Parr, Dr. Hutton, Lord Hawkebury, Dean Milner, Bishop of Meath, Reverend Mr. Farish, Sir Francis Bourgeois, Duke of Richmond, Mrs. Abington, Mr. Saurin, Dr. Arnold, Lord Bridport, Marquis of Lansdown, Sir John Parnell, Mr. Southey, Dr. Duigenan, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Granville Sharpe, Mr. Pelham, Duke of Grafton, Mr. Secretary Cooke, Major Cartwright, Duke of Leinster, Mrs. Inchbald, Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. Godwin,

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Reverend

Reverend Mr. Graves, Mr. Shield, Sir G. Younge, Dr. Garnett, Lord Dillon, Lord Castlereagh, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Mr. Hayley, Countess of Derby, Mr. Pratt, Dr. Harrington, Dukes of Gordon, Dr. Currie, Duke of Bedford, Mr. Cowper, Miss Linwood, Mr. Hastings, and Lord Kenyon. Such is the bill of fare; and we confess that, in several respects, we have been gratified.

As an agreeable specimen, we shall select the memoir of MR. COWPER, with whose original poetry we have all been delighted:

### MR. COWPER.

#### WITH SOME ORIGINAL PIECES OF HIS POETRY.

It has been frequently observed, that the life of a man of genius is marked by few incidents. The mind, which grows up amidst the privacies of study, and the character, which is framed by solitary meditation, belong, in a great degree, to a world of their own, from which the passions and events of ordinary life are equally excluded. There is, therefore, nothing very remarkable in the life of the poet to whom these pages are devoted. But in the history of those who have done honour to the English nation, and added richness to the English language, no circumstance is trifling, and no incident unworthy of record; especially, as there is a sort of sanctity attached to these men, which diffuses itself to the minutest transaction, in which they have been concerned.

“Mr. Cowper was born at Berkhamstead, in Buckinghamshire, his father being the incumbent of the living of that place. Our poet is descended from the first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of England, his grandfather, being one of the children of that nobleman.

“Mr. Cowper received his education at Westminster school; and a place of considerable profit, that of the clerkship to the House of Lords, a patent office, and which had been a considerable time in the family, was reserved for him. But upon his quitting school and entering into the Temple, he found himself reluctant to undertake a function of activity and business. His native love of retirement, a constitutional

timidity of mind, and the languor of a very weak and precarious state of health, discouraged him from undertaking the duties of a situation, which required the most unremitting attention and diligence.

"About this time he lived in habits of close and familiar communication with Dr. Cotton, the elegant and ingenious author of the *Fire-side*. His intimacy with this gentleman must, in no inconsiderable degree, have contributed to his inclination for poetry, by the instructions and example of his friend. But the first foundation of his poetic excellence was laid by his familiarity with the best and most unaffected authors of antiquity.

"At Huntingdon, a place in which he resided for a few years, he contracted a strong friendship with the Rev. Mr. Unwin, and on the death of that gentleman, accompanied his widow to Olney. It was in this village, and about this period of his life, that Mr. Cowper produced the earliest compositions that are traced to his pen. The poems he wrote upon this occasion, were hymns published in a collection, called the *Olney Hymns*, and distinguished by the letter C. They bear internal evidence of a cultivated understanding, and an original genius. His time was now wholly dedicated to that literary leisure, in which the mind, left to its own operations, pursues that line of pursuit which is the most congenial to its taste, and the most adapted to its powers. In his garden, in his library, and in his daily walks, he seems to have disciplined his muse to the picturesque and vivid habits of description, which will always distinguish Cowper among our national poets. No writer with the exception only of Thomson, seems to have studied nature with more diligence, and to have copied her with more fidelity. An advantage which he has gained over other men, by his disdaining to study her "through the spectacles of books," as Dryden calls it, and by his pursuing her through her haunts, and watching her in all her attitudes, with the eye of a philosopher as well as of a poet.

"Mr. Cowper had no propensity for public life; it was not, therefore, singular that he should have neglected the study of the law, on which he had entered. That knowledge of active life, which is so requisite for the legal profession, would scarcely be acquired in lonely wanderings on the banks of the Ouse, and in silent contemplations of the beauties of nature.

In this retreat, he exchanged, for the society and converse of the muses, the ambition and tumult of a forensic life; dedicating his mind to the cultivation of poetry, and storing it with those images, which he derived from the inexhaustible treasury of a rich and varied scenery in a most beautiful and romantic country.

“The first volume of poems, which he published, consists of various pieces, on various subjects. It seems that he had been assiduous in cultivating a turn for grave and argumentative versification, on moral and ethical topics. Of this kind is the Table Talk, and several other pieces in the collection. He, who objects to these poems as containing too great a neglect of harmony in the arrangement of his words, and the use of expressions too prosaic, will condemn him on principles of criticism, which are by no means just, if the object and style of the subject be considered. Horace apologized for the carelessness of his own satires, which are, strictly speaking, only ethical and moral discourses, by observing that those topics required the *pedestrian*, and familiar diction, and a form of expression, not elevated to the heights of poetry. But, if the reader will forego the delight of smooth versification, and recollect that poetry does not altogether consist in even and polished metre, he will remark in these productions no ordinary depth of thinking and of judgment, upon the most important objects of human concernment; and he will be occasionally struck with lines, not unworthy of Dryden for their strength and dignity.

“The lighter poems are well known. Of these, the verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, on the island of Juan Fernandez, are in the most popular estimation. There is great originality in the following stanza—

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own.

It would be absurd to give one general character of the pieces that were published in this volume: yet this is true concerning Mr. Cowper's productions; that in all the varieties of his style there may still be discerned the likeness and impression

of

of the same mind ; the same unaffected modesty which always rejects unseasonable ambitions and ornaments of language ; the same easy vigour ; the same serene and cheerful hope derived from a steady and unshaken faith in the dogmas of Christianity.

" I am not prepared to affirm, that Mr. Cowper derives any praise from the choice and elegance of his words ; but he has the higher praise of having chosen them without affectation. He appears to have used them as he found them ; neither introducing fastidious refinements, nor adhering to obsolete barbarisms. He understands the whole science of numbers, and he has practised their different kinds with considerable happiness ; and if his verses do not flow so softly as the delicacy of a modern ear requires, that roughness, which is objected to his poetry, is his choice, not his defect. But this sort of critics, who admire only what is exquisitely polished, these lovers of " gentleness without sinews," \* ought to take into their estimate that vast effusion of thought which is so abundantly poured over the writings of Mr. Cowper, without which human discourse is only an idle combination of sounds and syllables.

" Let me hasten, however, to that work which has more peculiarly given to Cowper the character of a poet. After an interval of a few years, his *Task* was ushered into the world. The occasion that gave birth to it was a trivial one. A lady had requested him to write a piece in blank verse, and gave him the *sofa* for his subject. This he expanded into one of the finest moral poems of which the English language has been productive.

" It is written in blank verse, of which the construction, though in some respects resembling Milton's, is truly original and characteristic. It is not too stately for familiar description, nor too depressed for sublime and elevated imagery. If it has any fault, it is that of being too much laden with idiomatic expressions, a fault which the author, in the rapidity with which his ideas and his utterance seem to have flowed, very naturally incurred.

" In this poem his fancy ran with the most excursive freedom. The poet enlarges upon his topics, and confirms his

\* Dr. Sprat's *Life of Cowley*.

argument by every variety of illustration. He never, however, dwells upon them too long, and leaves off in such a manner, that it seems, it was in his power to have said more.

"The arguments of the poem are various. The works of nature, the associations with which they exhibit themselves, the designs of Providence, and the passions of men. Of one advantage the writer has amply availed himself. The work not being rigidly confined to any precise subject, he has indulged himself in all the laxity and freedom of a miscellaneous poem. Yet he has still adhered so faithfully to the general laws of congruity, that whether he inspires the softer affections into his reader, or delights him with keen and playful raillery, or discourses on the ordinary manners of human nature, or holds up the bright pictures of religious consolation to his mind, he adopts, at pleasure, a diction just and appropriate, equal in elevation to the sacred effusions of Christian rapture, and sufficiently easy and familiar for descriptions of domestic life; skilful alike in soaring without effort and descending without meanness.

"He who desires to put into the hands of youth a poem which, not destitute of poetic embellishment, is free from all matter of a licentious tendency, will find in the *Task* a book adapted to his purpose. It would be the part of an absurd and extravagant austerity, to condemn those poetical productions in which the passion of love constitutes the primary feature. In every age that passion has been the concernment of life, the theme of the poet, the plot of the stage. Yet there is a sort of amorous sensibility, bordering almost on morbid enthusiasm, which the youthful mind too frequently imbibes from the glowing sentiments of the poets. Their genius describes, in the most splendid colours, the operations of a passion which requires rebuke instead of incentive, and lends to the most grovelling sensuality the enchantments of a rich and creative imagination. But in the *Task* of Cowper, there is no licentiousness of description. All is grave, and majestic, and moral. A vein of religious thinking pervades every page, and he discourses, in a strain of the most finished poetry, on the insufficiency and vanity of human pursuits.

"Nor is he always severe. He is perpetually enlivening the mind of his reader by sportive descriptions, and by representing, in elevated measures, ludicrous objects and circumstances,

stances, a species of the mock-heroic, of which Philips \* was the first author. In this latter sort of style Mr. Cowper has displayed great powers of versification, and great talents for humour. Of this, the historical account he has given of chairs, in the first book of the *Task*, is a striking specimen.

The attention, however, is the most detained by those passages, in which the charms of rural life, and the endearments of domestic retirement, are pourtrayed. It is in vain to search in any poet of antient or modern times for more pathetic touches of representation. The *Task* abounds with incidents, introduced as episodes, and interposing an agreeable relief to the grave and serious parts of the poetry. Who has not admired his Crazy Kate? A description in which the calamity of a disordered reason is painted with admirable exactness and simplicity.

“She begs an idle pin of all the meets.”

I know of no poet who would have introduced so minute a circumstance into his representation; yet who is there that does not perceive that it derives its effect altogether from the minuteness with which it is drawn?

“It were an endless task to point out the beauties of the poem. It is now established in its reputation, and, by universal consent, it has given Cowper a very high place amongst our national poets. Let those who cannot perceive its beauties, dwell with rapture on its defects. The taste or the sensibility of that man is little to be envied who, in the pride of a fastidious criticism, would be reluctant in attributing to Mr. Cowper, the praise and character of a poet, because in the tide and rapidity of his fancy he has not been scrupulous in the arrangement of a word or the adjustment of a cadence.

“The next work, which Mr. Cowper published, was a translation of the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*. The design was worthy of his talents. His object was to present the father of poetry to the English reader, not in English habiliments, and modern attire, but in the graceful and antique habit of his own times. He therefore adopted blank verse. Rhyme, by the uniformity of its cadence, and the restrictions which it imposed, rendered the task of translation evidently a paraphrase, because the poet, who could not express the meaning of his

\* The Splendid Shilling.



author in phrase, and diction, that would accord with his own numbers, must be, of necessity, compelled to mix his own meaning with his author's, to soften, and dilute it, as it were, to his own versification. This is the disadvantage of Mr. Pope's Homer; a work, which it were blasphemy to despise, and folly to undervalue, while variety and harmony of numbers retain their dominion over the mind of man. Yet no one will deny, that Mr. Pope has frequently forgotten Homer; and that in some passages he has impaired the strength, and debased the majesty of his original. Let it be remembered, however, that it is no mean honour to any poet to have followed the bold and lofty steps of the divine bard; and that he is not to be censured, though he should lag behind him in his course through that sublime region, which Homer only could tread with safety, and with confidence.

Quid enim contendat hirundo  
Cycnis? aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hoedi  
Consimile in cursu possint ac fortis equi vis.

LUCRET.

"It is a wanton and foolish criticism to compare the translation of Mr. Pope with that of Mr. Cowper. The merits of each are distinct and appropriate. Mr. Pope has exhibited Homer as he would have sung, had he been born in England. Mr. Cowper has attempted to pourtray him, as he wrote in Greece, adhering frequently to the peculiarities of his own idiom, and endeavouring to preserve his strength and energy, as well as his harmony and smoothness.

"There are several fugitive pieces by Mr. Cowper which have not yet been published. I shall close this article by presenting two of them to the reader.

The poplars are fell'd, and adieu to the shade,  
And the whispering sound of the cool colonade:  
The winds play no longer, and sing in their leaves,  
Nor the Ouse, on its surface, their image receives.

Twelve years had elaps'd since I last took a view  
Of my favourite field; and the place where they grew;  
When,

When, behold, on their sides, in the grass they were  
laid,

And I fate on the trees under which I had stray'd.

The blackbird has sought out another retreat,  
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;  
And the scene where his notes have oft charmed me  
before,

Shall resound with his smooth-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
And I must myself lie as lowly as they;  
With a turf at my breast, and a stone at my head,  
E're another such grove rises up in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs;  
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;  
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures we see  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

---

### FROM THE ANNUAL BILL OF MORTALITY, NORTHAMPTON.

—*Placidus: ibi demum morte quievit.* VIRG.

Then calm at length he breath'd his soul away.

"Oh most delightful hour by man

"Experienc'd here below;

"The hour that terminates his span,

"His folly and his woe.

"Worlds should not bribe me back to tread

"Again life's dreary waste;

"To see my days again overspread

"With all the gloomy past.

"My home, henceforth, is in the skies,

"Earth, seas, and sun adieu;

"All heaven unfolded to my eyes,

"I have no fight for you."

Thu

Thus spake Aspatio, firm posselt  
Of Faith's supporting rod;  
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,  
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few  
Sincere on Virtue's side,  
And all his strength from scripture drew,  
To hourly use apply'd.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,  
He hated, hop'd, and lov'd,  
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,  
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,  
And evil felt within,  
But when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,  
And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspatio, and at last  
Call'd up from earth to heav'n;  
The gulph of death triumphant pass'd  
By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be MINE, each reader cries,  
When my last hour arrives:  
They shall be yours, my verse replies,  
Such ONLY be your lives.

In these beautiful lines we recognize the same genius, taste, and seriousness with which we have, on other occasions, been so much entertained and instructed.

In the *future Numbers of our Miscellany*, we shall furnish our readers with other interesting selections from this work.

*Historical and Familiar Essays on the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Four Volumes Octavo. By John Collier. Scarlet, Strand.*

**I**N the present day every judicious illustration of the Bible must be acceptable to the friends of Revelation. The efforts of laymen are peculiarly deserving of praise, since their disinterestedness is supposed to impart a superior efficacy to their labours. Hence the theological productions of a *Boyle*, a *Locke*, a *Newton*, and a *Beattie*, are held in high estimation.

**MR. COLLIER**, we understand, is a respectable medical gentleman, who has devoted his leisure hours to the study of the Sacred Writings. We are happy in declaring it to be our opinion, that his investigations, which he has now made public, are well adapted to promote the best interests of mankind.

These *Essays* comprise an easy and familiar style, the entire history both of the Old and New Testament, interspersed with sensible remarks, which tend either to illustrate their meaning or to impress their admonitions on the heart. Much industry must have been employed in the execution of the work; and every attention seems to have been given to render it conducive to religious and moral improvement.

---

*A Concise Practical Grammar of the German Tongue, by the Reverend W. Rander, Teacher of the German Language in the University of Cambridge. Symonds. 5s. in boards.*

**WE** have reason to believe that this Grammar is well adapted to answer the purposes for which it was composed. The arrangement seems to be clear, and we doubt not that the learner will find the illustrations satisfactory.

In a sensible and well written Preface, the author has fully explained himself on the subject. " Though the critical reader," says he, " may perhaps discover some trifling inaccuracies in this performance ; yet, I am fully satisfied, that it will prove highly serviceable to all those who are desirous of having access to the literary treasures of my native country : at all events I have no doubt but it will be received with that candid indulgence by the public, which the industrious exertions of foreigners have always experienced from the liberality of the British nation."

*The Annual Anthology, Volume the First, 1799. Longman and Rees.*

(Concluded from page 360.)

The *Morning Mist* contains some pleasing sentiments, well expressed :

#### MORNING MIST.

" Look, WILLIAM, how the morning mists  
Have covered all the scene,  
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold,  
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale  
These floating vapours shroud,  
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,  
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists  
Sweep o'er the southern sky,  
The dim effulgence of the sun  
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall the glorious orb of day  
In all his strength arise,  
And roll along his azure way,  
Thro' clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale  
 The village spire as white,  
 And the grey wood and meadow green  
 Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world  
 The clouds shall pass away ;  
 The light that struggles thro' them now  
 Shall beam eternal day.

ERTHUSYO.

*The Affectionate Heart* does its author credit, both in point of poetry and sentiment.

## THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

“ Let the great man, his treasures possessing,  
 Pomp and splendour for ever attend :  
 I prize not the shadowy blessing,  
 I ask—the affectionate friend.

Tho’ foibles may sometimes o’ertake him,  
 His footstep from wisdom depart ;  
 Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,  
 If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection ! thou soother of care,  
 Without thee, unfriended we rove ;  
 Thou canst make e’en the desert look fair,  
 And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

’Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,  
 And the storms of mortality’s state ;  
 What shall hush the afflicted to rest,  
 But the joys that on sympathy wait ?

What is fame, bidding Envy defiance,  
 The idol and bane of mankind ;  
 What is wit, what is learning, or science,  
 To the heart that is steadfast and kind ?

Even genius may weary the sight,  
 By too fierce and too constant a blaze ;  
 But affection, mild planet of night !  
 Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,  
 That encircle creation decay;  
 It shall live mid the wide-wasting storms,  
 That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,  
 Shall expire with expiring mankind;  
 It shall stand on its permanent base;  
 It shall last till the wreck of the *mind*."

The *Spirit* is a fine satire on the stories of hobgoblins, with which young folks are often affrighted.

## THE SPIRIT.

Founded on Fact.

" Now which is the road across the common,  
 " Good woman! in pity declare;  
 " No path can I trace, for the night is dark,  
 " And I fear me before the far turnpike I mark,  
 " Some grim-visaged ghost will appear."

" The ghost never walks till the clock strikes twelve,  
 " And this is the first of the night,"  
 Cried the woman. " Now why dost thou look at me  
 ' so?

" And why do thine eyes so fearfully glow?  
 " Good stranger, forbear thy affright.

" I tell thee that across the common,  
 " This cart-track thy horse must pursue;  
 " Till close by thy feet two gibbets thou meet,  
 " Where the rains and the tempests the highwaymen  
 bear,  
 " That a traveller once murder'd like you."

The horseman replied, " I have no terror  
 " Of men who in midnight plan;  
 " But a ghost that pops on one before or behind,  
 " And around him sees clearly while mortals are blind—  
 " Aye, that tries the heart of the man.

"Is there no road but by those gibbets?"

"No road," the woman replied.

"But tho' with the wind each murderer swings

"They both of them are harmless things,

"And so are the ravens beside."

"What are these ravens there?—those creatures

"That are so black and blue!

"But are they ravens? I enquire,

"For I have heard by winter's fire,

"That phantoms the dead pursue."

The woman replied, "They are night-ravens

"That pick the dead-men's eyes;

"And they cry qua, with their hollow jaw;

"Methinks I one this moment saw!

"To the banquet at hand he flies.

"Now fare thee well!" The traveller, silent,

Whilst terror consumed his soul,

Went musing on. The night was still,

And every star had drunk his fill,

At the brim of oblivion's bowl.

And now he near to the gibbets approach'd!

The black men waved in the air;

He rais'd his head, and cast a glance,

Yet heeded them not, tho' they seem'd to dance,

For he determin'd not to fear.

Wherefore, he cried, should men incline

To fear where no danger is found!

He scarce had said, when, in the dark night,

Beside him appear'd a spirit in white?

He trembled, and could not look round.

He gallop'd away! the spirit pursued!

And the murderers' irons they scream!

The gibbets are past, and now fast and more fast,

The horseman and spirit outstrip the loud blast,

Tho' neither have courage to speak.



Now both on the verge of the common arrive,  
 Were a gate the free passage denied ;  
 The horseman his arm outstretch'd to expand  
 The gate to admit him, when, cold o'er his hand,  
 The mouth of the spirit did glide.

He started ! and swift through the still-darker lane  
 Gallop'd fast from the being he fear'd ;  
 But yet, as the shadow the substance pursues,  
 The spirit, behind, by a side-glance he views,  
 And more luminous now it appear'd !

The tumpike he reach'd ; " Oh tell me,"—he cried,  
 " I can neither look round or go on ;  
 " What spirit is this which has follow'd me here  
 " From the common ? good master, I dreadfully fear,  
 " Speak ! speak ! or my sense will be gone !"

" Ah, Jenny," he cried, " thou crafty old jade !  
 " Is it thee ? I'll beat thy bones bare.  
 " Good gentleman, fear not, no spirit is nigh,  
 " Which has follow'd you here from the common  
 hard-by,  
 " 'Tis only old Gaffer's grey mare !"

CITEL TO.

The *Tempest* is a beautiful little piece, not wholly  
 unlike Beattie's *Hermit* in point of sentiment :

### THE TEMPEST.

" The tempest has darken'd the face of the skies,  
 The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,  
 The fiends of the whirlwind terrific arise,  
 And mingle the clouds with the white-foaming main.

All dark is the night and all gloomy the shore,  
 Save when the red lightnings the ether divide,  
 Then follows the thunder with loud sounding roar,  
 And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

But tho' now all is murky and shaded with gloom,  
 Hope the soother soft whispers the tempests shall cease ;  
 Then nature again in her beauty shall bloom,  
 And enamoured embrace the fair sweet-smiling peace.

For the bright-blushing morning all rosy with light  
 Shall convey on her wings the Creator of day,  
 He shall drive all the tempests and terrors of night,  
 And nature enlivened again shall be gay.

Then the warblers of spring shall attune the soft lay,  
 And again the bright flowret shall blush in the dale;  
 On the breast of the ocean the zephyr shall play,  
 And the sun-beam shall sleep on the hill and the dale.

If the tempests of nature so soon sink to rest,  
 If her once faded beauties so soon glow again,  
 Shall man be for ever by tempests oppress'd,  
 By the tempests of passion, of sorrow, and pain?

Ah no! for his passions and sorrow shall cease  
 When the troublesome fever of life shall be o'er;  
 In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,  
 And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.

And shall not this night and its long dismal gloom,  
 Like the night of the tempest again pass away;  
 Yes! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom,  
 And rise to the morning of heavenly day!

D. 1796.

The *Old Man's Comforts* are prettily imagined and affectingly told.

#### THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 The few locks that are left you are grey;  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,  
 Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
 I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first.  
 That I never might need them at last.

Your are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 And pleasures with youth pass away;  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
 I remember'd that youth could not last ;  
 I thought on the future, whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 And life must be hastening away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !  
 Now tell me the reason I pray ?

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,  
 Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !  
 And He hath not forgotten my age."

S.

Many other pleasing pieces might have been selected, but sufficient has been extracted to convince the judgment, and taste of the editor, and to shew the reader that the perusal of the whole collection will administer to his instruction and entertainment. The *second* volume, we understand, is in the press.

---

*Poems and Plays by Mrs. West, Author of a Tale of the Times, a Gossip's Story, &c.* 2 vols. Longman and Rees.

THIS ingenious lady has afforded us entertainment and instruction in the perusal of her volumes; though we do not assign her the *first* rank among the female writers of the day. There is, however, much to commend; and our readers will, upon the whole, be pleased with her effusions.

The comedy is entitled *How will it End?* nor can we perceive why it should have been rejected. The same may be remarked of the Tragedy—*Adela*; but the authoress now appeals to an impartial public. Her Elegies and Sonnets contain many just thoughts, well expressed. We are, however, most gratified with the

Ode

*Ode on Poetry*, in four parts—*Classics, Uncultivated, Sacred, and British*. Under each of which heads a number of pleasing articles are detailed and illustrated. The British department closes with these two animated stanzas. The Genius of Poetry thus exclaims :

“ Go tell my ardent youths who pant  
To emulate their father’s fame ;  
Who, scorning faction’s trait’rous rant,  
Still kindle at BRITANNIA’S name.  
Say, though in lonely dells unsought,  
Save by pure taste and sober thought,  
The exil’d muses rove forlorn ;  
Yet tell them virtue’s holy deed,  
Shall claim its high heroic meed,  
The applauding song shall burst, and charm an age  
unborn.

For *thee*, though hope with meteor ray,  
No longer gilds thy airy dreams,  
Beware, nor prostitute the lay,  
The gift of heav’n to hell-born themes.  
O rather let oblivion’s shade,  
The poet and the verse pervade,  
Unnotic’d like your linnet’s strain ;  
While conscious duty deigns to throw,  
O’er thy lone cot a sunny glow,  
And tells thy tranquil heart—thou dost not live in  
vain.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As W. Mudford's Tale is intended to reach beyond *four* Numbers, we must of course reject it. His petulant letter, in which he announces to us the *superior* merit of his own performances, only served to excite a smile of contempt. W. Templeton's haste also to chastise this consequential gentleman, has produced an angry note, because his *Animadversions*, which came too late for insertion, did not appear last month. We now leave these two gentlemen to settle this important dispute between themselves, and here drop the subject.

*The Triumph of Truth*, a Tale, shall have a place in the next Number; but we recommend conciseness and brevity. We should wish to know something about *Muly* before we take any extracts from the letters; at present the passages have an appearance of incoherency. The piece, signed *Petrarch*, shall receive due attention. *The War Hoop*, and the Song of *Tychicus*, shall have admission; but the other effort is too imperfect for insertion. With the *Descriptive Sketch* we are much pleased; there is a neatness in the sentiment and a force in the language, by which the reader of taste and discernment will be gratified. The *Panegyric on a Goldfinch* shall appear in our Miscellany; but we are sorry that the *Sketch of the Wolverhampton Theatre* came too late for this Month's insertion. We are, however, obliged to *Civis* for his attention.

We close the Year by observing, that we wish our Correspondents to be *more correct* and *spirited* in their Communications. To write less, and with greater accuracy, would be more creditable to themselves and more acceptable to their readers. Could also the juvenile writer lay aside that vanity which too often accompanies his imperfect productions, it would prove a great advantage to him; for our own part we are free to declare that, in the prosecution of our labours, we have frequent occasion to remark, that modesty and merit are almost inseparably united. To *such* of our correspondents we pay an unremitting attention, persuaded that *their* communications will impart a permanent value to our Miscellany.

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